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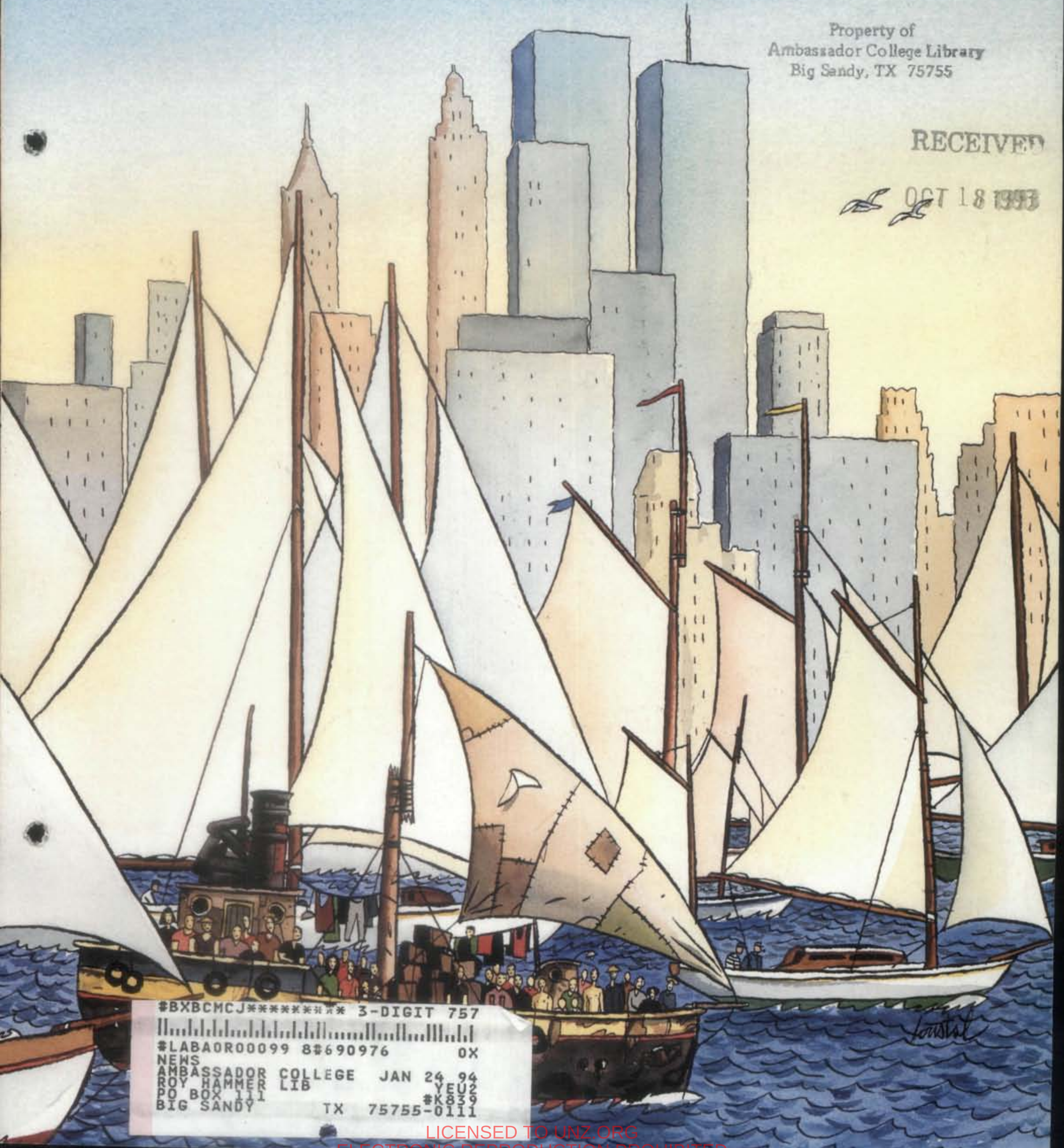

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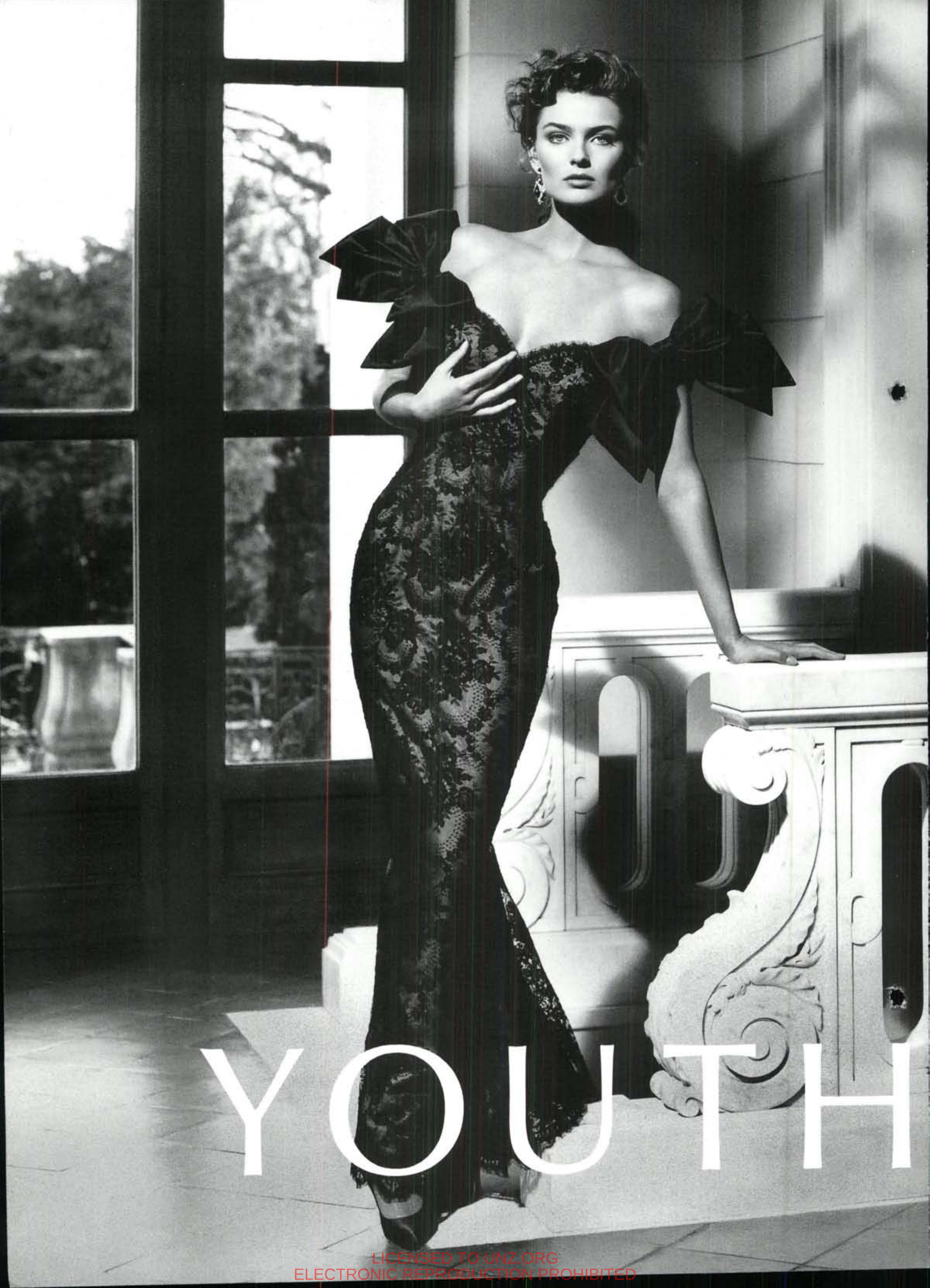
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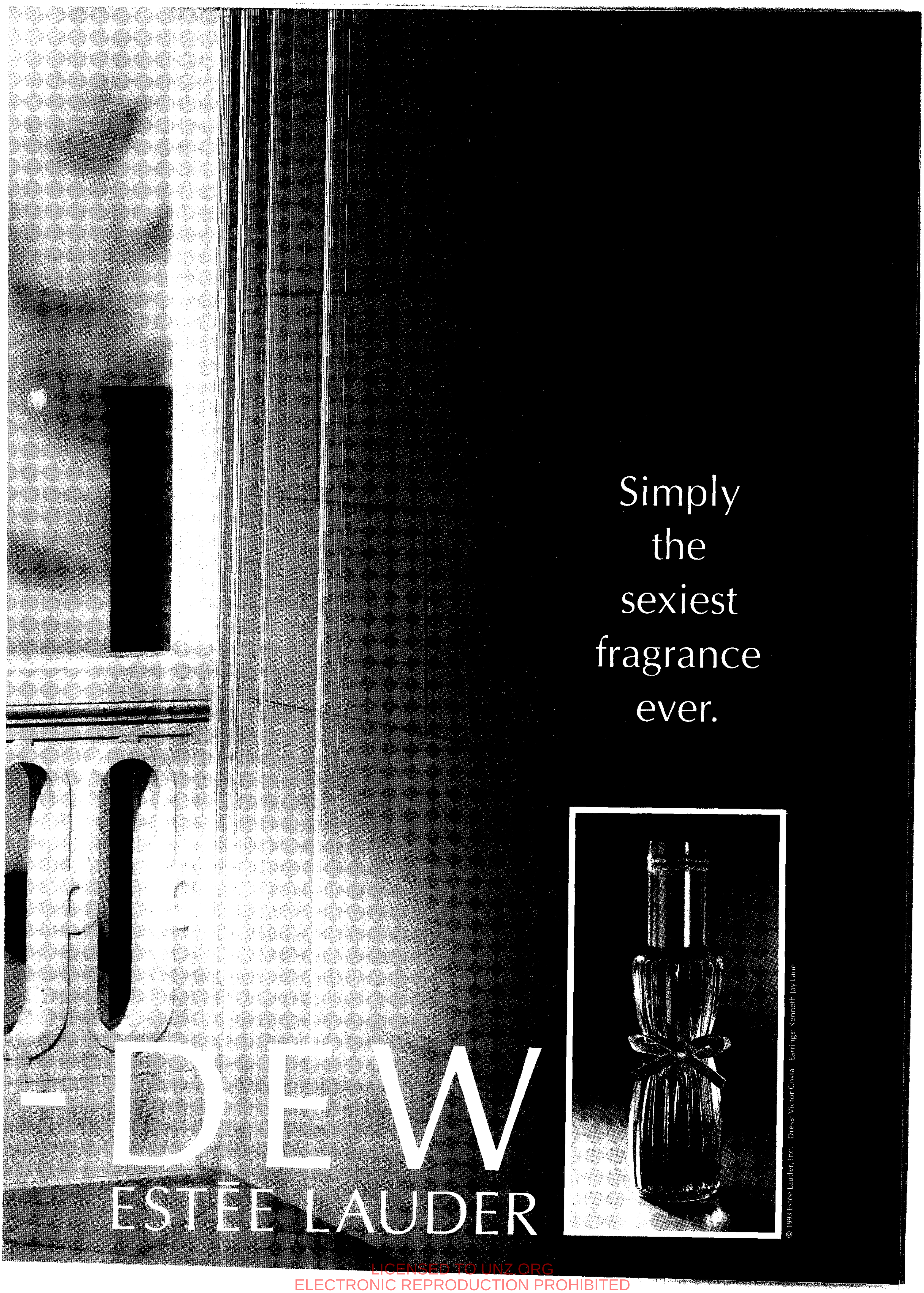
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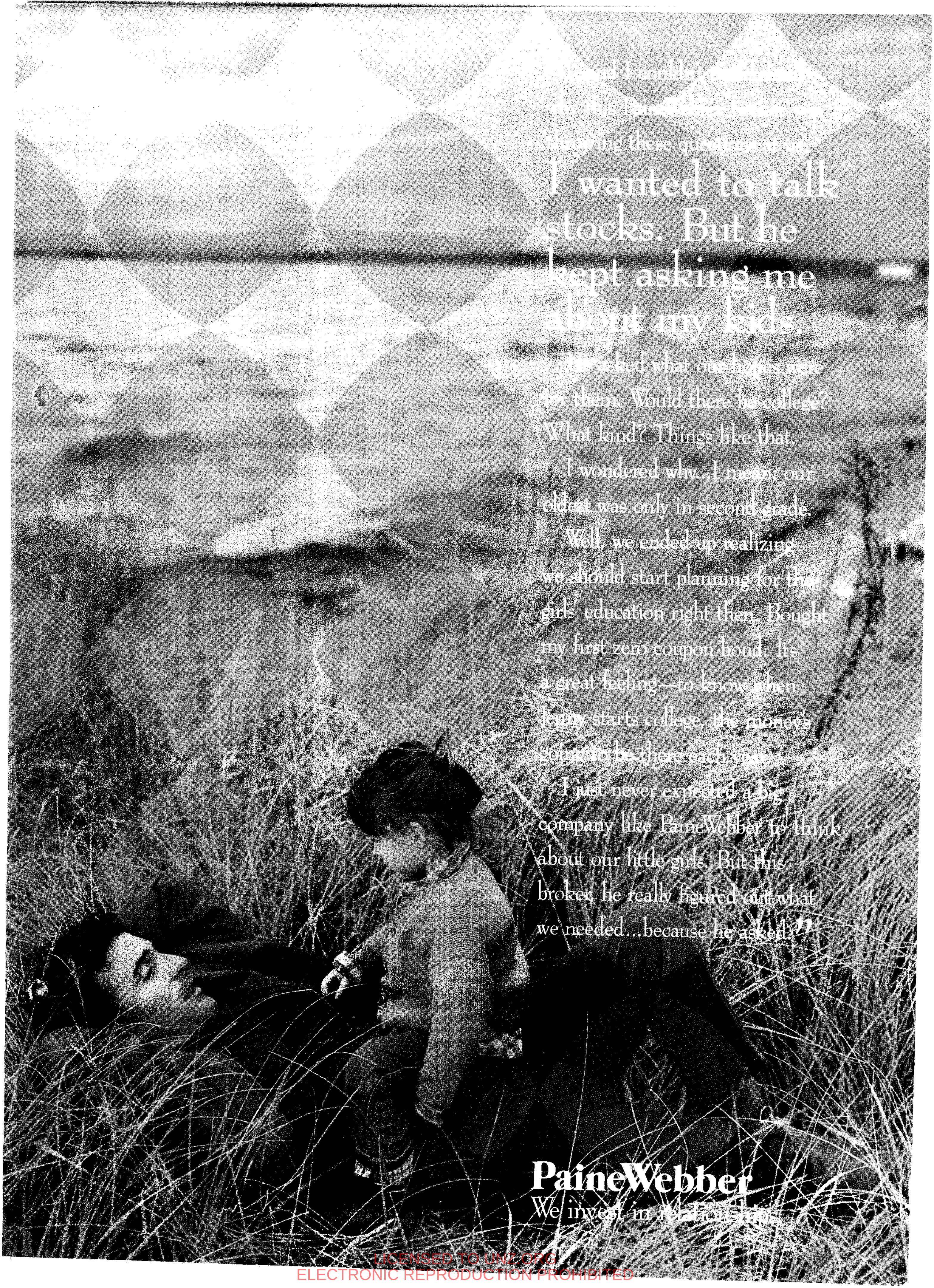

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[illegible] ing these questions [illegible]

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COMMENT

HE-E-ERE'S JUSTICE

THERE are only so many ways to study the eight Republicans and one Democrat who constitute the United States Supreme Court. Reading the Court's opinions is the traditional approach; another good approach is to go watch the Justices work. On a typical day when the Court is hearing oral arguments or announcing decisions, chances are that Antonin Scalia will be rocking impatiently in his chair or whispering a wisecrack to his neighbor David Souter. John Paul Stevens, the genial Midwesterner, will probably be wearing an indulgent smile and a bow tie, and Anthony Kennedy, the California patrician, will be draping his spidery frame over the front of his desk as he asks a polite but probing question. Sandra Day O'Connor, lips pursed, will be frowning in concentration, and William Rehnquist, behind his thick glasses, will appear a touch distracted, perhaps not quite of this world. Harry Blackmun, looking every one of his eighty-four years, may well be leafing through a handy road atlas to find the place where the case before the Court originated, while Clarence Thomas will be, and remain, silent among his peers. Ruth Bader Ginsburg, who is making her Supreme Court début this first Monday in October, will doubtless soon be tormenting lawyers before the High Court with the gnarly procedural questions she was famous for on the Court of Appeals.

For most people, there is currently but one way to size up these mortals in this fashion. You must get in line early in the morning outside the Supreme Court Building, at First Street and Maryland Avenue, in Northeast Washington, and pass the scrutiny of a metal detector. Then, depending on luck and how early you got there, either you will eventually be permitted to shuffle into the courtroom, stand at the back for five minutes, and shuffle out or you will be permitted to sit for an hour in one of the room's three hundred and fifty seats—many or most of which will already be occupied by members of the Supreme Court bar, reporters accredited to cover the Court, or persons with a connection to the case being heard. The experience

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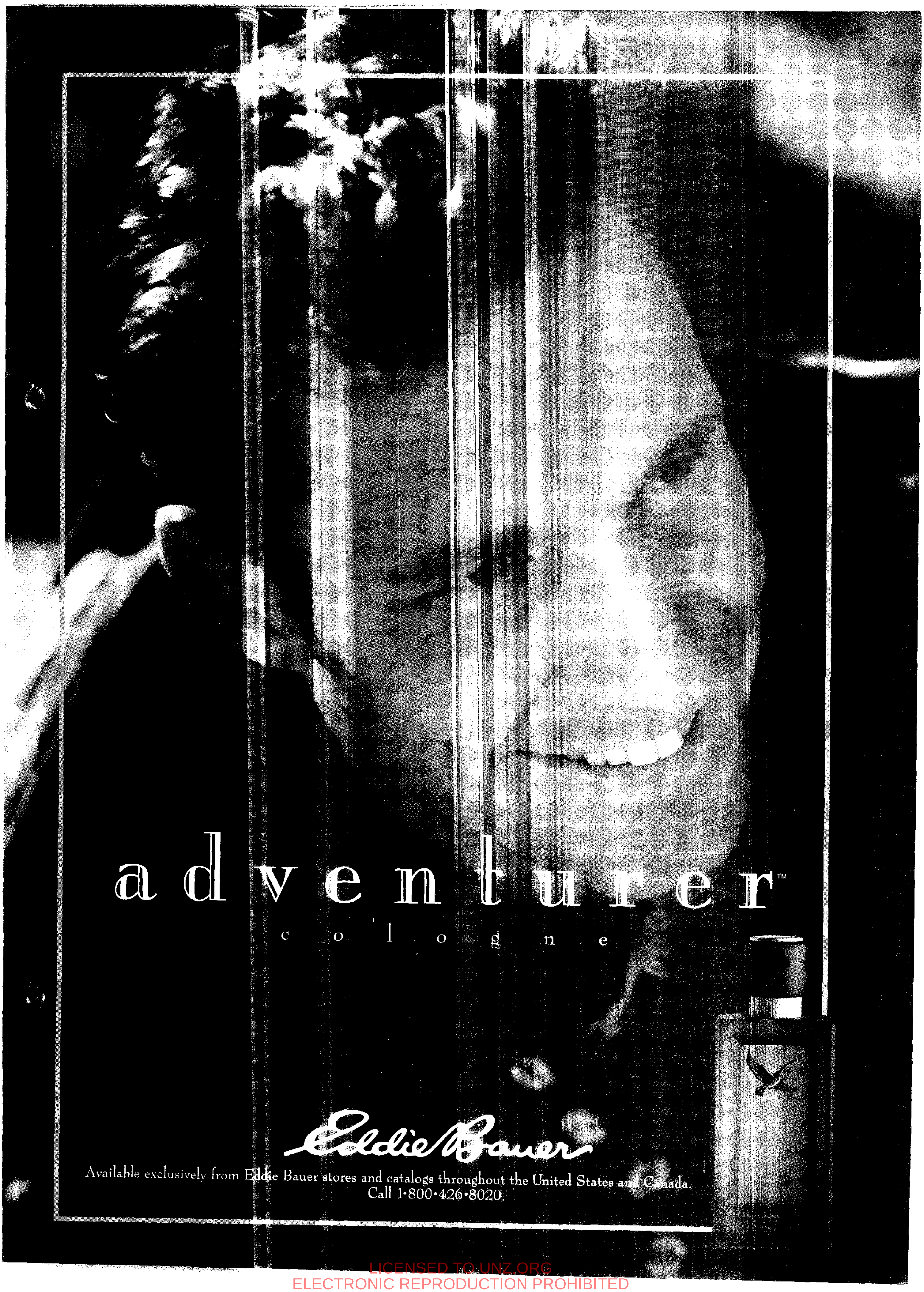
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"Hold on, I'm still on page forty-nine."

of witnessing the Court in action, in other words, is available only to a handful of reporters and lawyers and (in small doses) to intrepid tourists. If you're out of town, you're out of luck: neither television nor radio is allowed in this ostensibly public courtroom. By the standards of the modern world, the Court's proceedings, if not exactly secret, are not quite open, either.

The justification for the Supreme Court's ban on cameras and microphones has grown increasingly threadbare. Some Justices believe, apparently, that their work will be reduced to sound-bites and thus trivialized or distorted. That is an understandable worry but not a very serious one. The people at the C-SPAN cable network, reality junkies that they are, have offered to broadcast the Court's arguments complete and unedited. And, while it is true that other broadcasters might then edit the Court's proceedings, picking out dramatic or pivotal moments, the appropriate response to this supposed problem is: Too bad.

The proceedings of the House of Representatives have been carried on C-SPAN since 1979 and those of the Senate since 1986. The gain in public understanding has been large. The dignity of Congress has suffered but little damage, and that little has been self-inflicted—the work of prop-wielding, grandstanding members purposely hamming it up for the cameras. Peer pressure, if not judicial decorum, may be relied upon to keep Justices of the Supreme Court from chewing the scenery. The truth is that edited excerpts from C-SPAN coverage of the Court would be used mainly in the context of legitimate news broadcasts. But even if the occasional clip turned up on "Inside Story"—or, come to that, on "Saturday Night Live"—the possibility of distortion is not a good enough reason to deny citizens full access to an important governmental function that their tax dollars make possible.

Like many other varieties of censorship, the Supreme Court's ban is proving ineffective as well as unwise. Peter Irons, a professor of political science at the University of California at San Diego, who obtained copies of the Court's internal tape recordings of arguments in twenty-three celebrated cases, has been distributing them in an audiovisual package called "May It Please the Court." Professor Irons is no hero: he lied to the National Archives about his plans in order to gain access to the tapes. Still, he performed a service in drawing attention to their existence. In response to his activities, the Court's spokeswoman has hinted darkly that the Justices are considering legal action against him. Rather than indulge in such unseemly petulance, the Justices should bow to reality, release the remaining tapes, and welcome the electronic press inside their courtroom once and for all.

Opening up the Supreme Court, though, should be just the beginning. With the exception of a small experimental program involving civil cases only, cameras are not currently allowed in any federal court—trial or appeal. That means that the public has been denied the opportunity to see such epochal events as the Watergate-coverup trials, the Oliver North trial, the Rodney King civil-rights case, and the libel claims brought by Ariel Sharon and William Westmoreland. The superb coverage of state trials by the two-year-old Court TV cable network has established that the broadcasting of trials need not mar the fairness of the proceedings.

The broadcasting of trials is valuable for a less widely acknowledged reason as well: it informs the public about the people who enforce and administer our laws. Federal judges have life tenure and are subject to no meaningful oversight of any kind. With such power—and such terms in office—come occupational hazards like megalomania, chronic dyspepsia, and even, on occasion, senility. Greater public scrutiny might remind these powerful public officials of these risks. As for the lawyers who appear in federal court, they often become important players on the public stage. Indeed, Rudolph Giuliani is running for mayor largely on the basis of his record as United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. But the only firsthand record of his courtroom performances—and those of his subordinates—is dry transcripts. New York City voters would be making a better-informed choice next month if they could assess for themselves how he has performed as a prosecutor.

For better or worse, the rise of television has been one of the most important changes in American society since the Second World War. In that same period, the growth in the role of the federal judiciary has been one of the greatest changes in American government. It's time for the two institutions—television and the judiciary—to learn to live with each other. The result, in all probability, would be to raise the level of both. ♦

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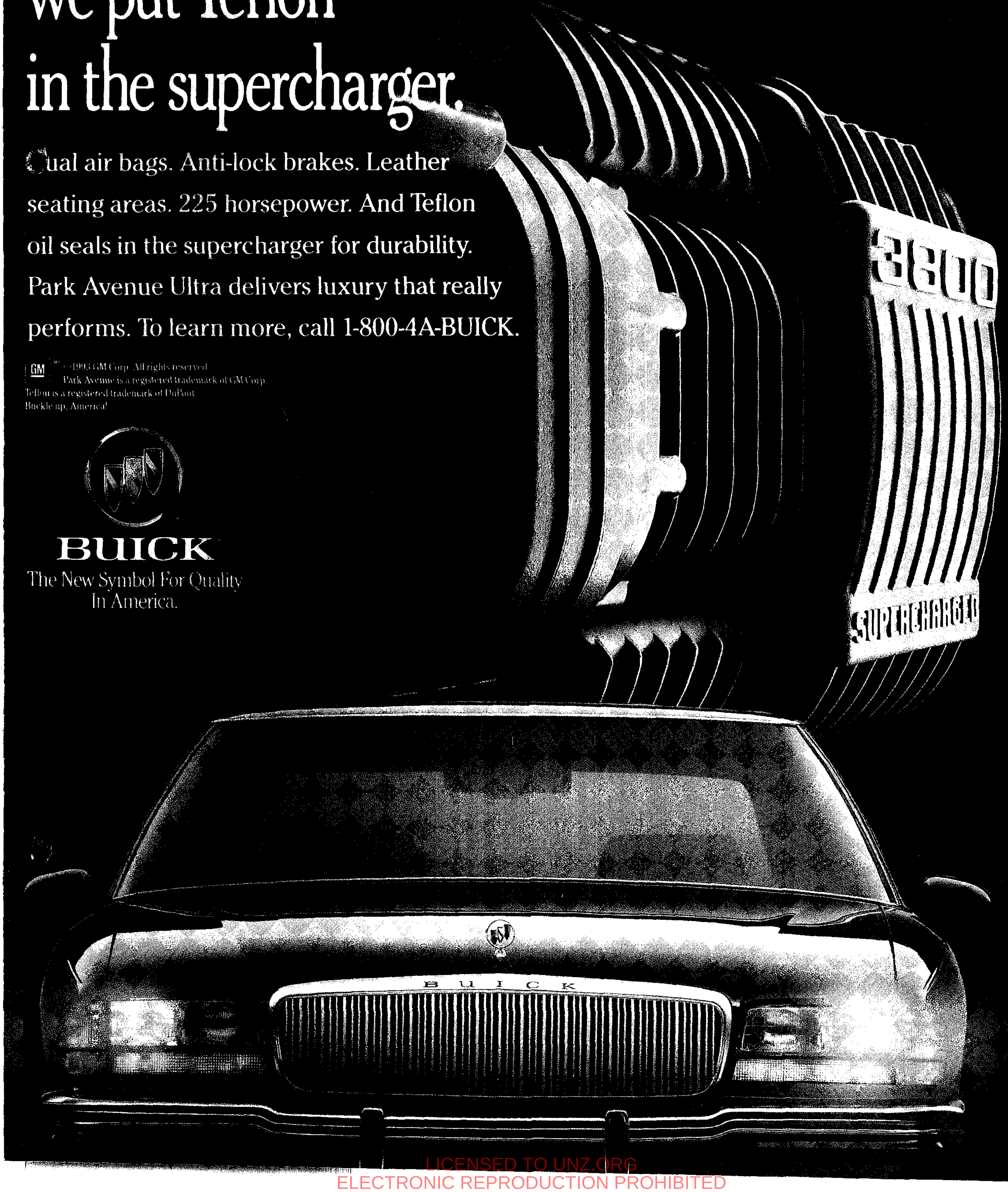

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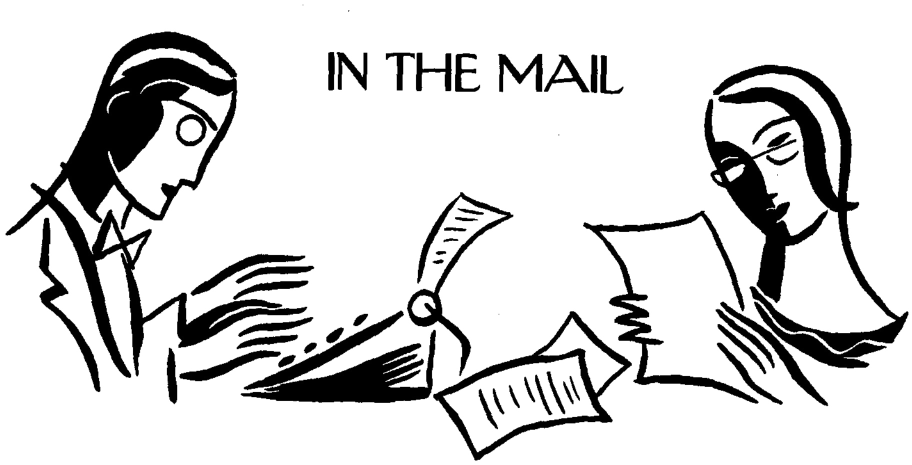

BACK TO SCHOOL

David Denby's article "Does Homer Have Legs?" (September 6th) makes the strongest case against multicultural trendiness without being guilty of sexism or racism. It's deeply ironic that those groups previously excluded from the university (poor people, women, people of color) should now be led (by cynical hipsters) to reject the possibility of reading "Great Books"—indeed, you are not even allowed to use the term, because it implies that all is not relative.

Are African-Americans to be allowed to study only their ancestors' myths and legends? Are women to be denied Homer for a steady diet of Catharine MacKinnon? Can we be so arrogant as to claim that contemporary polemic is all of knowledge? I, too, remember Barnard and Columbia in the Bad Old Days of New Critical orthodoxy—but it's certainly worse now. It's true that we didn't read enough women poets, and it's true that Emily Dickinson was found on the shelves of Butler Library in a series called American Men of Letters (and nobody even laughed). But it was such a privilege to spend college and graduate school immersed in the classics that you were motivated to make up the deficits later.

My impression from the lecturing and guest-teaching I've done lately is that American universities are filled with sourpuss sectarians who judge all books solely on the race and gender of their authors—while, of course, claiming not to judge at all. It's not enough to be female, you must be black, Asian, or Latina and female. There is no stress on what is universal in human nature, but only a distressing Balkanizing of "texts." If I refer to Mary Wollstonecraft or her daughter, Mary Shelley, some angry student will get up and accuse me of ignoring Terry MacMillan or Rita Dove. It's no use to protest that I am talking about eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English culture and literature, or that I wrote Toni Morrison her first fan letter.

It's sad to see students racing toward the ethnic cleansing of the curriculum under the guise of fairness and multiculturalism. It's still worse to see feminism made an excuse for know-nothingism.

Erica Jong
Weston, Conn.

Edward Tayler, whose course David Denby revisited, was literally my first college professor. My humanities section met at 9 A.M. in Philosophy Hall; the 1960 fall semester began on a Thursday; there was Tayler, also brand-new to Columbia, looking impossibly handsome and vigorous—like a Greek warrior. That picture was enhanced when I learned he'd wrestled at school—lackadaisically, Tayler wanted us to think; he imitated the coach saying sarcastically, "Thanks for showing up for practice, Tayler. Don't get nicotine stains on the mat."

I took a seventeenth-century survey course with Tayler, and a senior-year seminar in seventeenth-century poetry. In the latter, we read Andrew Marvell's "The Garden," and Tayler, trying to make us read it as Marvell wrote it, asked, "What did Isaiah say?" My classmate Jonathan Cott answered, "All flesh is grass." Isaiah said many things, of course, and we were all a little stunned (Cott included) that that was the answer Tayler wanted. He brought out the best in us. I showed up for the seminar one Friday in the spring of 1964 wearing madras Bermuda shorts; Tayler looked me over and said, "Nice of Oster to drop in on his way out to the Hamptons." I remembered his wrestling coach and

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treasured the intimacy of his mock contempt. I had become a character in an anecdote starring him.

JERRY OSTER
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

PETER DE VRIES

PETER DE VRIES, who died last week, was a tall, sweet, rueful man whose burdens included a serious Calvinist upbringing and a quick-fire, high-burning gift for humor. The lifelong irony was distinctive—"De Vriesian," one would like to say—and can be followed down the rich trail of casuals, reviews, Talk stories, poems, and novel excerpts that he contributed to this magazine between 1939 and 1986. Before he arrived, he had been a co-editor of *Poetry*, and by the end of his long tenure here he had become the resident grammarian, academician, fine-tuner, and fixer-upper of the magazine's cartoons: a logical progression, one can almost hear him say. He was also a right-between-the-eyes parodist; after reading his twists on Faulkner or Katherine Anne Porter or Elizabeth Bowen, say, one found later works by these worthies faintly but fatally tainted. (Faulkner, he once wrote, "seems easier to reread than to read.") The popularity of his 1954 comic novel "The Tunnel of Love" and of its pun-laden, sex-vexed ("Foreplay later," one of his panting, adulterous heroes cries in mid-scuffle), and ludicrous exurban-picaresque successors—"The Mackerel Plaza," "Reuben, Reuben," and the rest—made for fewer De Vries pieces in these pages, but there was surcease in reading the books: a process that required pauses for breath-catching and eye-wiping. His novel "The Blood of the Lamb," which came after he and his wife, Katinka Loeser (also a valued contributor here), had lost a young daughter to leukemia, is a heartbreaking comedy, conveying a rich and shadowed tone that continued to enfold its author during his later years in what he once called the vale of laughter. ♦

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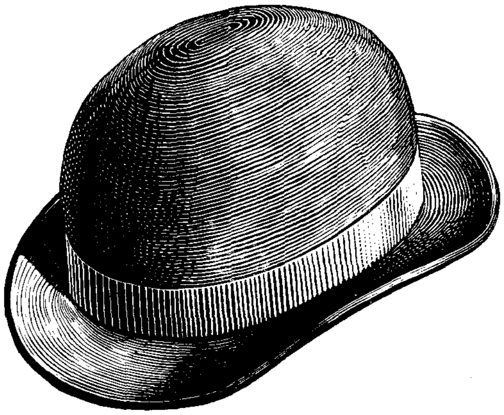

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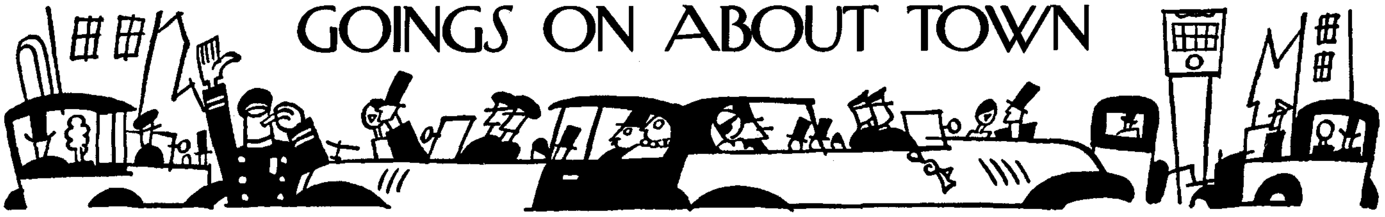


THE THEATRE

The Players and the Play

There was reason to doubt that David Mamet's "A Life in the Theatre" (airing October 9-10, 13-14, 17, and 19 on TNT) would survive its translation to the small screen. True, it had Gregory Mosher, an old Mamet hand, as its director, and Jack Lemmon and Matthew Broderick in the roles of the two stage actors, one fading and one rising. But the lineup also had its drawbacks. Mosher, who triumphed as the artistic rejuvenator of Lincoln Center Theatre, has struggled in his transition from stage to screen work; Jack Lemmon, a standout in Robert Altman's current "Short Cuts," was all too typically earnest in his previous Mamet assignment, "Glengarry Glen Ross"; and Matthew Broderick was a newcomer to the playwright's work.

Well, relax. The TNT version is extremely effective. Though it will not erase memories of Mosher's original staging—at Chicago's Goodman Theatre, in 1977, with Joe Mantegna and Mike Nussbaum—the play has been filmed with just the right kind of affection for the backstage lives of two actors going through a repertory season together. There's no fussiness, no lingering on the difficulties of The Theatre. There's just Mamet's clipped, evocative dialogue about a disappearing way of life. "Ah, the stories that you hear," says Lemmon's character. "It all goes so fast. It goes quickly."

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12				

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

All That Glitters—A comedy of manners, set in the eighties, by Stephan Bullard. In previews. (Theatre Four 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole performer in this comedy, which she wrote with Greg Howells. Opens Oct. 6 at 7. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Fire's Daughters—Ntozake Shange has directed this play by Ina Césaire, of Martinique. Translated from the French by Judith G. Miller, the work launches a festival of plays from Francophone countries. Previews through Oct. 9. Opens Oct. 10 at 3 and runs through Oct. 24. (Ubu Repertory Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 679-7562.)

Forbidden Broadway 1994—A new edition of Gerard Alessandrini's parodies, including spoofs of "Angels in America," "Sunset Boulevard," and "The Who's Tommy." In previews. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—A new play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley, starring Loren Dean, Polly Draper, Mary-Louise Parker, and Tony Roberts. Previews begin Oct. 12. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Holly Near: Fire in the Rain—The feminist singer in an autobiographical play with music, which she wrote with her sister Timothy Near, who also directed. In previews. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

The Little Prince—Daisy Eagan stars in a musical adaptation of the 1943 book by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. The score is by Rick Cummins, and the book and lyrics are by John Scoullar. In previews. (28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 279-4200.)

Mixed Emotions—Katherine Helmond and Harold Gould portray a widow and a widower, in a romantic comedy by Richard Baer. Previews through Oct. 11. Opens Oct. 12 at 6:30. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Pterodactyls—In this dark comedy by Nicky Silver, Kelly Bishop plays a wealthy Philadelphia woman and T. Scott Cunningham portrays her adult son, who has AIDS. Previews begin Oct. 7. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

Snowing at Delphi—A comedy by Cather[illegible] Butterfield. Previews begin Oct. 7. (W[illegible] Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Sophistry—A play by Jonathan Marc Sherman, about sexual harassment at a small college in New England, featuring Calista Flockhart, Ethan Hawke, Austin Pendleton, and Mr. Sherman himself. Previews through Oct. 10. Opens Oct. 11 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

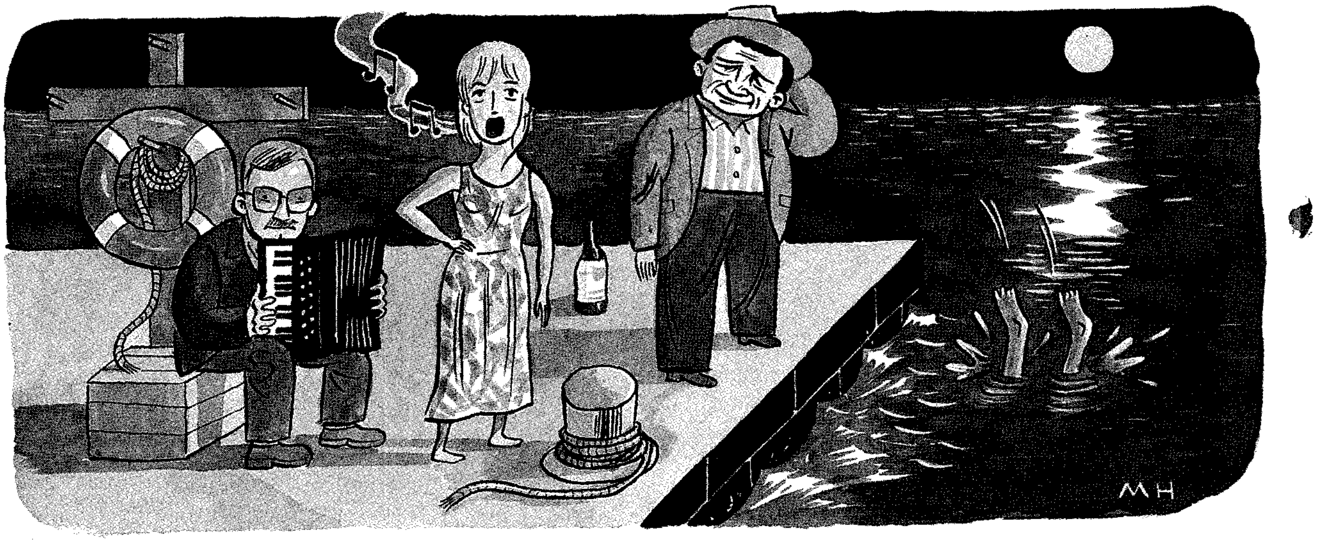
S.S. Glencairn: Four Plays of the Sea—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company in a quartet of one-acts by Eugene O'Neill. Previews Oct. 8-10. Opens Oct. 11 at 7, and runs through Oct. 31. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 886-1889.)

The Twilight of the Golds—A play by Jonathan Tolins, starring Jennifer Grey, David Groh, Raphael Sbarge, Judith Scarpone, and Michael Spound. Arvin Brown directed. Previews begin Oct. 8. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Wonderful Tennessee—The Abbey Theatre's production of Brian Friel's new play. Robert Black, Catherine Byrne, Ingrid Craigie, John Kavanagh, Donal McCann, and Marion O'Dwyer portray three middle-aged Irish couples taking a holiday together. Patrick Mason directed. Previews begin Oct. 7. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

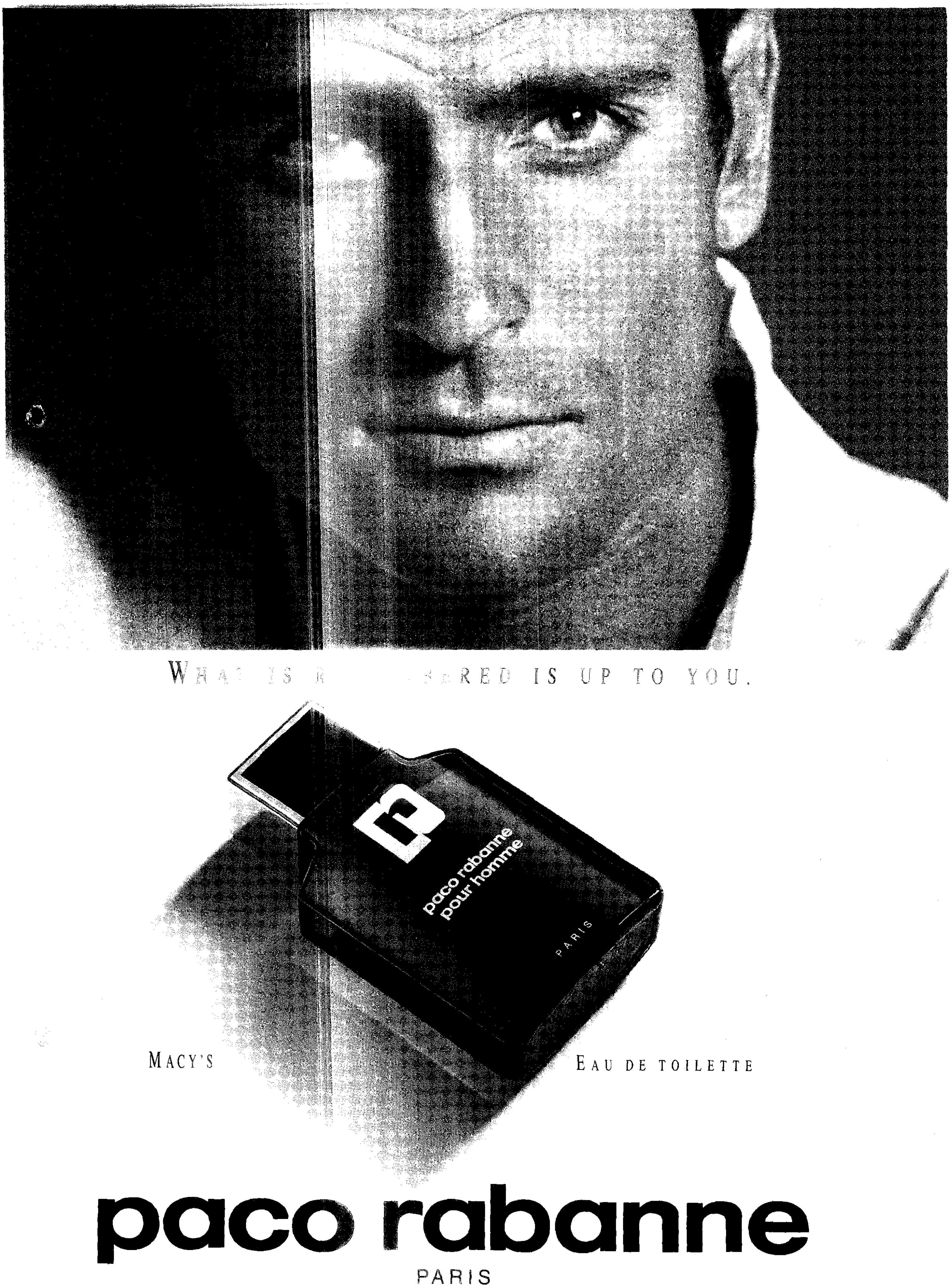
OPENED RECENTLY

Angels in America: Millennium Approaches—The first half of Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counterrevolution, and it maps the trickle-down effect of self-interest as Kushner's characters ruthlessly pursue their private and public desti-



Robert Black, Catherine Byrne, and Donal McCann in "Wonderful Tennessee."

MARCELLUS HALL



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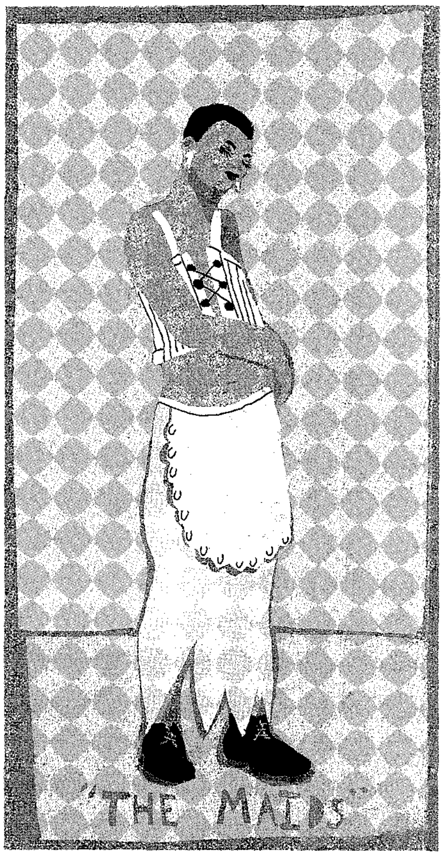

Seth Gilliam in "The Maids."

MARK GAGNON

nies. The Pulitzer Prize-winning play is a saga about sexual politics, death, and decency. Not to be missed. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie Warbucks—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." After sixteen years, the old team—Thomas Meehan (book) and Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin (music and lyrics)—is still in top form. Donna McKechnie, Harve Presnell, Harvey Evans, Marguerite McIntyre, and Raymond Thorne—to say nothing of a merry scattering of orphans—give strong support. Choreography by Peter Gennaro, scenery by Ming Cho Lee, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Ken Billington. (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

The Bathtub—The Phoenix Ensemble presents a 1930 play by Vladimir Mayakovsky, translated from the Russian by Paul Schmidt. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 388-8229. Closes Oct. 17.)

Bibliomania—A one-man show by Roger Rosenblatt. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Blood Brothers—A glum non-musical musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, and die violent deaths. Willy Russell wrote book, music, and lyrics, to no avail. The cast includes Shaun and David Cassidy and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store as a child to being a "phone girl" in a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. The attraction of this rather unsettled life is that "you can step out for a doughnut and end up living in another country," and although she hasn't always enjoyed herself, she still believes "in getting out of the house." It's worth getting out of your house to have her tell you why. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

Breaking Up—Allison Janney and Kevin O'Rourke in a romantic comedy by Michael Cristofer. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-77471. Closes Oct. 24.)

The Eye of the Beholder—Kim Hunter is currently starring Off Broadway in a play by Ira Wallach. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 581-3808. Closes Oct. 17.)

The Fiery Furnace—Julie Harris stars in a play by Timothy Mason, directed by Norman René. The cast also includes Susan Batten, William Fichtner, Ashley Gardner, and Zach Grenier. Presented by Circle Repertory Company. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

El Greco—An opera about the Spanish painter, with music by William Harper and a libretto by Bernardo Solano. Tom O'Horgan directed. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Oct. 17.)

The Hamlet Festival—Cycle Two of the festival runs from Oct. 7 through Oct. 18. On the bill are the first-quarto version of the play and Rob Krakovski's "The Trage-D of Prince Hammy T by Chill Will," as well as cabaret performances of "Words, Words, Words: A Video 'Hamlet.'" (Nada Inc., 167 Ludlow St. 420-1466.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—The sixteen original songs in this revue range from a wistful love note to Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher Burton Burton Warner Fortensky to a tribute to Private Banana by his fellow-soldiers ("the new recruit is a fruit") to "Blue Flame," a gutsy number sung by a moth. Mr. Crabtree and his collaborators are witty and topical and the show is an exuberant delight. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

In Persons—The actors Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, married for forty-six years, in a show about their lives in the theatre. Martin Charnin was the director. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—"The First Lulu," Eric Bentley's version of a hundred-year-old play by Frank Wedekind, alternates, starting Oct. 8, with "Enrico IV," by Luigi Pirandello. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. It is less a fleshed-out play than a series of Scenes from Gay Life, but Mr. Rudnick can quip with the best of them. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera, in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The cast also includes Anthony Crivello, as Valentin, and Jeff Hyslop, as Molina. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Later Life—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. The play was seen recently at Playwrights Horizons. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Madness of George III—Nigel Hawthorne stars in the Royal National Theatre's production of Alan Bennett's play. Nicholas Hytner directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Closes Oct. 10.)

The Maids—Charles Busch is Solange, Seth Gilliam is Madame, and Peter Francis James is Claire in this production of Jean Genet's 1947 play. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Oct. 31.)

Marriage Play—The Signature Theatre Company presents the New York première of a 1987 drama by Edward Albee. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 31.)

Oedipus the King—Timothy Wheeler is the king and Margo Skinner is his beloved wife and mother, in a solid, traditional production of Sophocles' play, with masked actors in multiple roles. Ms. Skinner (who is also Teiresias) and Sean Pratt (Creon) take turns as the various bearers of increasingly bad news. The translation, by Stephen Berg and Diskin Clay, does especially well by the chorus. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Oct. 23.)

Shakespeare for My Father—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical has moved to a bigger theatre. Diane Fratantoni has replaced Judy Kuhn, but the other principals are the same: Boyd Gaines, Sally Mayes, Howard McGillin, Jonathan Freeman, Brad Kane, Lee Wilkof, and Louis Zorich. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th [illegible] 307-4100.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's play, a comedy with serious undertones, is about the reunion in London of three American Jewish sisters—an international banker, a travel writer, and a wife and mother who's a professional dispenser of advice. The spirit of Chekhov hovers but never intrudes. Laughter is continuous. With Michael Learned, Linda Lavin, Joanne Camp, and Hal Linden. (11/2/92) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Three Hotels—This new play by Jon Robin Baitz is no more than a technical exercise, but what technique! Debra Monk and Ron Rifkin are superb as husband and wife; the versatile Joe Mantello directed. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Oct. 10.)

Thuli—The South African performer Thuli Dumakude sings and tells stories of her homeland. She is accompanied by the musicians Valerie Naranjo and Emma. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

The Who's Tommy—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Young Playwrights Festival—The winners of this year's Young Playwrights competition—all of whom were teen-agers at the time of their submissions—are Carter L. Bays ("Five Visits from Mr. Whitcomb"), Kim Daniel ("Crystal Stairs"), Madeleine George ("Sweetbitter Baby"), Jerome D. Hairston ("Live from the Edge of Oblivion"), and Dyron Holmes ("Brothers of Time"). Four of the works, all one-acts, will be presented in fully staged productions, and one will be given a staged reading. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 10.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 2[illegible]-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

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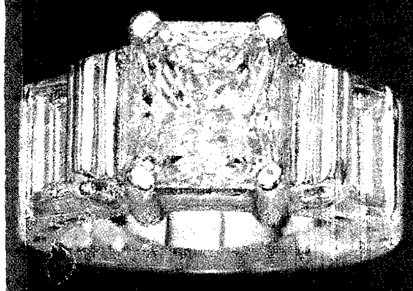

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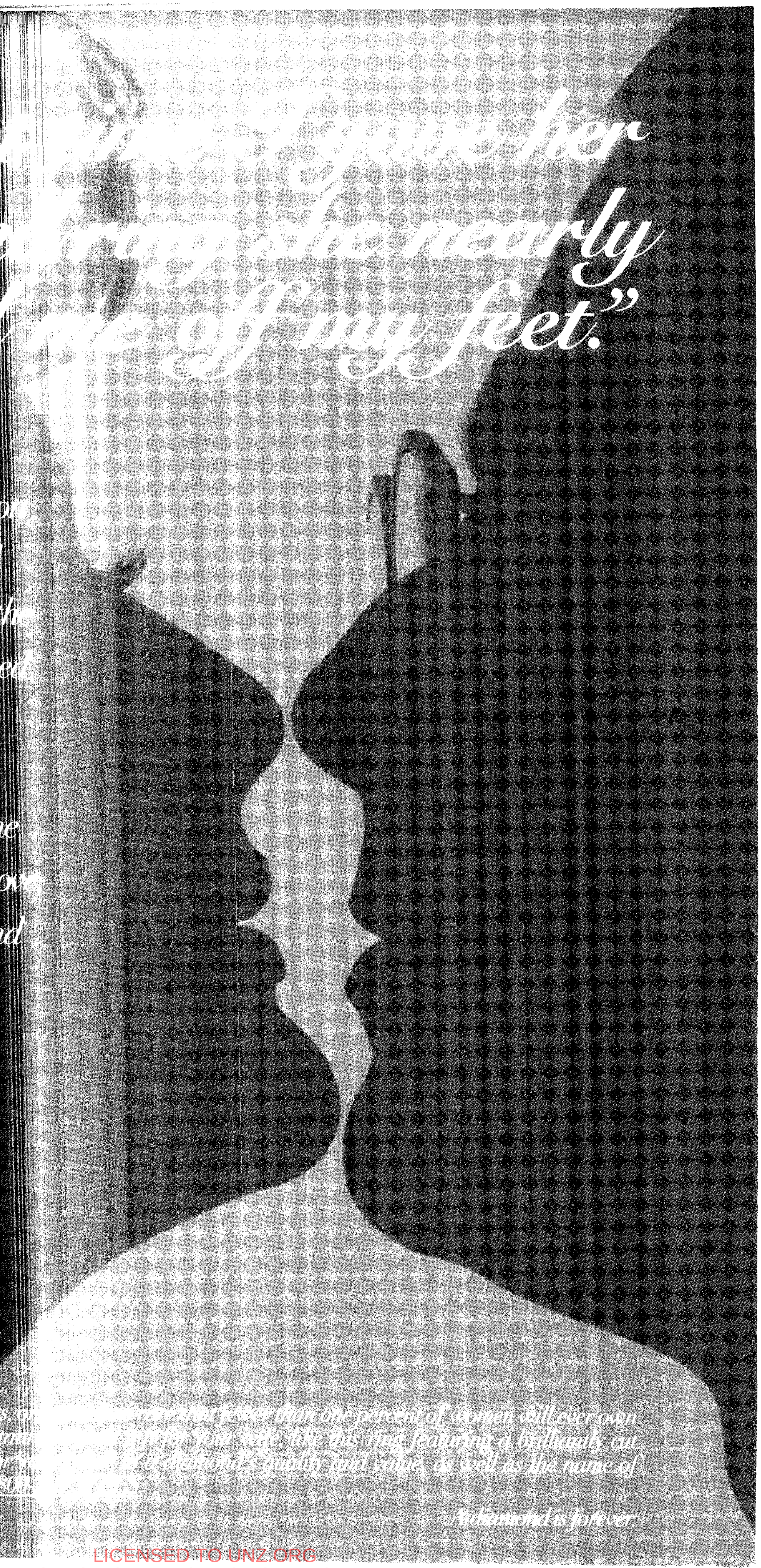

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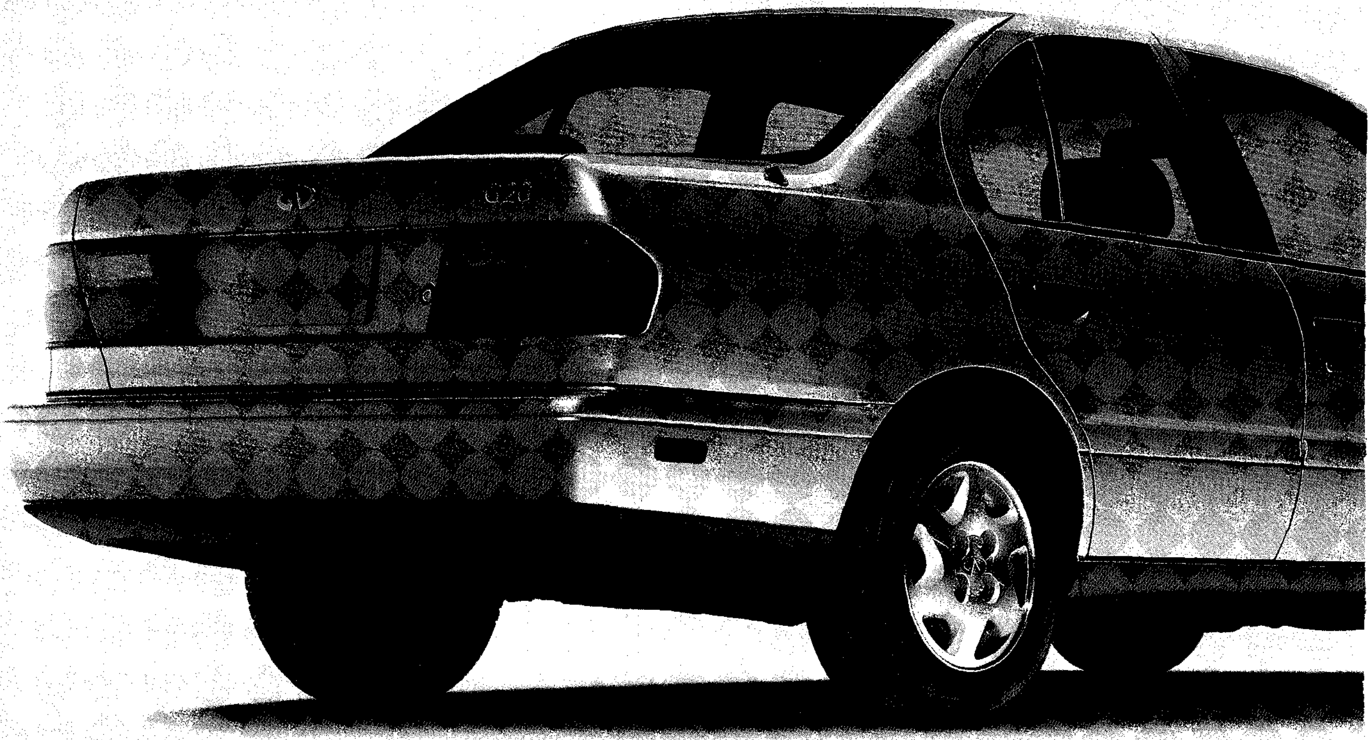

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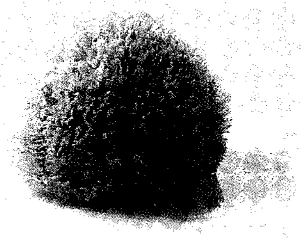

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IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Frank Maya: Paying for the Pool—The comedian's latest show. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-1242. Oct. 7 and Oct. 10 at 8, and Oct. 8-9 at 9. Through Oct. 17.)

Danny Hoch—Presenting "Some People," which is about "cultural diversity." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Oct. 7-10 at 7:30. Through Oct. 17.)

Kate Bornstein—In a reprise of her performance piece "The Opposite Sex . . . Is Neither!" (P.S. 122. Oct. 8-9 at 10:30. Through Oct. 16.)

Reno—A chance for Brooklynites to see the comedienne/performance artist without having to cross the bridge. (Prospect Park Picnic House, Park Dr. at 5th St. Oct. 10 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the event.)

WOW Café—Solo shows by Lanza ("The Ecdysiast in Me") and Cassie Angley ("Yesterday I Came Out . . ."). (59 E. 4th St. 460-8067. Oct. 7-9 at 9. Through Oct. 16.)

DANCE

Martha Graham Dance Company—Oct. 6 at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Panorama," "Deaths and Entrances," and "Maple Leaf Rag.". . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Demeter and Persephone," and "The Rite of Spring.". . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Celebration," "Cave of the Heart," and "Demeter and Persephone.". . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2: "Diversion of Angels," "Panorama," "Cave of the Heart," and "Seraphic Dialogue.". . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: "Frontier," "Deep Song," "Panorama," "Demeter and Persephone," and "The Rite of Spring.". . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Deaths and Entrances," and "Demeter and Persephone.". . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 7:30: "Harvest" (company première), "Cave of the Heart," "Salem Shore" (with narrator Claire Bloom), and "Maple Leaf Rag.". . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Celebration," "Deep Song," "Salem Shore" (with Ms. Bloom), and "The Rite of Spring." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Through Oct. 17.)

AMAN World Music and Dance—Presenting Hungarian, Romanian, Turkish, Mexican, Bosnian, and Croatian folk dances, as well as a new piece by Laura Dean, "Light." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 6-8 at 8; Oct. 9 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 10 at 2 and 7:30.)

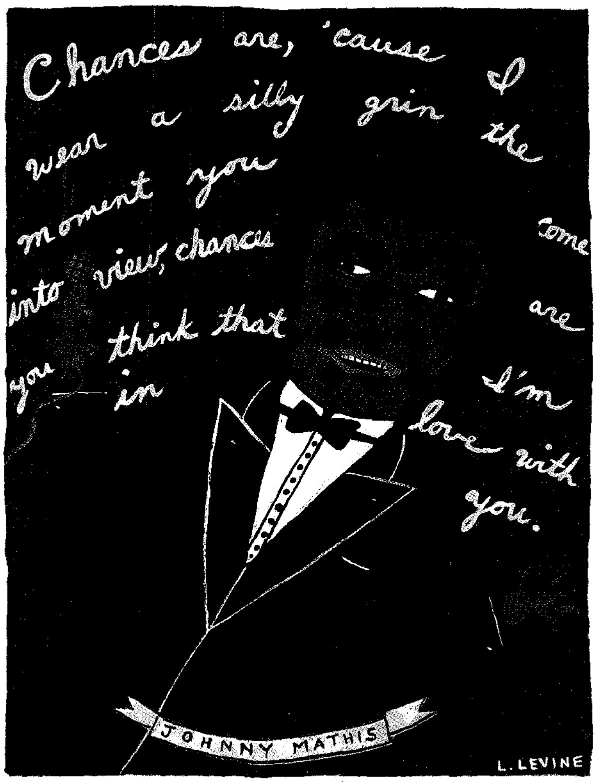
Molissa Fenley—The opening performances of an engagement running through Oct. 17. Oct. 6-7: "Place," "The Floor Dances," "Tilliboyo/Escalay" (première), and "Witches' Float" (New York première). . . . ¶ Oct. 8-9: "Sightings," "Nullarbor," and "Bardo.". . . ¶ Oct. 10: "Place," "Inner Enchantments," "Threshold," and "The Floor Dances." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Evenings at 8.)

Beppie Blankert—The Dutch choreographer presents the New York première of "Ives," an evening-length work inspired by the American composer, with baritone Charles van Tassel, pianist Marien van Nieuwkerken, violinist Heleen Hulst, and seven dancers. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 7-10 at 8:30.)

Diamond Dance—Emma Diamond, a Merce Cunningham dancer, will present her first full evening of choreography with her newly formed group. (Cunningham Dance Studio, 55 Bethune St. Oct. 7-9 at 9. For reservations, call 924-0077.)

Garth Fagan Dance—In "Griot New York," with a score written by Wynton Marsalis and performed by his septet. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Oct. 9 at 8 and Oct. 10 at 2.)

Stephen Petronio Company—The opening performance of an engagement that runs through Oct. 17: "Full Half Wrong" (New York première), "She Says" (première), and "The King Is Dead (Part I)" (première). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 12 at 8.)


Chances are, 'cause I wear a silly grin the moment you come into view, chances are you think that I'm in love with you.
JOHNNY MATHIS
L. LEVINE

Johnny Mathis at Carnegie Hall.

NIGHT LIFE

Et Tu, Iggy

Iggy Pop was punk before punk was cool—before it was punk, in fact. In 1967, almost a decade before Johnny Rotten declared himself the Antichrist, Pop formed a band called the Stooges, whose cacophonous aggression prefigured a generation of angry young guitar bands. In the seventies, after the Stooges split up, Pop went solo, continuing to shock and inspire with his outrageous performance style. While David Bowie and the New York Dolls were making the world safe for androgyny, Pop was flaunting his manhood by stripping naked onstage and crawling on broken glass. (His wiry, malnourished physique established the ideal for male rock singers.) The fact that he was institutionalized several times only solidified his reputation as the punk's punk.

Pop's years of living dangerously are behind him now, but at forty-six he can still spin a divinely twisted lyric and deliver it in a wickedly ominous baritone. Three years ago, Pop released "Brick by Brick," arguably his best album since "Lust for Life" (1977). His new release, "American Caesar," also shows Pop in fine hard-rocking form. The final track, "Caesar," alludes to Shakespeare's elder statesman and includes the wistful observation that "no one believes in the old gods." Surely the punk king doth protest too much. The faithful can catch Pop at the Academy on October 12.

CONCERTS

Johnny Mathis—Back in 1957, when rock and roll was striking fear into the hearts of parents everywhere, Columbia Records executive Mitch (as in "Sing Along with Mitch") Miller was reportedly fond of pointing to the enormous success of his wholesome young singer Johnny Mathis as proof that hormone-driven adolescent rock, which Miller had frowned upon, was no match for "upstanding" music. Mathis may not have been a rocker, but what Miller apparently didn't know was that torch songs like "Chances Are," "It's Not for Me to Say," and "The Twelfth of Never" were heating up more back seats than Elvis and Little Richard combined. "Johnny's Greatest Hits," released in 1958, spent four hundred and ninety weeks on t[illegible] album charts. That's an aw[illegible] lot of make-out time. Let's hope he plays "Misty" for us. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 7-9 at 8.)

Karen Mason—Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 6 at 8.

Bette Midler—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 6-9 and Oct. 12, all at 8. Through Oct. 23.

Billy Joel—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 6, Oct. 8-9, and Oct. 12, all at 8.

Paul Simon—With Art Garfunkel, Ladysmith Black Mambazo, and others. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 6, Oct. 8-9, and Oct. 12, all at 8. Through Oct. 31.)

Rockapella—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 7 at 7:30.

Ruth Brown—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 8 at 8.

Rustavi Choir—A ten-member group from the Republic of Georgia. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. Oct. 8 at 8. For information about tickets, call 545-7536.)

Koto Music of Japan—Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Oct. 8 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Kitaro—With the Loseling Tibetan Monks, the Throat Singers of Tuva, and flutist Nawang Khechog, in a benefit concert. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Oct. 9 at 8.)

Larry Ridley and the Jazz Legacy Ensemble—Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. 491-2206. Oct. 10 at 3.

Martha Wash—With Nick Scotti. (Town Hall. Oct. 10 at 7.)

Tania Maria—Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Oct. 12 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

TONY BENNETT—"Steppin' Out" (*Columbia*).

PET SHOP BOYS—"Very" (*EMI*).

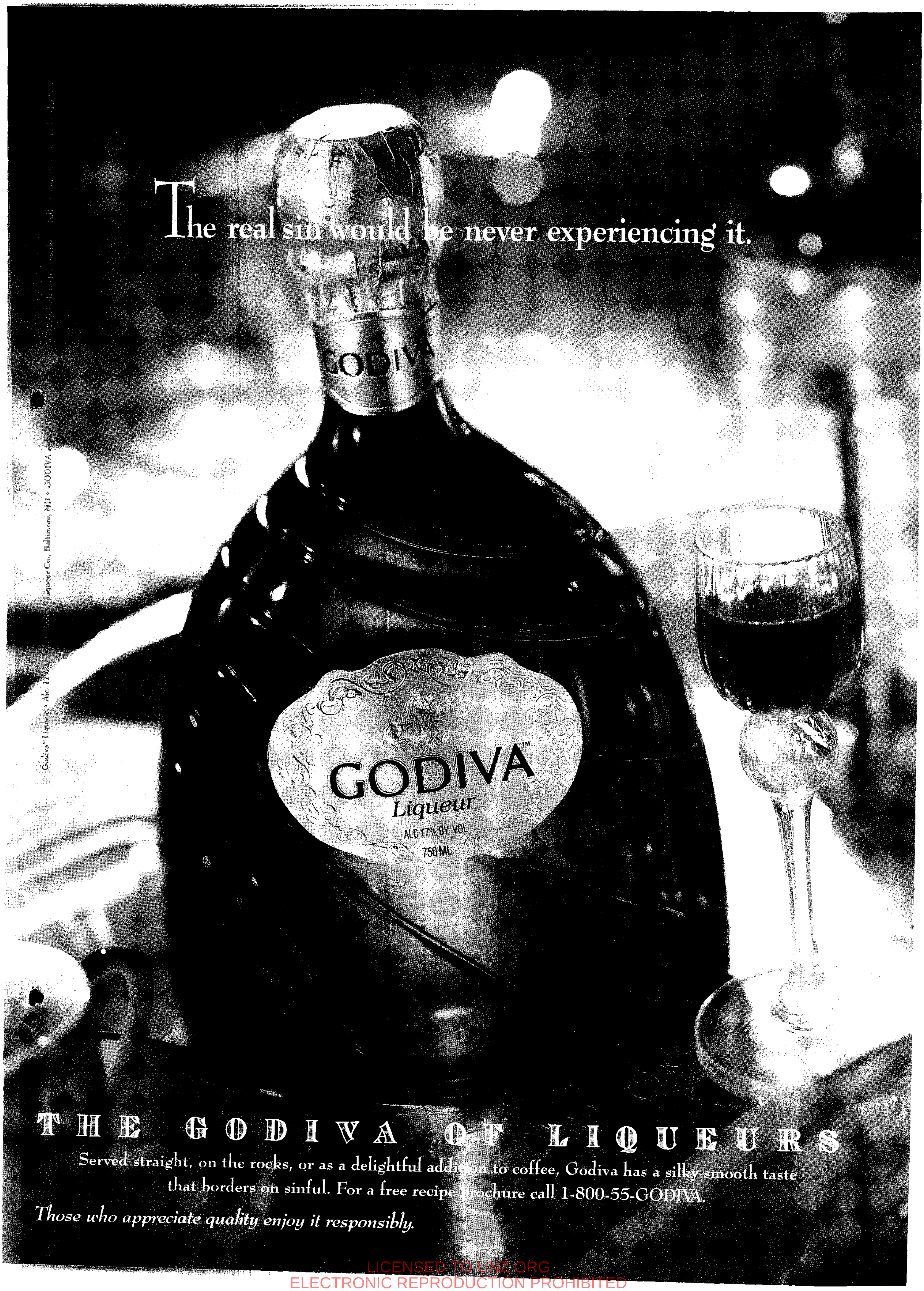
YO LA TENGO—"Painful" (*Matador/Atlantic*).

ROBERT CRAY—"Shame and a Sin" (*Mercury*).

ELVIS PRESLEY—"From Nashville to Memphis: The Essential '60s Masters" (*RCA*).

THE BEATLES—"1962-1966" and "1967-1970" (*Capitol*).

LAURA LEVINE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ROCK AND FOLK

Academy, *234* W. 43rd St.—A cozy former theatre, situated a few doors away from Times Square, where techno and alternative-rock bands, among others, occasionally turn up. **IGGY POP** will thrash here on Oct. 12, with **COP SHOOT COP.** For concert information, call 249-8870.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. On Oct. 8: the rollicking return of **BUSTER POINDEXTER AND HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Poindexter is, of course, the hipster alter ego of David Johansen, that glam-rock icon of yore. His previous appearances here with the Banshees have been consistently winning. Noted folk singer **PATTY LARKIN** stops in on Oct. 9.

Café Sin-é, *122* St. Marks Pl. *(982-0370)*—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Rolling Rocks, some pretty fine musicians have turned up and tuned up: Sinéad O'Connor, Marianne Faithfull, and Luka Bloom, to name a heady few. On Oct. 12, singer-songwriter **DOROTHY SCOTT** once again brings her lovely, eccentric folk sensibility to the café.

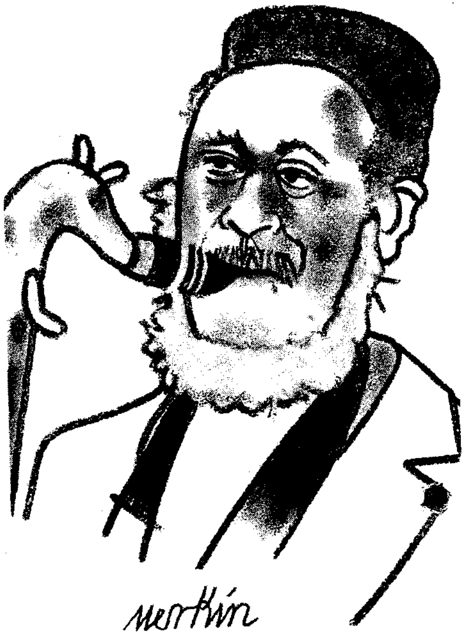
Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. On Oct. 7: a tribute benefitting the family of the late, great bassist Jaco Pastorius, with stars of the contemporary jazz community. The bluesy rock of **JASON AND THE SCORCHERS** is featured on Oct. 9, with guests the **SWINGING STEAKS** providing rootsy pop.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St.—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. Physically, the place is sagging a bit, but it has an odd, dingy charm. The **SAMPLES,** a jam-happy pop outfit, arrive on Oct. 8. For concert information, call 249-8870. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. On Oct. 10, the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** will take the stage. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This modest space provides a forum for freethinking musicians. On Oct. 8-9: the band **HALF JAPANESE.** Its fans include the Velvet Underground's Mo Tucker, who has worked with the group as producer and drummer, and performance artist Penn Jillette. Like many great American rockers before them, David and Jad Fair—who make up the nucleus of Half Japanese—started out as nerdy Midwestern kids. Their "love and monster songs," as the duo describes its output, reveal a raw, wry punk sensibility, but song titles like "Love at First Sight" and "Miracles Happen Every Day" suggest that the Fairs can also try a little tenderness. "Half Japanese: The Band That Would Be King," a documentary that falls somewhere between "The Last Waltz" and "Spinal Tap," begins a two-week run at Film Forum *(209* W. Houston St.) on *Oct. 6.*

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—It's named for its Texas décor, but lately a more apt name would be the Second Chance, since so many lost, forgotten, or faded rockers turn up here. The club's busy schedule includes a variety of newer acts, too. On Oct. 7: the hearty country rock of **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL.** Dining.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—The vast floor can accommodate ballroom dancing, and does so on Thursdays and Sundays. On other nights, Roseland becomes another dark, sweaty rock club where flannel-clad stage divers hold forth. On Oct. 6-7, the marijuana-soaked hip-hop of **CYPRESS HILL** and the Irish-American rap of **HOUSE OF PAIN** will bring in fans of the gangsta beat. Cypress Hill, a heavy-toking Los Angeles-based trio, has become a huge act by following the dictum "Write about what you know." Lead rapper B-Real recently described his breakthrough as a lyricist by recalling the moment he thought, "Shit, I get high every day—I can talk about weed!" Add a soupçon of Beastie Boys-style sarcasm and a dose of slow-motion bravado, and you've got the latest thing for suburban parents to hate. With Funkdoobiest and Whooliganz. On Oct. 9, a double bill of college rock at its least sophomoric. **BELLY,** Tanya Donelly's sexy, gifted powerhouse group, has inspired a thick sheaf of rave reviews for its dark and bittersweet sound. **RADIOHEAD,** from the hip university town of Oxford, England, is also an ivy-covered hit, thanks to "Creep," a gorgeous, nasty anthem about self-loathing on an epic scale. Their first album, "Pablo Honey," contains several other wonderful, cranky songs, built to start quietly and end with a loud Nirvana-style guitar-chord bang.



PHAROAH SANDERS, *who arrives at the Village Vanguard on October 12, played saxophone in John Coltrane's band from 1963 until Coltrane's death, in 1967. Now in his mid-fifties, Sanders is a master of soulful melody and a restless explorer of the questing, mystical strains on the wild border between jazz and world music.*

RICHARD MERKIN

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. The legendary funk saxophonist **MACEO PAR[illegible],** who has played with everyone from James Brown to Parliament-Funkadelic, begins a three-night engagement on Oct. 12. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club. **ROOMFUL OF BLUES** appears on Oct. 7. On Oct. 8-9, catch **CYRIL NEVILLE AND THE UPTOWN ALL-STARS,** with opening act **IVAN NEVILLE** (Aaron's son).

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—With psychedelic graffiti adorning the walls and environmentally correct literature displayed near the door, it's little wonder that this cavernous dive has lured Deadheads and bands that share the Dead's penchant for endless jamming. On Oct. 9, **NEW POTATO CABOOSE** rolls in, offering trippy funk.

JAZZ AND BLUES

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Pianist DAVE BRUBECK will be here with a quartet through Oct. 10. Starting Oct. 12, the one and only RAY CHARLES AND THE RAELETTES, along with Ray's orchestra, will dispense medicinal soul, R. & B., and country tunes. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood restaurant, bar, and jazz club, where musicians gather round the Baldwin every night. Through Oct. 9, an all-star lineup: pianist JOHN HICKS, trumpeter ROY HARGROVE, bassist WALTER BOOKER, and drummer GREG HUTCHINSON.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. On Oct. 5-7, pianist HILTON RUIZ leads a trio through Latin-flavored bebop, with help from salsa luminary ADELA DALTO. Jazz singer FREDA PAYNE appears Oct. 8-10. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor LES PAUL leads a trio. Dining.

Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, the space is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. French-Algerian guitarist PIERRE BENSUSAN is here for a night, on Oct. 6.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, bangers and mash, and a piano. While music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. Pianist RACHEL Z and bassist CHARNETT MOFFETT do the honors on Oct. 6-9.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drinks lend this blues bar place a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: the long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. MAGIC SLIM & THE TEARDROPS play on Oct. 7, followed by a two-day stint by a Manny's fixture, the POPA CHUBBY BLUES BAND.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band; Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird orchestra; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and His Singers, with singer Vinnie Knight; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, a plush little nook with celestial wallpaper, far from the midtown racket. On Oct. 7, the singer's singer JIMMY SCOTT begins a two-week engagement. Scott's intuitive phrasing and remarkable countertenor have inspired jazz and pop balladeers for decades. His own nearly fifty-year career got a belated boost last year, when some of his lost recordings from the sixties and seventies were re-released. To hear Scott render a standard is to hear something classic deconstructed and redefined, with reverence and class.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This brown-toned ski chalet of a club is a fine place to study jazz-group dynamics. Through Oct. 10, PAUL BLEY, JIMMY GIUFFRE, and STEVE SWALLOW. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter MILES EVANS is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. The club, which resembles a hunting lodge, is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings are impressive. The great jazz singer ANITA O'DAY continues through Oct. 10. Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a comfortable spot to take in a show. The MINGUS BIG BAND packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, the late Charles Mingus. The jazz funk of SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS is featured on Oct. 8. Also appearing that evening is the MATS OBERG & MORGAN AGREN duo. Both of these Swedish musicians (Oberg plays keyboards, Agren drums) have performed with Frank Zappa, so expect the unexpected—or at least the not easily categorized. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The JOSHUA REDMAN quartet will appear Oct. 7-10. The smart money is riding on Redman, a twenty-three-year-old tenor player, to be the saxophone colossus of the nineties. He's certainly got the goods: a commanding tone; a knowledge of jazz history that draws freely on the right models, from Stitt to Coltrane; and, most tellingly, a natural sense of swing that keeps his choruses airborne. On hand for this gig will be guitarist Pat Metheny, who also shows up on Redman's new album. Metheny's extravagance (he has yet to meet a note he didn't like) will be offset by the refracted elegance of bassist Christian McBride and drummer Billy Higgins. Starting Oct. 12: PHAROAH SANDERS. The VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA holds sway on Mondays.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The musical-theatre tribute "Peter Howard Celebrates Broadway" continues through Oct. 9. Howard has served as musical director, conductor, dance arranger and/or composer for a number of Broadway hits, including "My Fair Lady" and "Carnival." BONNIE FRANKLIN, best known for her role on the seventies TV series "One Day at a Time," begins a singing engagement on Oct. 12. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, all this week, the sublime soprano of BARBARA COOK, who continues her engagement with pianist WALLY HARPER. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, RONNY WHYTE presides at the piano until Oct. 9. On Oct. 12, BARBARA CARROLL arrives.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wisecracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly. On Oct. 7: "Out on a Whim," a series of four comedy sketches, one of which is a telethon parody.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. MEL TORMÉ's engagement continues through Oct. 10. In performance, Tormé puts on display two great treasures: his own resilient, rhythmically agile voice and the collection of American songbook standards his voice caresses. He believes in good old-fashioned entertainment, but shtick almost never intrudes on his act. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. Warm, witty cabaret veteran (and sometime movie actress) LAINIE KAZAN performs all this week. Closed Mondays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. PHILLIP OFFICER is in on Oct. 8 with an evening of song classics from the forties. (He will reprise his show Fridays through Oct. 22.) On Oct. 10: CLINTON LEUPP in "Miss Coco at the Tea Room—It's Inevitable." Dining.

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ART

Sacred Survivors

EVER since their accidental discovery, in 1947, by a Bedouin goatherd searching for a stray, the Dead Sea Scrolls have inspired a fervent mixture of historiographical intrigue and scholarly devotion. The Scrolls' mystique was compounded by their inaccessibility; for three decades, they were studied by only a select cartel of Biblical historians, who severely limited access to outside parties. The secrecy surrounding the Scrolls fed speculation that they contained information that could shatter the foundations of established religions.

It is now generally agreed that the Scrolls contain no theological bombshells. They are, however, the earliest extant Biblical fragments, written approximately two thousand years ago by the Essene Order, an ascetic sect of monastic Jews. They include much of the Hebrew Bible, with passages from Exodus, Deuteronomy, and Leviticus, as well as Torah precepts and the Damascus Document, a widely interpreted text that offers regulations on such prosaic matters as water purification and ritual cleansing.

Beginning October 7, twelve Scrolls, on loan from the Israel Antiquities Authority, will be on display, along with related artifacts, models, and maps, at the New York Public Library (Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street; through January 8). The fragile manuscripts, most of them written on russet-colored calfskin—they resemble petrified tree bark—were damaged slightly by early handlers (cellophane-tape stains and other depredations are visible). At the library, they will be housed in climate-controlled vitrines illuminated only when a button is pressed—a suitably dramatic presentation for these extraordinary relics.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Abstract Expressionism: Works on Paper, Selections from the Collection" begins with work from the mid-thirties and early forties, and concludes with several eclectic pieces from the mid-sixties. Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ The museum's new Nineteenth-Century European Painting and Sculpture galleries are now open, featuring, among other works, van Gogh's "Wheat Field with Cypresses (1889)." . . . ¶ Twenty years of Hudson River School works on paper. . . . ¶ "Nineteenth-Century Portraits, Landscapes, and Nudes." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A four-decade retrospective of the work of Robert Ryman, who is best known for his elegant, entirely white paintings. . . . ¶ A "sculptural video" installation by John Sturgeon. . . . ¶ "Marco Zanuso and Richard Sapper: Selections from the Design Collection." Twenty objects, including televisions, appliances, and chairs, all designed between 1959 and 1978. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday and Friday evenings until 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than a hundred of Roy Lichtenstein's Pop paintings take over the Goog on Oct. 8. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Paul Klee (1879-1940). Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ "Singular Dimensions in Painting," an exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties. . . . ¶ "Drawing the Line Against AIDS." A hundred and fifty-nine works by Rauschenberg, Twombly, Warhol, and others, some of which will be on sale to benefit AIDS research. Oct 7-19. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of work by Vija Celmins. . . . ¶ "Hand-Painted Pop" includes early works by Johns and Rosenquist, and lesser-known artists such as Jean Follett and Jess. Through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Three late works by the Armenian-born artist Arshile Gorky (1904-48). (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Cuba, as seen in photographs, drawings, and biological specimens, including the skull of a previously unknown species of monkey. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Korean Arts of the Eighteenth Century: Splendor & Simplicity" includes more than a hundred and twenty paintings, as well as ceramics, furniture, textiles, and imperial regalia. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

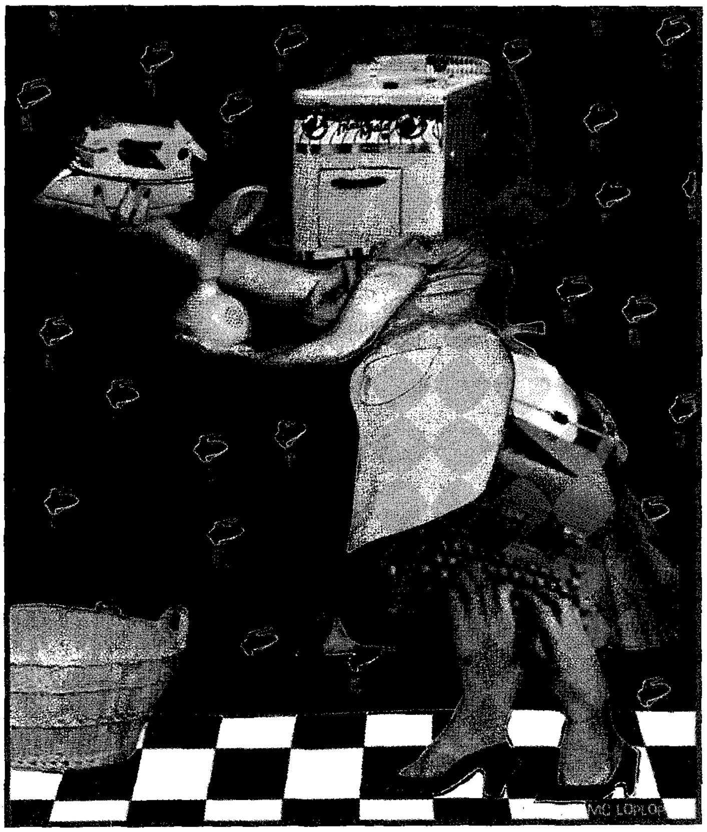
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Mechanical Brides: Women and Machines from Home to Office" examines the traditional link between "women's work" and home and office appliances. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—A site-specific installation by Anne Hamilton. Opens Oct. 7. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A modest yet rewarding exhibition of eighteenth-century Dutch watercolors from the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam. This silver age of Dutch art makes for an obscure chapter of art history, and all the works on display are unquestionably minor; still, small marvels abound. These artists achieved a remarkable finesse and clarity of detail in what has always been regarded as an especially tricky medium. In subject matter and style, they tend to follow the established traditions of the seventeenth century, Holland's golden age, which favored landscapes, still-lifes, and genre scenes. "Watermill Outside Dordrecht," a stark, sepia-toned landscape by Jacob van Strij (1756-1815), contrasts vividly with the Arcadian greenery and profusion that otherwise prevails here. The other end of the spectrum is represented by Aart Schouman (1710-92), whose special purview was exotic birds. "A Turkey and Other Birds Among Classical Ruins in a Park" is a deliciously absurd hybrid, with birds cavorting in a Tiepoloesque landscape of ruins and frothy clouds. It's a nice change to see the sober, Protestant Dutch delighting in confectionery rococo. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The library celebrates the birthdays of two classics—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" and Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit"—with early manuscripts, photographs, illustrations, and other memorabilia. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"The Dead Sea Scrolls: Ancient Civilization / Modern Scholarship." Opens Oct. 7. . . . **Note:** Anticipating large crowds, the library will issue same-day passes on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:45.)



"Mechanical Brides" at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with shows opening this week.)

Nancy Bowen—Organic sculptures made of ceramic, glass, and resin, and based on a form of Indian spirituality. Opens Oct. 9. Through Oct. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Gouaches, prints, [illegible] painting on wood, letters, and rare photographs. Opens Oct. 12. Through Nov. 13. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

●

Lutz Bacher—Bacher's series of paintings "Playboys" is a blithely un-P.C. homage to Peruvian-born illustrator Alberto Vargas (1896-1982), whose work defined a certain brand of exuberant and wholesome smut for a generation of American men during and after the Second World War. The paintings also contain coy quotes from their cheesecake subjects. In one, a supervixen exclaims, "Golly, Mr. Hancock, yours is the biggest of them all!" Through Oct 21. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

MC LOPLOP

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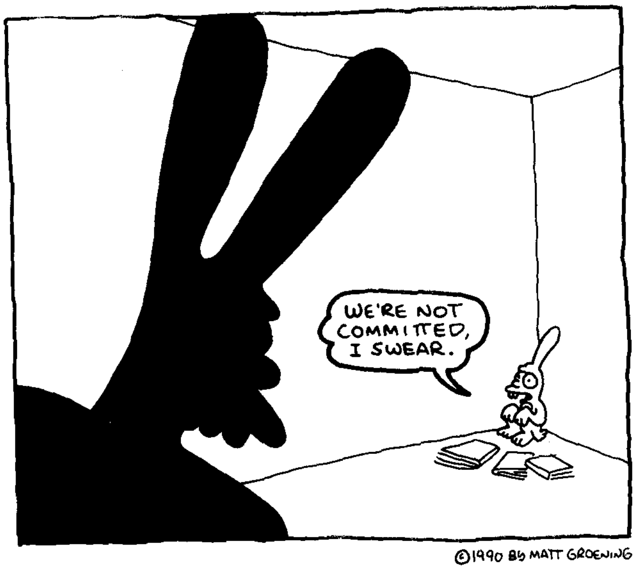
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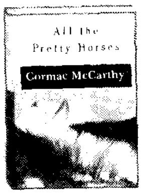
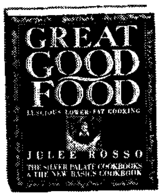
Race Matters
Cornel West

***97-2412.** A provocative look at everything from Black sexuality to the L.A. riots.
Hardcover: $15
QPB: $10.95


All the Pretty Horses
Cormac McCarthy

12-2308. A National Book Award winner about a young horseman in Mexico.
QPB: $11


GREAT GOOD FOOD
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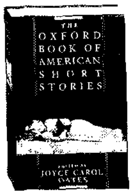
57-2441. All the taste of Silver Palate cooking in lower-fat dishes from star-chef Julee Rosso.
QPB: $15.95

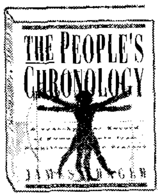

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN SHORT STORIES
JOYCE CAROL OATES

32-2092. A wonderfully unusual anthology filled with "familiar names, unfamiliar titles."
Hardcover: $25
QPB: $14.95

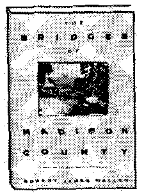
***47-2440.** A novel of a young Japanese woman who finds comfort in the warmth of kitchens.
Hardcover: $14.95
QPB: $9.95

JFK
Reckless Youth
Nigel Hamilton

***22-2397.** Drawing on interviews and letters, a controversial bio of JFK's early years.
Hardcover: $30
QPB: $15.95


THE PEOPLE'S CHRONOLOGY

***84-1129.** A revised classic reference of human events from prehistory to the present.
Hardcover: $45
QPB: $24.95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***12-2299.** This best-selling novel tells of an unlikely affair between a *National Geographic* photographer and an Iowa farm wife.
Hardcover: $16.95
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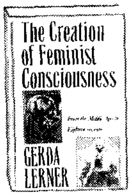
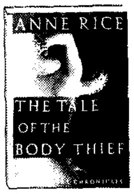
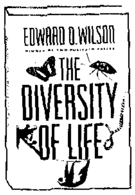

The Creation of Feminist Consciousness
GERDA LERNER

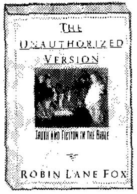
***27-2584.** Women's 1200-year struggle to free their minds from patriarchal thinking.
Hardcover: $27.50
QPB: $16.95


ANNE RICE
THE TALE OF THE BODY THIEF

91-2860. Lestat is back and he's a "rotting, stinking, aching" mortal!
QPB: $13.95


EDWARD O. WILSON
THE DIVERSITY OF LIFE

***64-1128.** A leading expert shows how species are formed and why they must be saved.
Hardcover: $29.95
QPB: $16.95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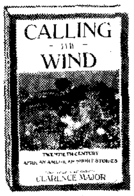
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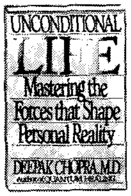
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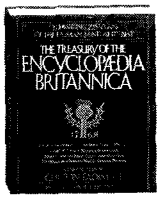
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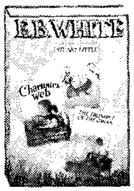
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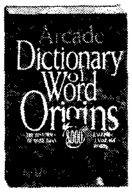
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ART–Cont'd

ANDREA ZITTEL—Zittel's sculptural work addresses the legacies of modernist design, especially those of dyed-in-the-wool utopians like Le Corbusier and the Bauhaus, who promised better living through cleaner and sparer design. "Less is more" might as well be Zittel's mantra. At first glance, her objects look like emblems of pure functionalism. On closer inspection, however, they seem weird, absurdist, even repellent. For instance, here a cluster of chamber pots, which nowadays are used almost exclusively by the bedridden and the infirm, are pristine vessels that people would be unlikely to squat over. Zittel seems to have an engagingly sick sense of humor. Through Oct. 16. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

"COMIC POWER"—Selections from the work of ninety-five artists whose style is directly or indirectly derived from comic strips, underground comics, graffiti, and other demotic forms of visual narrative. The salacious, scatological, transgressive, and confessional possibilities of this kind of art are well represented, with everything from the "head comix" of Gilbert Shelton and R. Crumb to the recent productions of first-rate wome[illegible] artists like Leslie Sternbergh and Carol Lay. Displays of vintage newspaper comic strips, novelty-toy packaging, and left-wing political cartoons supplement the main exhibit, along with a comic-book-reading area featuring comfortable chairs and a wide selection of shamelessly lurid reading matter. Through Oct. 30. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

HELENE BRANDT—Architectonic steel sculptures of evolutionary forms. Through Oct. 16. (Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St.)

DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD—Sculptures of horses, made of wood cast in bronze and of found steel. Through Oct. 30. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Two monumental sculptures: a mobile from 1957 and a stabile from 1964, neither exhibited in New York before. Through Oct. 30. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

STASYS EIDRIGEVICIUS—This Polish-Lithuanian artist, best known for the distinctive, rather surrealistic masks he creates from bark and twigs, has used many mediums to depict faces. The thirty masks exhibited here are pastels, and nearly all are of human faces. Although the round, glassy eyes staring out above the bloody noses and compressed lips seem paralyzed with shock and fear, their appeal is wistful and tender; even the show's most brutal images ("Crucified," "Trapped Bird") are gently presented. Through Oct. 13. (Polish Art Gallery, 333 W. 38th St. Open Mondays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures by a member of the New York School. Through Oct. 30. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

CRAIG FISHER—Large raw canvases that have been stained, spotted, and drawn on. Through Oct. 23. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

VIOLA FREY—Unimaginably large ceramic figures—you have to wonder, How are they *fired*? There are also two groups of smaller figures and animals crowded together incongruously on pedestals, and a twenty-five-foot-long tile wall, which, though it is a technical marvel, is pale in comparison. Through Oct. 20. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

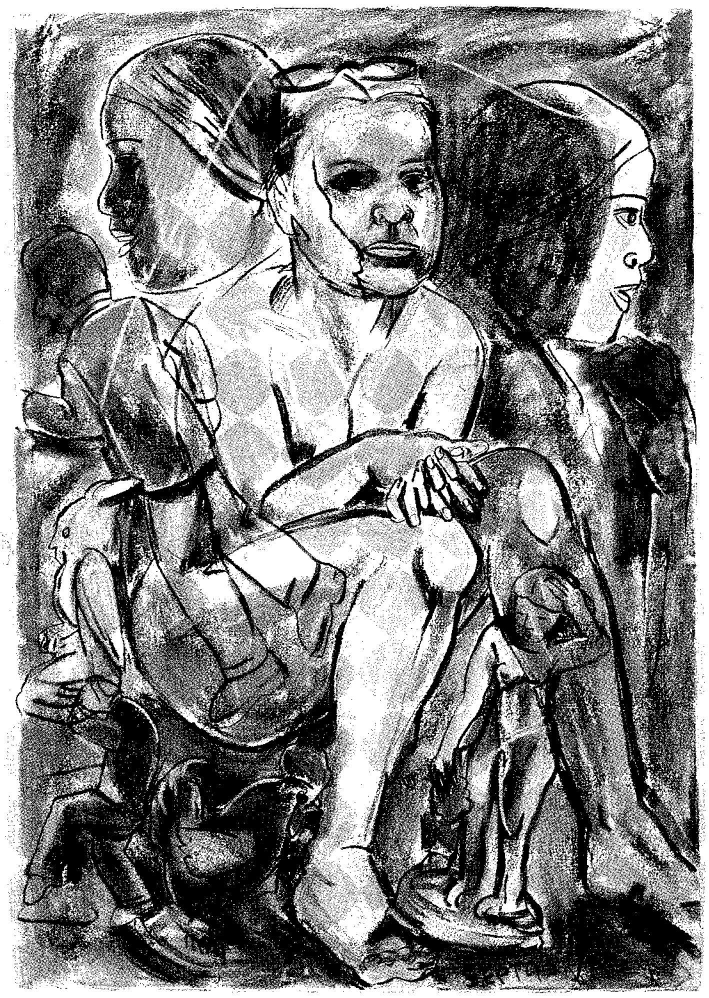
ALLAN GRAHAM—Door panels painted and d[illegible]tailed with boreholes, hinges, and peephol[illegible] Through Oct. 13. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

ELIZABETH HARMS / WILLIAM CROVELLO—Richly colored abstractions. / Calligraphic watercolors related to his recent abstract sculptures. Through Oct. 30. (Condeso-Lawler, 524 Broadway.)

WILLIAM HAWKINS (1895-1990)—Paintings by a self-taught artist. Through Oct. 25. (Ricco-Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

RONI HORN—A new sculpture installation, "When Dickinson Shut Her Eyes." Through Oct. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

RICHARD KALINA—New paintings, some in which the artist continues his use of the grid and collage, others in which he has dropped the grid for biomorphic forms. Through Oct. 30. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)



Self-portrait by Viola Frey (Hoffman).

Vitaly Komar and Alexander Melamid—A series of paintings about a fictional suicide in a New Jersey motel room, and a number of proposals in the form of maquettes for the reuse of totalitarian monuments in the former U.S.S.R. Through Oct. 16. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Jonathan Lasker—Recent large-scale works with contrasting surfaces and thickly painted marks. Through Oct. 23. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—A double exhibition: Four large-scale sculptures, made in California in 1991, of precariously balanced industrial I-beams, described by the gallery as *very* minimal. Through Oct. 23. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.) . . . ¶ The fourth in a series of "blind-time" drawings, for which the artist, blindfolded, rubbed graphite onto paper and then documented the process at the bottom of each work. Through Oct. 23. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

Kathy Muehlemann—Grisaille paintings with distressed surfaces. Through Oct. 13. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

[illegible]ona Nelson—Paintings from the past three years, which have the aura of reveries. Through Oct. 23. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

Louise Nevelson (1900-88)—The artist's last metal assemblage sculpture. Through Oct. 16. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Nam June Paik—Prints and multiple video works from the past ten years. Through Oct. 23. (Sigma, 379 West Broadway.)

Philip Pearlstein—New watercolors and drawings of Pearlstein's familiar subject, nudes, as well as of objects from his personal collection (model airplanes, a carrousel ostrich, a Superman doll). Through Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway.)

Mark Sheinkman / Mike Asente—Monochromatic paintings combining paint and silver emulsion on linen. / Sculptural groupings of objects tethered to the walls by metal rings. Through Oct. 30. (Information, 411 E. 9th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

Thornton Willis—A series of bright-colored geometric canvases in oil stick. Through Oct. 30. (Zarre, 48 Greene St.)

UPTOWN

Oyvind Fahlström (1928-76)—An installation titled "The Garden (A World Model)" (1973), a model for his large sculpture "The Meatball Curtain" (1970), plus "Notes"—drawings that form the basis for larger works. Opens Oct. 7. Through Nov. 6. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Susan Hauptman—Pastel-and-charcoal still-lifes and self-portraits (in which the artist assumes various guises, such as a rodeo cowgirl and Carmen Miranda). Opens Oct. 8. Through Oct. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—A mini-retrospective of paintings with an emphasis on Hopper's lesser-known modernist work. Opens Oct. 7. Through Nov. 13. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

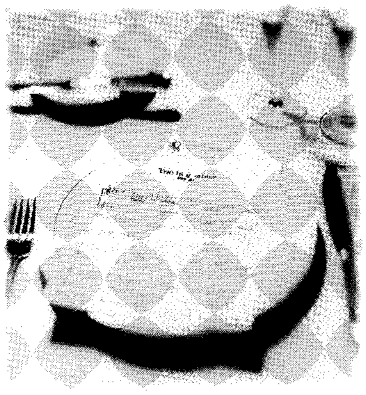
Donald Sultan—Sultan's new paintings, with images of bugs and fish, were done after he spent a year as an artist-in-residence at the Centre Pompidou, in Paris. Opens Oct. 9. Through Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

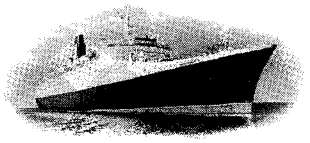
•

Hannelore Baron (1926-87)—Baron never intended her work for exhibition and sale; the shopworn phrase "intensely personal" applies to the collages and box constructions, made between 1970 and 1987, that are assembled here. German Jews, Baron and her family only narrowly escaped the Holocaust, emigrating to the United States and settling in New York in 1941. But there is much more to Baron's work than the dubious virtue of art as therapy. In several of these muted, melancholy pieces, one detects the dilapidated ghosts of the archetypal modernist grid. In one representative collage from 1982, Baron's bedraggled oblongs look bruised, almost scarified. Baron evokes the discrepancies between the utopian hopes of early modernism and the bitterness of actual political and personal histories. Through Oct. 16. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—Works in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, and Plexiglas, chosen by the gallery to reveal the artist's interest in transforming themes from one medium to another. Through Nov. 13. (Adler, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Sculpture and drawings on canvas. Through Nov. 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . **note:** Botero's corpulent bronze figures can be seen on the Park Avenue Mall from 54th to 61st Sts. Through Nov. 14.





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ART—Cont'd

Bruce Conner—This influential artist, who emerged from San Francisco's Beat culture, is represented by assemblages and collages, dating from 1959 to 1964, made of discarded material ("primitive urban art," as he calls it). Through Oct. 30. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning / Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—De Kooning's work here glows with inner light: graphic stripes of red, yellow, and blue brushwork skim resplendent white surfaces./ The Dubuffets remain a much rougher affair, their lines cutting and insistent, the colors loud and confrontational. Through Oct. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

John Duff—Recent abstract sculptures of painted fibreglass. Through Oct. 30. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sondra Freckelton—Watercolors of interiors with plants, fruits, and flowers. Through Oct. 16. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Andy Goldsworthy—Recent works by this English conceptual artist and nature walker, including a number of rather conventional text-and-photo pieces on naturalist themes and two beautiful, labor-intensive site-specific installations. Through Oct. 16. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

David Levine and Aaron Shikler—A joint exhibition of figure paintings in celebration of the nearly fifty-year friendship of the two artists. Through Nov. 6. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; and Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Markus Lüpertz—Drawings and large paintings by this German artist, of a male face in roughly abstract variations. Through Oct. 30. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Boris Margo—An exhibition revealing this Russian painter's evolution from Surrealism to abstraction from 1932 to 1952. Through Nov. 13. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

Grégoire Müller—Recent portraits by this Swiss artist. Through Oct. 30. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gabor Peterdi—Vibrant landscapes from an aptly titled "Celebration" series, which this Hungarian-born artist has been working on since the sixties. Through Oct. 23. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Wallace Putnam (1899-1989)—An exhibition focussing on paintings from the forties, when the artist was painting in Maine with his friend and fellow-artist Milton Avery; also, a series of drawings titled "Manhattan Manners" (1930). Through Oct. 23. (Littlejohn-Sternau, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gerhard Richter—This artist's most recent abstractions include a quartet of brilliant blue-green blurs that resemble huge underwater Polaroids and a group of multicolor grid paintings that suggest greatly magnified close-ups of the weave of opulent silk fabrics. Through Oct. 23. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stone Roberts / Leland Bell (1922-91)—Realistic portraits and still-lifes. / Paintings from his "Morning" series, self-portraits, and other works. Through Oct. 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Saul—A mini-retrospective that ranges from the "Electric Chair" paintings of the sixties to a current Pop series. Through Oct. 16. (Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Smalley / Andrée Ruellan—Abstract kinetic sculptures designed to be propelled by the wind. / Works on paper, dating from 1920 to 1980, on a wide range of subjects. Through Oct. 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mario Toral—Organic landscapes with floating, contorted figures by this Chilean artist. Through Oct. 23. (Americas, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jane Wilson—Luminous abstract landscapes in oil. Through Oct. 23. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jamie Wyeth—"Islands": paintings from the past thirty years of Monhegan Island and of Southern Island, where the artist is the sole resident. Through Oct. 9. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AUCTIONS

Sotheby's—There are collectors of original hand-painted animation art, and then there are collectors of Disneyana, who constitute something of a cult and want *any* Disney material they can put their hands on, including advertising and theme-park paraphernalia. Both kinds are bound to show up at Sotheby's on Oct. 9 (at 10:15 and 2) for the sale of approximately two hundred and fifty background or production overlays (called "cel setups" in the industry) from Walt Disney Pictures' "Aladdin." The average estimate for these vivid, highly expressive works, with their "Arabian Nights" characters frozen in action, is $2,000-$3,000. There are also a few full-figure statues used by the animators to visualize the subjects from different perspectives, notably a hilarious Genie ($4,000-$6,000). Raise your hands, Disneyphiles. (York Ave. at 72nd St. For information, call 606-7000.)

Christie's—When an estimate is available only on request, you can bet the item is on everybody's wish list. Such is the case with Man Ray's "Hier, Demain, Aujourd'hui," a photographic-collage triptych, which, according to the artist's wife, Juliet, hung for many years in Man Ray's darkroom. The work is one of the star lots in the sale of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs on Oct. 8 (at 10 and 2). Another is Alfred Stieglitz's "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Portrait—Hands and Thimble" (1920), signed (a rarity), because it was a gift to Aline Meyer Liebman, one of Stieglitz's early patrons (estimate: $100,000-$150,000). (Park Ave. at 59th St. For information, call 546-1000.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jo Ann Callis—Large-scale color prints of objects draped in opulent fabrics. Through Nov. 6. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Robert Doisneau—A sizable retrospective, including the famous 1950 photograph, "The Kiss at the Hôtel de Ville." In general, the sense of narrative and the pure wit of much of his work, which includes many Paris street scenes, are superb, and some of his photographs of children are charming. Through Oct. 23. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Ed Van Der Elsken (1925-90)—A three-decade retrospective called "Street Life." Through Oct. 16. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Eugène Druet (1868-1917)—Vintage prints of Rodin sculptures. Through Oct. 30. (Sander, 19 East 76th Street.)

Luis González Palma—New gelatin silver prints by this Guatemalan photographer, some juxtaposed with older, found images. Through Oct. 30. (Lowinsky, 575 Broadway.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Hine is best known for his harsh realist photography, particularly his work documenting Ellis Island, child labor, industrial squalor, and the construction of the Empire State Building. Through Nov. 13. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

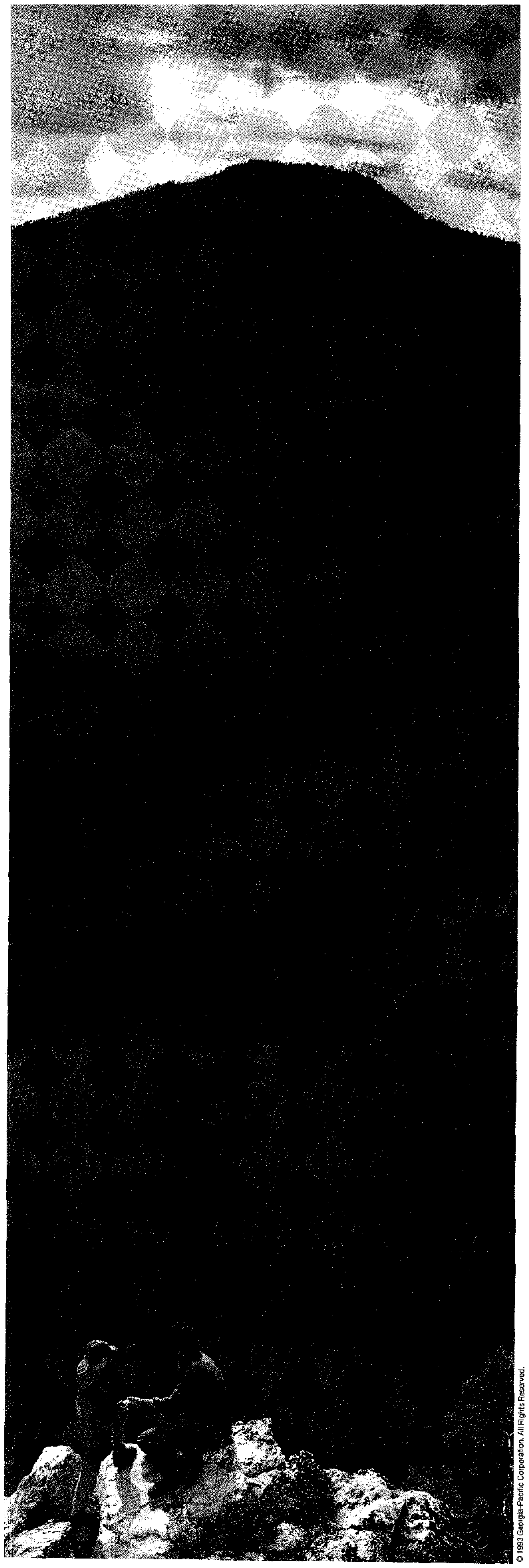
Eikoh Hosoe—Work by one of Japan's most distinguished photographers. Through Oct. 16. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

George Platt Lynes (1907-55)—A first-rate exhibition of vintage photographs from the archives of the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender, and Reproduction, by this successful fashion, dance, and portrait photographer. Through Oct. 30. (Grey Art Gallery, 33 Washington Place.)

Silvia Plachy—Recent photographs of New York Street life. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—Photographs from the collection of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Oct. 23. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Mexico through Foreign Eyes" features more than two hundred photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Paul Strand, and others. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)



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CLASSICAL MUSIC

Embarrassment of Riches

HAVING staggered through two-thirds of its semi-celebratory semicentennial season, the financially beleaguered New York City Opera now reaches the pièce de résistance that opera lovers have been waiting for: a weeklong minifestival during which three new full-length American operas will receive their premières. This is the stuff that City Opera's reputation was built on, back in the heady days of the fifties and sixties, when the company poured forth a freshet of American operatic premières by Copland, Rorem, William Grant Still, Robert Kurka, Douglas Moore, Robert Ward, and others. Still, three in one season—let alone in one week—is a record even for this intrepid company.

Expect variety. Ezra Laderman's "Marilyn" will surely be the most discussed, since its subject—Marilyn Monroe—resides on the highest altar of the cult of celebrity. Its prolific composer can be depended on for an accessible score and technical mastery. But the other two, Lukas Foss's "Griffelkin" and Hugo Weisgall's Biblical "Esther," may prove more enduring. "Griffelkin," in fact, has already survived nearly four decades of alterations since it began life, as a brief television opera based on a Brothers Grimm fairy tale, so this will be the première of the current, expanded score. Where Foss is both playful and direct, Weisgall embraces a more expressionistic style, sometimes writing in a twelve-tone or atonal idiom, and he likes to tackle tough moral topics, especially those derived from the conundrums of Jewish philosophy.

The première of Ezra Laderman's "Marilyn" at New York City Opera.

JILL GRAHAM

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**TOSCA,** with Maria Guleghina, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Oct. 6 at 8 and Oct. 9 at 1:30.) . . . With Emil Ivanov as Cavaradossi. (Oct. 12 at 8.) . . . **FIDELIO,** with Gabriela Beňačková, Marie McLaughlin, Mark Baker, John Fowler, Robert Hale, and Paul Plishka; Hermann Michael. (Oct. 7 and Oct. 11 at 8.) . . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Dawn Upshaw, Elizabeth Carter, Jerry Hadley, Mark Oswald, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (Oct. 8 at 8.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Yoko Watanabe, Wendy White, Richard Leech, and Lucio Gallo; Christian Badea. (Oct. 9 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**MARILYN,** by Ezra Laderman, to a libretto by Norman Rosten, Jr., in its première; with soprano Kathryn Gamberoni donning a blond wig for the title role; conducted by Hal France. (Oct. 6, Oct. 9, and Oct. 12, all at 8.) . . . **GRIFFELKIN,** by Lukas Foss, to a libretto by Alastair Reid, in the première of a new version; with Robin Tabachnik as the titular devil-child who ascends to Earth and becomes a happy human; conducted by Scott Bergeson. (Oct. 7 at 8 and Oct. 9 at 1:30.) . . . **ESTHER,** by Hugo Weisgall, to a libretto by Charles Kondek, in its première; with Lauren Flanigan leading Israel out of captivity, and with Joyce Castle, Robynne Redmon, Allan Glassman, Eugene Perry, Joseph Corteggiano, and Thomas Mark Fallon; conducted by Joseph Colaneri. (Oct. 8 at 8 and Oct. 10 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

MAGIC CIRCLE OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "A Gypsy Carmen with Flamenco Dance," Ray Evans Harrell's adaptation of Bizet's classic opera; fully staged, with a chamber orchestra, Gypsy reminiscence, and flamenco dancing. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Oct. 7-9 at 7 and Oct. 10 at 3. Through Oct. 17.)

DICAPO OPERA THEATRE—Presenting Puccini's one-act tragedy "Il Tabarro," with baritone Russell Christopher, soprano Anna Patrick Singer, and tenor Scott Flaherty. Directed by Michael Capasso. (184 E. 76th St. Oct. 7 at 7:30 and Oct. 8-9 at 8. Through Oct. 17. For information about tickets, call 288-9438.)

CONCERT ROYAL—James Richman directs an evening of staged opera-ballet from the grandiose days of the French Baroque, with performances of Rameau's "Pygmalion," the L'Espagne excerpt from André Campra's "L'Europe Galante," and the première of "La Danse et Ses Plaisirs," a newly choreographed work to a score by Jean-Joseph Cassanéa de Mondonville; choreography by Catherine Turocy, with the New York Baroque Dance Company. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 7-9 at 8.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of "Madama Butterfly." Staged and directed by Anthony Amato; costumes and scenery by Richard Cerullo. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Oct. 9 at 7:30 and Oct. 10 at 2:30)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducts Glinka's "Russlan and Ludmila" Overture, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (with Sarah Chang), Liszt's tone poem "Mazeppa," and Janáček's Sinfonietta. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Oct. 7-9 at 8 and Oct. 12 at 7:30.)

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE BAND OF THE ROCKIES—Hup, hup, hup! There are fifty musicians in this Colorado band, which goes beyond traditional band marches to include Broadway tunes, jazz, rock and roll, and country and Western in its program. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 1-718 951-4500. Oct. 7 at 7:30.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC SYMPHONY—Sixten Ehrling (in his first appearance as the symphony's conductor and musical adviser) offers a program of Franz Shreker's "Prelude to a Drama," Ravel's G-Major Piano Concerto (featuring Carolina Flores), Prokofiev's Symphony No. 3, and the première of David Noon's "Curtain Raiser," a fanfare composed especially for the school's seventy-fifth year by the chairman of the composition and music-history departments. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Oct. 8 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ATLANTIC SINFONIETTA—Edvard Tchivzhel conducts works that Norman Dello Joio composed for Martha Graham's dance company, including "Diversion of Angels" and "Seraphic Dialogue." (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Oct. 10 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

GREENWICH VILLAGE ORCHESTRA—Robert Grehan conducts Rossini's "William Tell" Overture, Bruch's G-Minor Violin Concerto (featuring Kenneth Gordon), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 6. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Oct. 10 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

RECITALS

JEAN-PIERRE ANTAKI—Classical guitarist, performing works by Dowland, Bach, Sor, Albéniz, and others. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Oct. 6 at 6:30. Admission by contribution.)

BARGEMUSIC—Violinist Mark Peskanov and pianist Rita Sloane perform sonatas by Mozart (in G Major, K. 301) and Beethoven (the "Kreutzer"), as well as pieces by Sibelius and Sarasate. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 7 at 7:30 and Oct. 10 at 4.)

CHARLES ROSEN—Rosen's 1972 book "The Classical Style" holds pride of place among explications of the music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, thanks to its remarkable combination of musicological acumen and musicianly insight. Though h[illegible] next volume, "The Romantic Generation," won't appear for another year, he's clearly in a nineteenth-century state of mind these days, and in this too rare piano recital he will let loose with works by Liszt (including the "Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 104"), Chopin (nocturnes, mazurkas, and the Barcarolle), and Schumann ("Davidsbündlertänze"). (Miller Theatre. Oct. 7 at 8.)

GRIEG FESTIVAL QUARTET—A piano quartet, performing Brahms' Piano Quartet in C Minor (Op. 60). The members will also appear in duo combinations to perform Schumann's "Märchenbilder" and Grieg's Violin Sonata No. 3 and Cello Sonata. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 8 at 8.)

OFF THE CUFF—Is extemporaneous music-making emerging as the new concert trend? Two improvising ensembles kick off the season, and others will follow in the weeks to come. Oct. 6 at 8: A collaboration between Jin Hi Kim—playing komungo (a Korean lap zither) and changgo (hourglass drum)—and wind-instrument player Joseph Celli (oboe, midi breath controller, and so on). (Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway. 966-4444.) . . . ¶ Oct. 8-9 at 8: A group of accomplished musicians from the worlds of contemporary jazz and concert music. (CB's 313 Gallery, 313 Bowery. 677-0455.)

MAX BARROS CONSORT—To celebrate the two-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of Luigi Boccherini, the period-instrument group performs a "mini-marathon" of six of the composer's piano trios. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Oct. 10 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

BRENTANO STRING QUARTET—Playing quartets by Haydn (in D Major, Op. 71, No. 2), Lalo Shifrin (his Fifth), and Dvořák (in E-Flat Major, Op. 97). (New School, 66 W. 12th St. For information about tickets, call 229-5689. Oct. 10 at 2.)

JERRY GROSSMAN—Cellist, with pianist Diane Walsh, performing music by Debussy, Janáček, and Brahms. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Oct. 10 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

PENDERECKI STRING QUARTET—Performing Mozart's G-Major Quartet (K. 387), Mendelssohn's A-Minor Quartet (Op. 13), and the North American première of the Trio for Violin, Viola, and Cello by Krzysztof Penderecki (who will be on hand to introduce his piece). (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Oct. 10 at 2:45.)

JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT—An afternoon given over to exploration of the German and Austrian art song at the turn of the century, the aesthetically decadent era of Zemlinsky, Schoenberg, and the Mahlers. Oct. 10 at 1:15: Lectures on the period's cultural, literary, and musical scene, delivered by Michael P. Steinberg, Mark Anderson, and Walter Frisch. . . . At 4: Mezzo-soprano Milagro Vargas and pianist Gilbert Kalish perform lieder by Schoenberg, Zemlinsky, Alma Mahler, Strauss, Pfitzner, Reger, and Conrad Ansorge. (Miller Theatre.)

COREY CEROVSEK—In his New York début, the violinist performs Strauss's Sonata (Op. 18), Bartók's Rhapsody No. 1, Schubert's C-Major Fantasy, Ysaÿe's E-Major Unaccompanied Sonata, and variations by Kreisler and Wieniawski; assisted by his sister, pianist Katja Cerovsek. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 10 at 5.)

HOTEL WALES—Pianist Ilan Rechtman performs Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations in C Minor and accompanies baritone Michael Dash in songs by Strauss. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Oct. 10 at 6. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

EVA-MARIE ALEXANDRE—Pianist, in a program of Bach, Mozart, Debussy, and Chopin. (St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Fulton St. Oct. 11 at noon. No tickets necessary.)

"A LITTLE MIDDAY MUSIC"—Justin Bischof, organist, in a program of Bruhns, Bach, and Vierne. (Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St. Oct. 12 at 12:30. No tickets necessary.)

PETER SERKIN—The pianist performs Bach's Partita No. 6 and "Goldberg" Variations, presumably written for the composer's student Johann Gottlieb Goldberg to play on the harpsichord for his employer during sleepless nights. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 12 at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—The ensemble browses through the archives of its seventeen-year history, alighting on works by Milton Babbitt ("Du & Mehr 'Du' "), Lou Harrison ("First Concerto for Flute and Percussion"), Stefan Wolpe ("An Anna Blume, for Musical Clown and Piano"), Wayne Peterson ("Diptych"), and Charles Wuorinen ("Double Solo, for Horn Trio"). Also on the bill is the New York première of Wuorinen's "A Doleful Dompe on Deborah's Departure as Well as Borda's Bawdy Badinage," written to mark one of Deborah Borda's job changes before she assumed the administration of the New York Philharmonic. (Miller Theatre. Oct. 12 at 8.)

HANNE-BERIT HAHNEMANN AND DAVID OEI—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, and Nielsen, in addition to Szymanowski's "La Fontaine d'Aréthusa," Henry Cowell's "Piece for Violin and Piano from a Set of Two," and Paul Schoenfield's "Country Fiddle Pieces." (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Oct. 12 at 8.)

JEFFREY SIEGEL—The pianist will talk about "The Splendor of Schubert" and demonstrate just how splendid it is by playing the F-Minor Impromptu, the Hungarian Melody, and the Sonata in B-Flat (completed only six weeks before the composer's death, at the age of thirty-one). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 12 at 8.)

LISTENING BOOTH

JOHANN DAVID HEINICHEN, DRESDEN CONCERTI—Musica Antiqua Köln, conducted by Reinhard Goebel (Deutsche Grammophon Archiv). A contemporary of Bach's, Heinichen (1683-1729) was a dean of Dresden's stellar musical establishment. Musica Antiqua Köln brings top-drawer period-instrument playing to bear on fifteen of Heinichen's concertos, which cover a surprisingly broad range of instrumental colors and combinations. No "Brandenburgs" lurk here, to be sure, but on the whole Heinichen's concertos stand a cut above your basic Baroque wallpaper music. (Bach's Dresden connection will be represented at Carnegie Hall on October 12, when pianist Peter Serkin will play the "Goldberg" Variations, written during Bach's visit to that city in 1741.)

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CP: I'd rather go fly fishing. Seriously, I can't see playing any other instrument. I think the guitar is an excellent way to bring classical music to the widest audience.

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SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Away until Oct. 17, when they'll face the Philadelphia Eagles.

Jets—Away until Oct. 24, when they'll face the Buffalo Bills.

Rangers—Vs. the Tampa Bay Lightning, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Oct. 11. (Game time, 7:30.)

Devils—Vs. the Tampa Bay Lightning, Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Winnipeg Jets, Oct. 12. (Game time, 7:35.)

(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Devils play at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Little Prince Celebration—The Morgan Library is hosting an open house (really, no admission charge) on Oct. 9, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., for large and small fans of the 1943 children's book "The Little Prince," by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. The morning's events include free tours of the library's "Little Prince" exhibition; screenings of a "Little Prince" video, narrated by Macaulay Culkin; and songs from a new musical based on the tale, performed by Daisy Eagan. A storyteller will read passages from the book. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008.)

Dramatics—The Prince Street Players present "Aladdin," in a production geared toward six-to-twelve-year-olds. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510. Oct. 9 at 1:30.)

Storytelling—The adventures of Odysseus, with audience participation. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Oct. 9 at 2 and 4.) . . . ¶ Cooper-Moore, Prospect Park's storyteller, has returned for the fall season. (Ocean Avenue Playground, Lincoln Rd. entrance, Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Sundays at 1 and 2. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Puppeteer Vít Hořejš uses twenty marionettes to enact Czech folktales. (National Hall, 321 E. 73rd St. Oct. 9-10 at 3. Through Oct. 24. For reservations, call 777-3891.) . . . ¶ Traditional Taino, African, and Spanish songs and stories. (Children's Museum of Manhattan. Oct. 11 at 1 and 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Ciao, Cristoforo—As part of the Columbus Day weekend, a sunrise ceremony led by Native Americans will take place in Central Park on Oct. 9, from 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. Spiritual leaders, clan mothers, and elders from throughout the land will give thanks for and bless the new day. Sacred tobacco, cedar, sage, and sweet grass will burn in four hearths around a central altar flame in a ceremonial tepee. Songs and prayers will be accompanied by the music of flutes, drums, and gourd rattles. (Mineral Springs, mid-Park at 69th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ On Oct. 11, Bronx boy Regis Philbin will be the grand marshal of the annual Columbus Day Parade, which will include several competing high-school bands, fraternal organizations, flag throwers and archers from Italy, and floats. The parade will make its way up Fifth Ave., leaving 44th St. at 10:15, in time for Grand Marshal Philbin to arrive at the reviewing stand, at 69th St., by 11. Marchers turn east on 86th St. and disband at Third Ave. . . . ¶ Big Onion Walking Tours is offering a special Columbus Day walk on Oct. 11 at 1, which will focus on the discoveries, innovations, and firsts of Lower Manhattan. For more information, call 439-1090.

Roots—Ever wonder how Great-Aunt Alberta came to live on the Lower East Side? Or what to do with the deed to your family's long-demolished ancestral house? Or whether you really are related to those people who have your name but spell it with an "e" at the end? At the Family History Fair, on Oct. 10, from noon to 5, archivists and genealogists, among others, will get participants started on tracing family histories, interpreting documents, and doing research at local libraries. (Loeb Student Center, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl. No tickets necessary.) The fair kicks off the fifth annual New York Archives Week, Oct. 10-16, which will include films, exhibits, lectures, and walking tours. For more information, call 415-5547.

Remember—To commemorate New Yorkers who have died of AIDS, the Names Project will display over a thousand panels of the AIDS Memorial Quilt. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Oct. 8, from 10:30 to 9; Oct. 9, from 10 to 9; and Oct. 10, from 10 to 3. For more information, call 226-2292.)

We'll Always Have Paris—As part of its fortieth-anniversary celebration, *The Paris Review* is presenting a de-luxe reading. Contributors and editors, including Francine du Plessix Gray, Peter Matthiessen, Mona Simpson, and, of course, George Plimpton, will read current work as well as older pieces that were originally published in the quarterly. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 11 at 8.)

Poetic Politics—Adrienne Rich will read from her recently published collection of prose pieces, "What Is Found There: Notebooks on Poetry and Politics." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571. Oct. 12 at 6.)

Columbus Crafts—The Columbus Avenue Autumn Crafts Fair will include a wide variety of handmade jewelry, leather clothing, hand-painted ties, hand-blown glass, ceramics, and toys. (Columbus Ave., between 77th and 81st Sts. Oct. 9-10 and Oct. 16-17, from 10 to 5:30.)

Picture This—Oct. 8 at 7: Installation artist Fred Wilson will talk about his own work. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. No charge beyond museum contribution. Free tickets, which are required, are available at 6 at the museum's Edward John Noble Education Center.) . . . ¶ Oct 8 at 10:30 P.M.: John Yau will talk about Andy Warhol and his art. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the talk.) . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 6: Art critic John Gruen will interview Larry Rivers. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

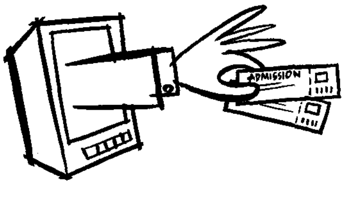
Readings—Oct. 6 at 7: Walid Bitar, Mark Levine, and Laura Mullen will read from their own poetry. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 7: Joyce Carol Oates will read from her own work. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 8: Nahid Rachlin and Timothy Seibles will read from their own work. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 7:30: Howell Raines, editorial-page director of the *Times*, will read from his new book, "Fly Fishing Through the Midlife Crisis." (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. No tickets necessary.)

Tours & Walks—Oct. 7 at 6 A.M.: The South Street Seaport Museum staff will sniff out the Fulton Fish Market. For more information, call 669-9416. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 10 A.M.: The Transit Museum has enlisted bridge engineers from the Department of Transportation to guide the curious over, and under, the Manhattan and Williamsburg Bridges—anchorages, peeling paint, pigeons, the works. For more information, call 1-718 330-5839. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: Friends of the Park will take in Central Park's recently restored Harlem Meer. For more information, call 473-6283.

COOL MEDIUM, WARM BODIES

Ricki Lake is more than a hundred pounds lighter than she was when she starred as the teen-age heroine of John Waters' "Hairspray," but when she greets the studio audience at a taping of her new "Donahue"-style talk show, she grins and waves with the same conspiratorial delight in herself that she evinced as Tracy Turnblad leading the Ladies' Choice on "The Corny Collins Show." The subject today is "Being Fat Isn't My Fault." The studio audience applauds on cue when Ricki introduces her first guests, two Jack Sprat couples, and they raise their hands like eager students at the urging of the executive producer, who is just out of camera range. They look stricken when a young man, weeping, says he ate because his mother, sitting next to him, didn't love him, but when a stunning blond therapist comes on to comfort him and *she* breaks down, it's hard to know what to do.

You, too, can participate in these and other adventures in fellowship and global-village therapy. Almost twenty talk shows, from celebrity chat-ups to policy-wonk gabfests, are taped in New York, most of them before a live audience. A few are listed here with ticket information.



Ricki Lake—Write Ricki Lake Tickets, 401 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016, or telephone 889-7091.

The Late Show with David Letterman—Of the nighttime talk shows taped in New York, this is the hottest ticket. Write Dave at the Ed Sullivan Theatre, 1697 Broadway, New York 10019, and sit back and wait—for as long as four months. Or try your luck at the Ed Sullivan Theatre, Broadway at 54th Street, for standby seats, which are handed out at noon on the day of the taping (one per person).

Late Night with Conan O'Brien—There is less of a time lag (only a month or so) for Mr. Letterman's NBC replacement. Write NBC Tickets, The Conan O'Brien Show, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10112, or show up at 30 Rock for standby tickets (four per person) at 4:15 on taping days.

Donahue—Write NBC Tickets, The Ph[illegible] Donahue Show, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10112.

Live with Regis & Kathie Lee—Write Live Tickets, Ansonia Station, P.O. Box 777, New York 10023-0777. (The wait, believe it or not, is eight to ten months.) Standby hopefuls should be at 7 Lincoln Square (Columbus and 67th Street) by 7:30 A.M. on taping days.

The Joan Rivers Show—Write the Queen of Kvetch at 524 West 57th Street, New York 10019.

Include your name, address, phone number, and age. You can request specific dates (except for Letterman), but the shows can't guarantee them.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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10	11	12				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 38.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Household Saints" (directed by Nancy Savoca), with Tracey Ullman, Vincent D'Onofrio, Lili Taylor, and Judith Malina.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7: "Especially on Sunday" (Marco Tullio Giordana, Giuseppe Bertolucci, and Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian). From Oct. 8: "Ruby in Paradise" (Victor Nuñez).
Theatre 3: "Orlando" (Sally Potter).
Theatre 4: "Wittgenstein" (Derek Jarman).
Theatre 5: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Oct. 7: "Malina" (1990, Werner Schroeter; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
From Oct. 8: "Story of a Cheat" (1936, Sacha Guitry; in French).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 2: "True Romance" (Tony Scott).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 7: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox); and "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross). From Oct. 8: "Mr. Jones" (Mike Figgis).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro), with De Niro and Chazz Palminteri.
Theatre 3: "A Bronx Tale."
Theatre 4: "Malice" (Harold Becker), with Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, and Bill Pullman.
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 7: "Sex Is . . ." (Marc Huestis), a documentary.
From Oct. 8: "Police Story III: Supercop" (Stanley Tong; in Cantonese, with English and Chinese subtitles).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Freaked" (Alex Winter and Tom Stern), with Winter.
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 3: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 7: "Crush" (Alison Maclean); and "Kalifornia" (Dominic Sena). From Oct. 8: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).
Theatre 5: "The Program" (†).
Theatre 6: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 7: "Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "True Romance" (Tony Scott). From Oct. 8: "Mr. Jones" (Mike Figgis).
Theatre 2: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 5: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Fugitive" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Striking Distance" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker), with Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, and Bill Pullman.
Theatre 2: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.
Theatre 3: "The Program" (†).
Theatre 4: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7: "The Cure." From Oct. 8: "Mr. Nanny" (Michael Gottlieb).
Theatre 3: "The Fugitive" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"For Love or Money" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Program" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Good Son" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).

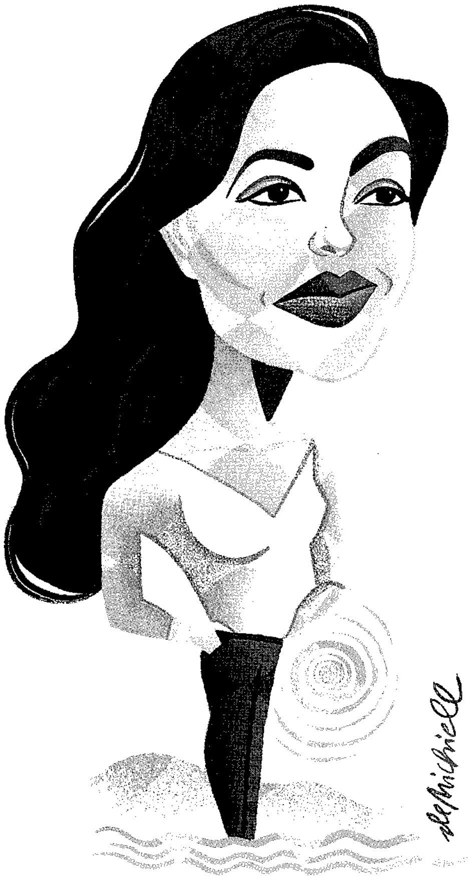
Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Searching for Bobby Fischer" (Steven Zaillian).
Theatre 2: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Short Cuts" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (†).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 2: "For Love or Money" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 7: "Into the West" (Mike Newell); and "In the Line of Fire" (Wolfgang Petersen). From Oct. 8: "Mr. Jones" (Mike Figgis).
Theatre 4: "M. Butterfly" (†).
Theatre 5: "M. Butterfly" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).



Opening October 8, Ashley Judd in "Ruby in Paradise."

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dazed and Confused" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro), with De Niro and Chazz Palminteri.

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "True Romance" (Tony Scott).
Theatre 2: "Malice" (Harold Becker), with Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, and Bill Pullman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"King of the Hill" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Bopha!" (Morgan Freeman), with Danny Glover.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 7: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox); and "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
From Oct. 8: "Mr. Nanny" (Michael Gottlieb).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "The Good Son" (†).
Theatre 2: "Malice" (Harold Becker), with Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, and Bill Pullman.

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "True Romance" (Tony Scott). From Oct. 8: "Mr. Jones" (Mike Figgis).
Theatre 2: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro), with De Niro and Chazz Palminteri.
Theatre 4: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 7: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Program" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Half Japanese: The Band That Would Be King" (directed by Jeff Feuerzeig).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Searching for Bobby Fischer" (Steven Zaillian).
Theatre 2: "For Love or Money" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 2: "The Good Son" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair), with Stephen Rea and Sinead Cusack.
Theatre 2: "King of the Hill" (†).
Theatre 3: "Into the West" (Mike Newell); and "Me & Veronica" (Don Scardino).
Theatre 4: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "The Good Son" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro), with De Niro and Chazz Palminteri.
Theatre 3: "The Program" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Bronx Tale."
Theatre 5: "Malice" (Harold Becker), with Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, and Bill Pullman.
Theatre 6: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 7: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 8: "Malice."
Theatre 9: "For Love or Money" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Secret Garden" (Agnieszka Holland); and "In the Line of Fire" (Wolfgang Petersen).
Theatre 2: "Into the West" (Mike Newell); and "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).
Theatre 3: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Joy Luck Club" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Hard Target" (John Woo); and "Into the West" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 2: "The Man Without a Face" (Mel Gibson), with Gibson.
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Sleepless in Seattle" (Nora Ephron), with Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan.

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 5: "Manhattan Murder Mystery" (†).
Theatre 6: "Free Willy" (Simon Wincer).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Age of Innocence" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
Through Oct. 7: "Into the West" (Mike Newell).
From Oct. 8: "Police Story III: Supercop" (Stanley Tong; in Cantonese, with English and Chinese subtitles).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Between Heaven and Earth" (Marion Hänsel; in French), with Carmen Maura.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Bad Behavior" (Les Blair), with Stephen Rea and Sinead Cusack.

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
Through Oct. 7: "Boxing Helena" (Jennifer Lynch).
From Oct. 8: "On the Bridge" (Frank Perry).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Jamón Jamón" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 7: "The Joy Luck Club" (†).
From Oct. 8: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"For Love or Money" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).
Theatre 2: "Orlando" (Sally Potter).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 7: "Samba Traoré" (Idrissa Quédraogo, in Mooré). From Oct. 8: "Ruby in Paradise" (Victor Nuñez).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 7: "Divertimento" (†). From Oct. 8: "Ruby in Paradise."
Theatre 6: "Household Saints" (Nancy Savoca).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Good Son" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Dazed and Confused" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 3: "Malice" (Harold Becker), with Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, and Bill Pullman.
Theatre 4: "The Program" (†).
Theatre 5: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro), with De Niro and Chazz Palminteri.
Theatre 6: "True Romance" (Tony Scott).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Striking Distance" (†).
Theatre 2: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox); and "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 2: "In the Line of Fire" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Clint Eastwood, John Malkovich, and Rene Russo.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 7: "True Romance" (directed by Tony Scott). From Oct. 8: "Demolition Man" (Marco Brambilla).
Theatre 2: "Warlock: The Armageddon" (Anthony Hickox), with Julian Sands.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 7: "Undercover Blues" (Herbert Ross). From Oct. 8: "Mr. Nanny" (Michael Gottlieb).
Theatre 4: "The Good Son" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Fugitive" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 7: "Warlock: The Armageddon." From Oct. 8: "Mr. Jones" (Mike Figgis).
Theatre 7: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro), with De Niro and Chazz Palminteri.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Program" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 2: "In the Line of Fire" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Clint Eastwood, John Malkovich, and Rene Russo.
Theatre 3: "The Firm" (Sydney Pollack), with Tom Cruise.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Striking Distance" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (Harold Becker), with Alec Baldwin, Nicole Kidman, Bill Pullman, Bebe Neuwirth, and George C. Scott.
Theatre 2: "For Love or Money" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Oct. 6: "Beast of the City" (1932, directed by Charles Brabin), with Walter Huston and Jean Harlow; and "The Public Enemy" (1931, William Wellman), with James Cagney and Harlow.
Oct. 7-9: "The Girl from Missouri" (1934, Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow and Lionel Barrymore; and "Reckless" (1935, Victor Fleming), with Harlow and William Powell.
Oct. 10-11: "Dinner at Eight" (1933, George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, and Billie Burke; and "China Seas" (1935, Tay Garnett), with Harlow, Clark Gable, and Rosalind Russell.
From Oct. 12: "Platinum Blonde" (1931, Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow; and "Three Wise Girls" (1932, William Beaudine), with Harlow and Mae Clarke.

At the Walter Reade Theatre and the Public Theatre, films by Sacha Guitry.

COLLECTION ANDRÉ BERNARD

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Oct. 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985, John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, and Anjelica Huston; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970, Bob Rafelson), with Nicholson.
Oct. 7-9: "Chinatown" (1974, Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Goin' South" (†).
Oct. 10-12: "Heartburn" (1986, Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971, Nichols), with Nicholson, Candice Bergen, Arthur Garfunkel, and Ann-Margret.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
Through Oct. 7: "Desk Set" (1957, Walter Lang), with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn; and "Pat and Mike" (†).
Oct. 8-9: "The Road Warrior" (1982, George Miller), with Mel Gibson; and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976, L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards, Jr.
Oct. 10-11: "Clash by Night" (1952, Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan; and "Crime of Passion" (1957, Gerd Oswald), with Stanwyck, Sterling Hayden, and Raymond Burr.
Oct. 12: "Volere Volare" (Maurizio Nichetti, in Italian), with Nichetti; and "Johnny Stecchino" (Roberto Benigni, in Italian), with Benigni.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 6: "Twelve Angry Men" (1957, Sidney Lumet), with Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958, Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, and Charles Laughton.
Oct. 7: "Life of Brian" (1979, Terry Jones); and "Time Bandits" (1981, Terry Gilliam).
Oct. 8-9: "Lolita" (1962, Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Killer's Kiss" (1955, Kubrick), with Frank Silvera.
Oct. 10: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina and Sandra Milo; and "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers"; 1955, Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Masina, and Richard Basehart.
Oct. 11: "Gate of Hell" (†); and "Page of Madness" (1926, Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film with musical sound track).
Oct. 12: "The Condemned of Altona" (1963, Vittorio De Sica), with Sophia Loren and Maximilian Schell; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954, De Sica), with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Films from the museum's archives in celebration of love. Oct. 7 at 2:30: "Annie Hall" (1977, directed by Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton. . . . Oct. 7 at 6: "Love Affair" (1939, Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. . . . Oct. 11 at 2 and Oct. 12 at 2:30: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre. . . . Oct. 11-12 at 5: "Camille" (1937, George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 3 and 6: "The Black Box" (1992, Johann Feindt and Tamara Trampe; in German), a documentary. . . . ¶ Three different programs of musical short films. Oct. 8 at 2:30 and Oct. 9 at 5: Films from 1913-31, featuring Fannie Brice, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, and others. . . . Oct. 8 at 6 and Oct. 10 at 2: "Pop Gear" (1965, Frederic Goode), with the Beatles, the Animals, and Herman's Hermits. . . . Oct. 9 at 2 and Oct. 10 at 5: Films from 1928-42, featuring Bessie Smith, Lillian Roth, Joan Blondell, and others. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works by video maker Steve Fagin. Oct 8 at 3 and 6: "Zero Degrees Latitude" (1993). . . . Oct. 9 at 2:30 and Oct. 10 at 5: "Virtual Play: The Double Direct Monkey Wrench in Black's Machinery" (1984). . . . Oct. 9 at 5 and Oct. 11 at 2:30: "The Amazing Voyage of Gustave Flaubert and Raymond Roussel" (1986). . . . Oct. 10 at 2:30 and Oct. 11 at 5: "The Machine That Killed Bad People" (1990).

New York Film Festival—The annual festival of international films—Oct. 6 at 6:15 and Oct. 7 at 9: "The Puppetmaster" (Li Tien Lu, Taiwan). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:15 and Oct. 7 at 6: "Ruby in Paradise" (Victor Nuñez, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6 and Oct. 9 at 3: "The Snapper" (Stephen Frears, United Kingdom). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9 and Oct. 9 at 11 A.M.: "Farewell My Concubine" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6 and Oct. 10 at 4: "Wendemi" (S. Pierre Yameogo, Burkina Faso) and "Untrue Stories" (Cezary Jaworski and John Petrizelli, Venezuela). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9 and Oct. 10 at 1:30: "Tim Burton's Nightmare Before Christmas" (Henry Selick, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at midnight and Oct. 10 at 7: "Totally F***ed Up" (Gregg Araki, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9:30: "Aileen Wuornos: The Selling of a Serial Killer" (Nick Broomfield, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6:15 and Oct. 12 at 9:15: "The Scent of the Green Papaya" (Tran Anh-Hung, France). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9:15 and Oct. 12 at 6:15: "Blue" (Krzysztof Kieslowski, France). (Alice Tully Hall. For tickets, call 875-5050.)

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Oct. 6 at 2 and 6:30 and Oct. 7 at 4: "Devil in the Bottle" (1948, Sacha Guitry; in French), with Guitry . . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 4:30 and 9 and Oct. 7 at 2: "The Fabulous Destiny of Désirée Clary" (1942, Guitry; in French), with Guitry . . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 7 and Oct. 8 at 2: "Royal Affairs of Versailles" (1954, Guitry; in French), with Guitry . . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 7, Oct. 9 at 2, and Oct. 10 at 6:30: "Double Blind" (1992, Sophie Calle and Gregory Shepard). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 4:15, Oct. 10 at 9, and Oct. 11 at 2: "The Last Bolshevik" (1993, Chris Marker). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 7, Oct. 11 at 6:30, and Oct. 12 at 2: "The Spirit of TV" (1991, Vincent Carelli), "Saputi" (1993, Zacharias Kunuk, Paulossie Qulitalik, and Norm Cohn), and "The Couple in the Cage: A Guatinaui Odyssey" (1993, Coco Fusco and Paula Heredia). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:30 and Oct. 11 at 4:15: "Work in Progress" (1990, Luis Valdovino), "No Rubber, No Way" (1993, Sergio Goldenberg), and "The Scavengers" (1992, Eduardo Coutinho). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2 and Oct. 12 at 6:30: "Sa-Life I" (1993, Bosnian and Herzegovinian filmmakers). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 4:15 and Oct. 12 at 8:30: "Sa-Life II" (1993, Bosnian and Herzegovinian filmmakers). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 9 and Oct. 12 at 4:15: A selection of music videos by H-Gun, Jean-Baptiste Mondino, Lionel Martin, Paula Walker, and others.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective program of the museum's first five years: Two films with musical scores by Bernard Herrmann. Oct. 9 at 2: "Anna and the King of Siam" (1946, John Cromwell), with Irene Dunne, Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, and Lee J. Cobb. . . . Oct. 9 at 4:30: "On Dangerous Ground" (1952, Nicholas Ray), with Ida Lupino and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ Two films by director John Ford. Oct. 10 at 2: "Donovan's Reef" (1963), with John Wayne, Elizabeth Allen, and Lee Marvin. . . . Oct. 10 at 4: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (†).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Oct. 7 at 6 and 10: "The Gold of Naples" (1957, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8 and Oct. 10 at 7: "The Lovers" (1959, Louis Malle; in French), with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (1940, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu. . . . ¶ Oct. 8-10 at 7: Three different programs of new videos from France. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 8 and Oct. 9-10 at 8:30: Three different programs of works by Dana Gordon. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 8:30: "Open City" (1945, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 10:30 and Oct. 9 at 4: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969, Renoir; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2 and Oct. 10 at 4: "Devil in the Flesh" (1946, Claude Autant-Lara; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6 and Oct. 10 at 9:30: "Buster's Bedroom" (1991, Rebecca Horn). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 8: "The Organizer" (1964, Mario Monicelli; in Italian). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 10:15: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Alain Resnais; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: "General della Rovere" (1959, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with De Sica.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 6 at 12:30, 3:45, 6:50, and 10: "Indochine" (1992, Régis Wargnier, in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

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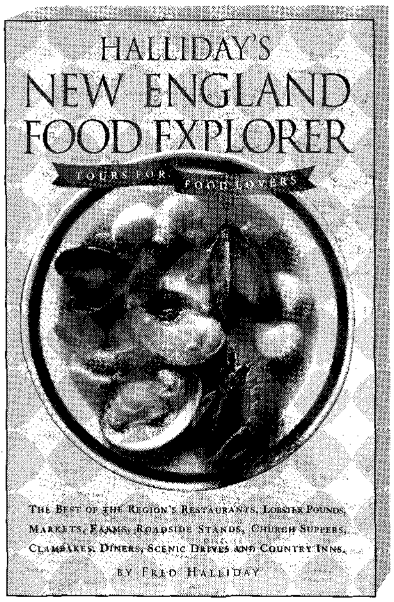
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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Demolition Man—A cop (Sylvester Stallon) and a psycho killer (Wesley Snipes) are frozen in 1996 and thawed out in 2032, where they continue their battle to the death. Directed by Marco Brambilla. *Opening Oct.* 8.

Gettysburg—Writer-director Ronald F. Maxwell's re-creation of the Civil War battle (based on Michael Shaara's novel, "The Killer Angels"). With Tom Berenger, Martin Sheen, Stephen Lang, Richard Jordan, and Jeff Daniels. Opening Oct. 8.

Mr. Jones—A romantic drama about forbidden love between a psychiatrist (Lena Olin) and her patient (Richard Gere). Directed by Mike Figgis. Opening Oct. 8.

On the Bridge—After being diagnosed with cancer in 1990, director Frank Perry made this documentary about alternative treatments. Opening Oct. 8.

Police Story III: Supercop—Hong Kong cop Chen Chia-chu (Jackie Chan) goes undercover to break up a drug and arms ring. Directed by Stanley Tong. In Cantonese, with English and Chinese subtitles. Opening Oct. 8.

Ruby in Paradise—Ashley Judd as a young Tennessee woman who goes to Panama City Beach, Florida, to find a better life. Directed by Victor Nuñez. *Advance screenings on* Oct. 6-7 at the New York Film Festival. Opening Oct. 8 in limited release.

Story of a Cheat—Sacha Guitry's 1936 film, based on his novel, about the adventures of a gambler and womanizer. In French. Opening Oct. 8.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in "The Current Cinema," the date of its review is given.)

The Age of Innocence—Martin Scorsese returns to form with this hectic adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Life in the New York of the eighteen-seventies may have been constrained, but it was never dull—not if Scorsese's camera is anything to go by, leaping from detail to detail like the gaze of an inquisitive gentleman. Everything looks right, from roast duck to waistcoats, but the movie has no ambitions to be a costume museum; it homes in on the passions that had to be veiled by good manners. As the film begins—a showy, overwhelming scene at the opera—we see Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) about to announce a perfect match with the young May Welland (Winona Ryder). Such perfection is a prison, with no hope of escape, and the vigorous sadness of Day-Lewis tells the whole story; he will never rebel, but in his eyes you see him wishing he could. Less fruitful is the casting of Michelle Pfeiffer as May's older cousin, the mysterious Countess Olenska, with whom Archer falls hopelessly in love. With her silly blond curls, Pfeiffer looks more plaintive than the dark exotic of Wharton's imagination.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/13/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, Orpheum VII, and Ziegfeld.)

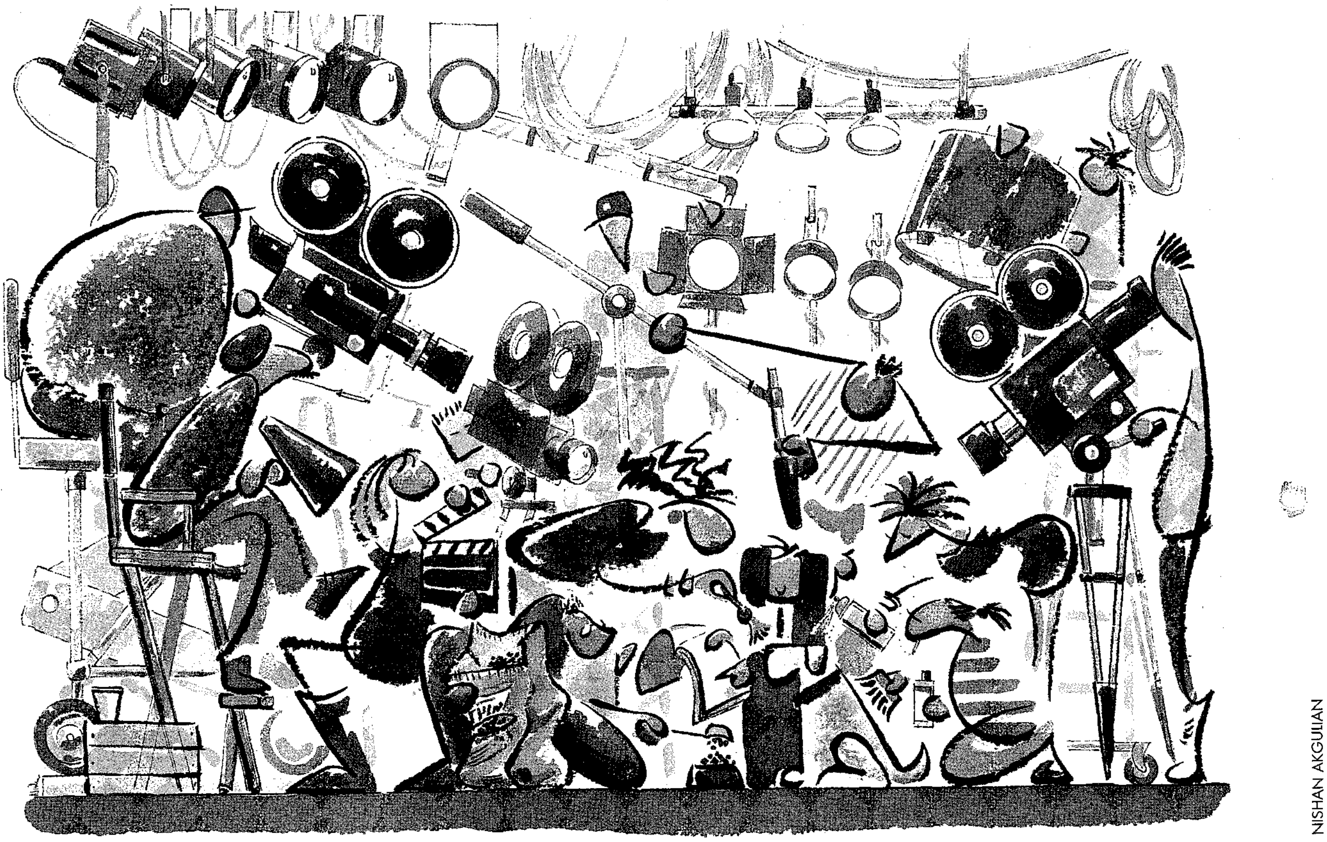
Dazed and Confused—A relaxed, uplifting new movie from Richard Linklater, who directed "Slacker." It's the last day of school, summer 1976, and a bunch of seniors are pondering their futures and getting ready to thrash their juniors. We learn of Pink (Jason London), for instance, who wants to play college football and smoke pot. But the movie has no particular hero or heroine; Linklater is too democratic for that, and his camera glides around offering moments of heroism, or bliss, to all the characters in turn. There isn't much plot, but what there is gets resolved at an all-night party; you keep expecting the film to move on, but it just hangs around and enjoys itself. This is a great time-capsule film—Alice Cooper and Thin Lizzy on the soundtrack, womb-shaped plastic chairs, and the flap of flared jeans—but it's far more than that. With his endless gags and crisp, glowing images, Linklater has come up with a dramatization of good will.—A.L. (10/4/93) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Divertimento—Édouard Frenhofer (Michel Piccoli) is a celebrated artist living with his wife, Liz (Jane Birkin), in a gorgeous house in the South of France. He is king of the castle, at least until his reign is disturbed by the arrival of a young admirer, who brings with him a ravishing, taciturn girlfriend called Marianne (Emmanuelle Béart). Asked to pose for the master, she refuses angrily yet still turns up next morning and obligingly removes her clothes—just the kind of odd, unreasoning change of heart that tells us we are watching a Jacques Rivette film. Less well known than other leaders of the French New Wave, Rivette continues to make intricate, demanding movies. This one lacks the fluid wit of his best work, yet there is still much to enjoy: the hypnotic atmosphere of the studio, its calm cracked by frustration, and Piccoli's delicious portrait of an artist at the height of his powers, terrified of falling. In French.—A.L. (9/20/93) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Farewell My Coucubine—With Leslie Cheung, Zhang Fengyi, and Gong Li; directed by Chen Kaige. In Mandarin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (New York Film Festival; Oct. 8-9.)

For Love or Money—In this alternately mushy and cynical Manhattan fairy tale, Michael J. Fox plays a superb concierge plotting to found his own luxury hotel with the help of a slick investor (Anthony Higgins) who's having an affair with Fox's dream girl (Gabrielle Anwar). For roughly the first half hour, Fox wheels and deals irresistibly; then the character becomes a self-pitying toady, and the movie suffers a blowout. Gimmick-prone Barry Sonnenfeld ("The Addams Family") directed the script by Mark Rosenthal and Lawrence Konner. With Michael Tucker and Isaac Mizrahi.—M.S. (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

The Fugitive—Harrison Ford plays Dr. Richard Kimble, who is wrongly accused of murdering his wife and sentenced to death. What gives this adaptation of the old TV series its extra



NISHAN AKGULIAN

kick is the presence of Tommy Lee Jones, as U.S. Deputy Marshal Sam Gerard, hot on Kimble's trail, and enjoying the heat. It's a pleasure to find a thriller fulfilling its duties with such gusto: the emotions ring solid, the script finds time to relax into backchat, and for once the stunts look like acts of desperation rather than shows of prowess. The director is Andrew Davis.—A.L. (8/16/93) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Good Son—Having Macaulay Culkin play the bad seed in a cozy Maine household is a promisingly nasty joke—after all, a serial killer is only a tad more vicious than the sentimental sadist of the "Home Alone" movies. Since Culkin victimizes a bereaved cousin (Elijah Wood) who believes that his dead mother's soul has entered the body of his aunt (Wendy Crewson), the potential for psychodramedy is immense. But Ian McEwan's script skimps on development and complication, never mind plausibility. Joseph Ruben directed, skillfully but far too solemnly—there's a fatal drop in irony from Ruben's "The Stepfather" to "Sleeping with the Enemy" and this film.—M.S. (Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

Jamón Jamón—The setting is rural Spain, the director is Bigas Luna, and the plot feels like Sigmund Freud rewritten by Julia Child. José (Jordi Molla) falls for Silvia (Penelope Cruz) on the grounds of taste—various parts of her anatomy remind him of ham and tortillas. His suspiciously adoring mother, Conchita (Stefania Sandrelli), disapproves of this nutritious romance, and hires a stud named Raul (Javier Bardem) to steal Silvia away from her son. Unfortunately, Luna's excess is too contrived, and too scrappily staged, to be truly shocking. You have to admire his nerve for dogging the footsteps of Pedro Almodóvar, but he lacks his compatriot's sense of balance, and his execution never matches the lurid invention. Sandrelli, however, gives a typically ripe and delicious performance, and there is one scene—a naked bullfight after dark—of startling menace and hilarity. In Spanish.—A.L. (Paris.)

The Joy Luck Club—Amy Tan's 1989 novel is actually a collection of sixteen linked short stories about Chinese immigrant mothers trying to impart their knowledge of life to their Americanized daughters. Unfortunately, Tan and Ronald Bass ("Rain Man"), who wrote the movie, have attempted to cram all her mini-narratives into the script, diminishing instead of enlarging them. The contemporary scenes of marital discord and generational strife seem pat or trite, while the flashbacks to the mothers' woeful lives in China seem overblown or empty and portentous. Wayne Wang's limp direction is only part of the problem. Tan and Bass rely so heavily on voice-over narration that it sponges up the possibilities for genuine drama and emotion. By the end, the filmmakers just about beg for tears. The cast includes Kieu Chinh, Ming-Na Wen, Tamlyn Tomita, Tsai Chin, France Nuyen, Lauren Tom, Lisa Lu, Rosalind Chao, and Andrew McCarthy.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema II, 86th Street East Twin, and Guild. . . . ¶ Columbus Circle; through Oct. 7.)

King of the Hill—Jesse Bradford gives a stand-up-guy performance as a twelve-year-old who struggles alone in a St. Louis hotel through some of the worst months of the Depression. Steven Soderbergh wrote and directed this adaptation of A. E. Hotchner's memoir, and he guides his young lead skillfully; Bradford gives the hero a bedevilled dignity, as if he were striving to live up to a boy's idea of manliness. The authority figures are caricatures, the action is often clichéd, and even Bradford's character is a bit simple—a Huck Finn without a moral quandary. But Elizabeth McGovern, as the hotel call girl, and Spalding Gray, as her regular john, are wry and affecting, and there's a haunting central image of locked-up debtors' rooms.—M.S. (68th St. Playhouse, and Quad Cinema.)

Manhattan Murder Mystery—Woody Allen's new picture is his lightest and most unabashedly frivolous feature since "Broadway Danny Rose," in 1984. All that the movie aspires to be is a speedy, bubbly screwball-comedy whodunit, and it's pleasant enough, but Allen hasn't practiced the simple act of popular entertainment in quite a while, and he's rusty. The main characters, Larry and Carol Lipton (Allen and Diane Keaton), suspect that their across-the-hall neighbor has killed his wife, and try to play detective. You could call the movie a comic version of "Rear Window" if it weren't for the inconvenient fact that "Rear Window" is a much funnier picture. Also with Alan Alda and Anjelica Huston. The screenplay is by Allen and Marshall Brickman.—T.R. (8/23 & 30/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Baronet, Orpheum VII, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

M. Butterfly—With Jeremy Irons and John Lone, directed by David Cronenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First & 62nd Cinemas.)

The Program—Despite its soapy subplots, this year-in-the-life of a college football program boasts exciting, uproarious physical and verbal hyperbole. It captures the desperation, danger, and nutty adrenalized euphoria of boys stretching themselves into literal and figurative giants. The writer-director, David S. Ward, and his co-writer, Aaron Latham, don't create distinctive characters; the team leader is a hard-drinking, risk-addicted quarterback (Craig Sheffer) who, predictably, yearns to connect with his alcoholic old man. But James Caan does get to play some bleakly comic scenes as a backed-to-the-wall coach, and there are several electric young performers (including Omar Epps and Duane Davis). The editing (by Paul Seydor and Kimberly Ray) is sensational. With Halle Berry and Kristy Swanson.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Short Cuts—In this wildly ambitious picture, Robert Altman uses nine short stories by Raymond Carver as the raw material for a latter-day "Nashville," set in Southern California. (One story line—by far the weakest—is the invention of Altman and his co-screenwriter, Frank Barhydt.) Most of the stories in the three-hour-and-seven-minute movie are about misunderstandings—often outright hostilities—between men and women, and the juxtaposition of all these poisonous domestic relationships has the effect of turning Carver's closely observed, scrupulously specific small dramas into a big, obvious generalization about men's brutality and women's capacity for endurance. Despite Altman's exquisite control of pace, the movie seems thin and insubstantial, and every moment feels pretty much like every other. The filmmaker hovers above his characters, spraying them with significance, and rarely touches down; he has to work too hard to maintain his overview, and, finally, the correspondences he wants us to see from up there start to look contrived, illusory. Of the twenty-two principal actors, a handful do terrific work here: Jack Lemmon, Bruce Davison, Julianne Moore, Lily Tomlin, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Madeleine Stowe.—T.R. (9/27/93) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

Striking Distance—Bruce Willis plays a Pittsburgh river-rescue cop in this unseaworthy vehicle. Even for slop, it's sloppy: a pivotal chase scene takes place in broad daylight and is later shown (via flashback) ending in pitch darkness. The preposterous plot centers on a serial killer who gets away from Willis once, then two years later tries to frame him by killing all the cop's former girlfriends. With Sarah Jessica Parker.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Metro Cinema, and Astor Plaza.)

The Wedding Banquet—Except for the title celebration itself—a ritualized mob scene that gets weirder and funnier as it goes on—this cross-cultural, cross-sexual comedy-drama, set in New York City, is just a wan getting-to-know-you fable for alternative families. Ang Lee's film centers on the marital subterfuge of a successful gay Taiwanese immigrant (Winston Chao): despite having a longtime companion (Mitchell Lichtenstein), he weds a struggling artist (May Chin) from mainland China to satisfy his traditional parents, who come from Taiwan for an extended visit as soon as they learn he's engaged. Chao and Lichtenstein are likable, but Chin, as the confused, desirous bride, and Sihung Lung and Ah-Leh Gua, as the dignified, well-meaning father and mother, are the ones who deserve cheers.—M.S. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

REVIVALS

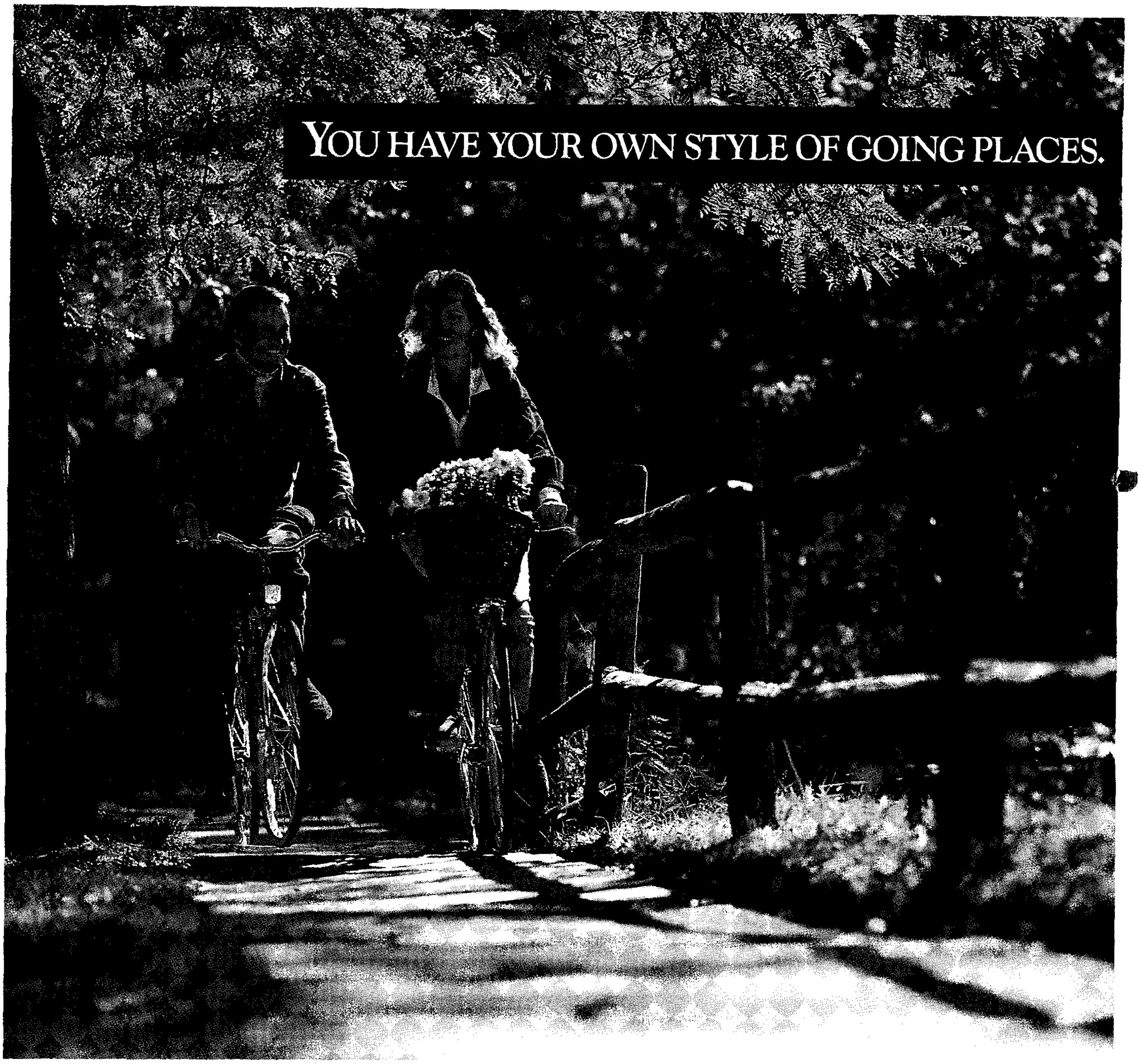
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Famed for its use of color, this exquisitely stylized tragedy of passion tells a subtle story (which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece") of a warrior's desire for a married noblewoman and her way of defeating him. It's as if the director, Teinosuke Kinugasa, had read those critics who compare every Japanese movie to a Japanese print and decided to give them more pictorial effects than they could handle—delicately choreographed battles, the flow and texture of garments, and, everywhere, grace of movement and composition. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto. With Machiko Kyo as the Lady Kesa and Kazuo Hasegawa as the demonic warrior Moritoh. In Japanese.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11.)

Goin' South (1978)—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's fatuous leering performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a strait-jacket. With Veronica Cartwright, John Belushi (in his movie début), Christopher Lloyd, Richard Bradford, Luana Anders, Danny DeVito, and Ed Begley, Jr. Cinematography by Nestor Almendros; script by an assortment of writers.—P.K. (Gramercy; Oct. 7-9.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high: it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the role of an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as ever. There's not much of the outdoors; the action takes place mainly in Shinbone, and even a stagecoach robbery was filmed on a soundstage. With Lee Marvin as the villainous Liberty Valance, Edmond O'Brien as the newspaper editor, and Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode, and Strother Martin.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 10.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. Tracy, who plays a sports promoter (with a streets-of-the-big-city accent—"cherce" for "choice") has a lighter, funnier tone than in the other Tracy-Hepburn pictures. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer, Jim Backus, Chuck Connors, Charles Bronson, and Dan Budge. George Cukor directed—beautifully.—P.K. (Thalia; through Oct. 7.)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THE NEW YORKER

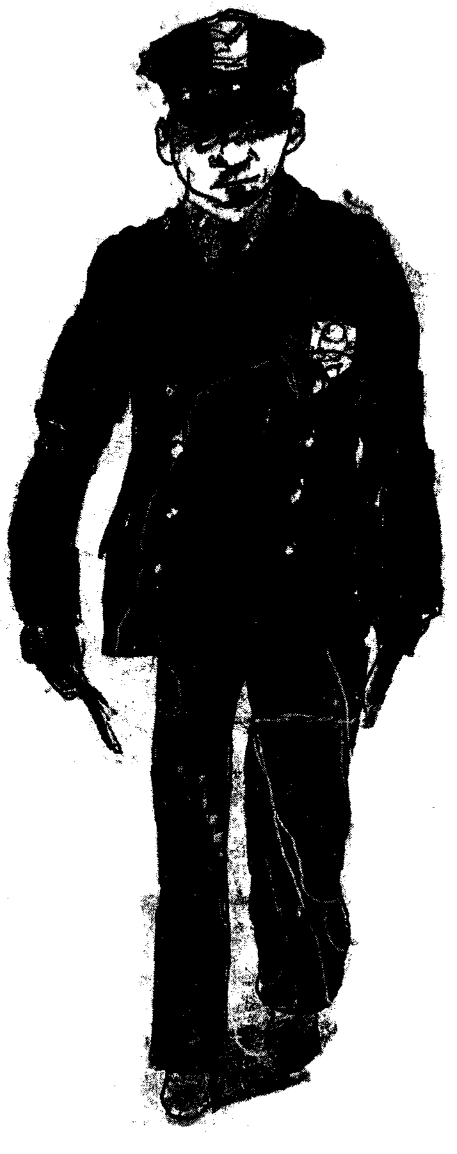
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

WHAT A COP CAN DO

OVER at the Seventy-second Precinct station house, in Brooklyn's Sunset Park, late one recent night, Dan Carrione, a twenty-seven-year-old police officer, was sitting at a computer reviewing a log that he's required to keep—an electronic folder of problems encountered on the streets he walks. Carrione, a stocky man with close-cropped black hair and a boyish face, was about to head out on patrol, but before leaving he was trying to find the right words to express his feelings about a problem larger than the ones in his log: that of corruption in the New York City Police Department. "Something like this sets you back," he said of the corruption scandal. "It hurts you big. Nobody needs a crooked cop."

There's a comforting bluntness to Carrione's Brooklynese (he's lived all his life in the borough); there is no hint of the smug cynicism that informed the testimony that former police officers gave this past week before the Mollen Commission—the city's new Commission to Investigate Police Corruption. Already, the panel has heard former officers, a number of whom have confessed to participating in a cocaine-trafficking ring, describe a "good cop" as one who will act corruptly and brutally, or will remain silent about the cops who do; define "attitude adjustment" as beating up civilians who as much as look at an officer the wrong way; and refer to the lie one tells a commanding officer to cover up wrongdoings as "an answer." Carrione was not interested in parsing the Orwellian doublespeak of corrupt officers. "Want to be a criminal, be a criminal," he said. "If you're a cop, be a cop." To him, it was as uncomplicated as that.

A light, steady rain was falling on the city that night as Carrione left the station house. Pausing in the doorway, he huddled up under his department-issue raincoat, set his cap, and then stepped out and started across Fourth Avenue, dodging the oncoming traffic. "This is it," he said. "This is what I do—walk—rain or shine."



Carrione is a member of a relatively new special-operations unit that evolved from the Community Police Officers' Patrols, initiated in the eighties. All beats in the city have long been assigned "sector cars"—marked vehicles holding pairs of officers who respond in round-the-clock shifts to 911 calls and other emergencies. The C-POP program, as the police refer to it, was designed to establish a second ongoing police presence within communities: in a throwback to the days of the nightstick-twirling neighborhood policeman, officers would patrol the same streets on foot, each day or night, getting to know the merchants, the private citizens—and the criminals. The C-POP program was so successful that in 1991 the department moved to "total community policing," and put units like Carrione's in every precinct. Of the hundred and sixty-nine officers in the Seventy-second, fifty-three patrol on foot.

For the past two years, Officer Carrione has worked Beat 12 of Sector Boy in Sunset Park. It's a large, multi-ethnic, working-class neighborhood of row houses and four-story apartment buildings with a thriving merchant district centered primarily on Fifth Avenue. Carrione on the street looks like any other New York City cop: the blues, with badge; the squeaky, overburdened leather belt with the nightstick hanging from

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

it, and the Mace cannister, the flashlight, and the handcuffs; and, on his hip, the .38 revolver, soon to be replaced by the 9-millimetre semiautomatic.

"Thank God, we're finally getting the nine-millimetre," he said as he strolled along Fifth Avenue, nearly deserted in the rain. "I took a loaded one off a sixteen-year-old kid last winter. We gotta do something about these guns. You want the right to bear arms? Buy a rifle. These handguns are for one thing—to pull out of nowhere and kill another person."

He paused, stepped inside the brightly lit entrance of a Chinese take-out, and, leaning over the empty front counter, called to the back. After a moment, the owner popped his head out from a supply room and waved.

"Hello, Dan!" he said.

"Just checking," Carrione answered.

"I get worried when I don't see anyone," he said, back out on the avenue. "If someone gets robbed, I kind of take it a little personally. I've been to people's funerals here."

Carrione pointed out a few of what he called his "trophies," among them the corner of Nineteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, where, after months of unobtrusively monitoring drug transactions taking place there, he helped orchestrate a multi-unit police raid that put a stop to the dealing. At Sixth Avenue and Prospect, an active drug corner, two kids he described as crack dealers sat huddled under sweatshirt hoods in front of a bodega. About ten yards from where we were standing, a man leaning against a Dumpster was throwing up. "A heroin addict," Carrione said softly. "They get sick when they can't get high. Still, they're much nicer to deal with than crackheads. I got jumped by a crackhead last year. A bunch of merchants came to help me. I was hitting this guy in the knees with my nightstick, but he kept coming."

In one of the more telling moments during former officer Michael Dowd's testimony before the Mollen Commission last week—Dowd has confessed to committing hundreds of crimes during his ten years in uniform—he told of how his transfer to Brooklyn's Seventy-fifth Precinct and his terror of the drug- and crime-ridden streets there contributed to his downward slide, and encouraged the "us" (cops) versus "them" (civilians) attitude that kept him holed up in his sector car, answering only those calls he thought would result in shakedowns for quick cash. There is, by contrast, an almost painful patience to Carrione's kind of policing, one that helps to diffuse that us-them antagonism—to put him more clearly on the side of "us" (the community) against "them" (lawbreakers).

"I'll tell you a funny story," Carrione said, back on Fifth Avenue now, standing out of the rain for a moment in the boarded-up doorway of the old Dixie Tavern—"a mob hangout years ago," he explained. He held his police cap in his hand now, the inside crown covered with a St. Michael the Archangel prayer card. "I grew up in a neighborhood near here and this place seemed so scary to me then, so foreign. Now it's my beat, and I wouldn't phantom leaving it for another one."

It was getting near midnight. The rain slowed a bit, and Carrione started back along the avenue toward the station house, pointing out the various stores of the merchants he's come to know there, before stopping, finally, in front of a small botanica. "It's owned by a Dominican named Noel—he's a Santeria priest," Carrione said. "He interpreted one of my dreams for me not long ago. It dealt with demons and angels who came and sort of took me away. Noel said it meant I was going to be tested some time soon, and that it will involve something like my integrity, my principles." He paused, and then said, "Every day out here you're tested. If you're a bully, if you're a weak-minded person, this is the wrong job, because the opportunity to steal, to take drugs, to beat up people is there."

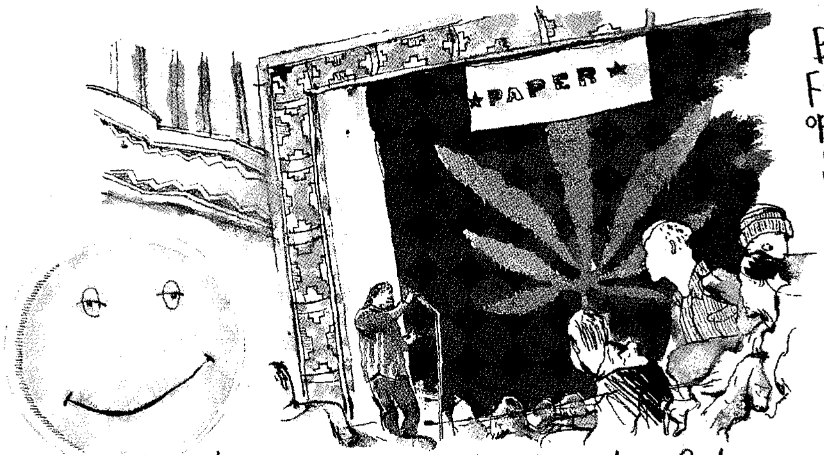
THE CARTER CONNECT

THE big difference between us and the thousand other people who came to Barnes & Noble last week to have Jimmy Carter sign their copies of his new book was that when we had our encounter with him, up at the book-signing table, we bonded. We really did. For the record, what we said was pretty simple and eloquent—"Thanks"—and what he responded with was "Thank

Glazed and Bemused

A few real meaningful experiences from the screening party for "Dazed and Confused," the movie about guys and girls and pot, circa 1976. Held at Webster Hall, the club, on 9/23/93.

by Barry Blitt



Guests gained admission by showing stoned-looking Happy Face badges.

A cannabis logo dwarfed director Richard Linklater as he talked to the crowd about his movie.

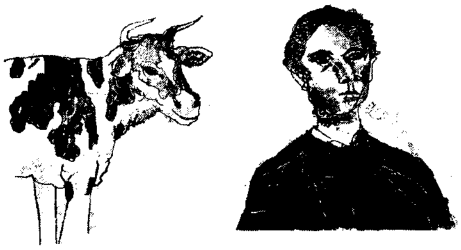
B-52's vocalist Fred Schneider opened a karaoke contest with "Away in a Manger."

you,” with a very special emphasis on the “you”: it was clear that we really connected. Granted, Mr. Carter said “Thank you” or something like it to a lot of the people whose books he signed, but with them he was just being polite—he does seem incredibly polite, and he also has good penmanship—whereas when he said it to us we knew he meant a lot more than just “Thanks.” If it hadn’t been for the Barnes & Noble people barking, “O.K., people, please have your books ready and open to the title page for Mr. President,” and rushing us up to the table, and then the Secret Service agents hustling us past, and our being distracted by one of the store clerks telling us that he would be willing to carry a machine gun if he were to join the Secret Service, which he was now planning to do, because he’d interpreted something in the way Mr. Carter signed his book to mean that the former President had reached the conclusion that the clerk would make a great agent, never mind that a stock boy in International Cookbooks said he’d never get in, because he’d heard that Secret Service guys can’t wear glasses. Anyway, if it hadn’t been for our being so distracted and rushed, we and Mr. President would obviously have expanded our connection and had a great conversation, and it would not have included the dorky things all the other people were saying in their nanosecond encounters with him, like “Oh, Mr. President, I voted for you.” Or “Say, Mr. President, could you sign this one ‘To Michelle,’ with two ‘l’s, please,” as if the former most powerful man on earth had for some reason found them special enough to stop and sign not just his name but *their* names, spelled *exactly* right, as if they’d really connected with him. Or “Mr. Carter, my sister-in-law’s nephew worked for you in Texas, remember? Ted Watson? Remember?”—as if (a) he would remember, and (b) he wouldn’t just be polite and say “Of course, how is Ted?” (which might sound like more of a connect than the “Thank *you*” he said to us but was definitely not). We’re told that great politicians master the technique of meeting people for a split second and leaving them with the impression that something very special and personal and memorable took place. Maybe we’ll ask Jimmy about it next time we get together with him.

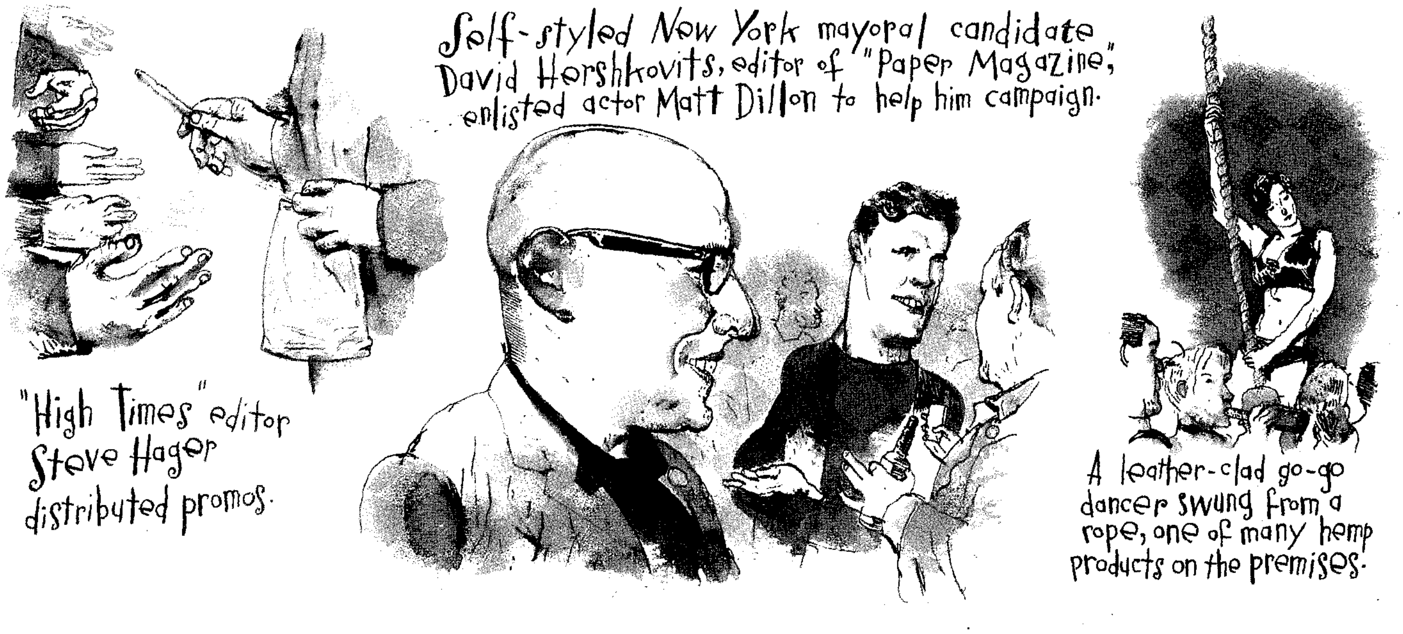
(STILL) LOOKING FOR AMERICA

SITTING in his publicist’s office, his face wearing the slightly pained expression of someone prepared to deny that he’s eccentric, Art Garfunkel spoke of the meticulous pleasures of the open road. He’s not leaving town for a while—he’s playing twenty-one concerts this month at the Garden’s Paramount theatre with his onetime (and now, again, sometime) partner Paul Simon—but it won’t be too long, he assured us, before he strides out of his Upper East Side apartment and gets on with his walk to the Pacific.

Actually, he’s started the walk already. Actually, he started in 1985. What distinguishes his pilgrimage from that of Lewis and Clark or Jack Kerouac is that Garfunkel is doing it on the installment plan. Every few months, he flies west from New York and then has an assistant drive him to the exact spot where he left off. (After twenty-four weeklong walks, he’s just short of Butte, Montana.) He walks the back roads until sundown, when the assistant returns to drive him back—never forward, which would spoil the next day’s walk—to a Best Western. “At night, I’ll take the bathtub, the American Express card,” Garfunkel, who will turn fifty-two next month, said, “but by day I never stop. To stop and start is tiring, and everything I do is for maximal ease. I want to shake out all affectation in my gait, so it’s as natural and as hang-loose as I can be. By the third day, Mile No. 35, lost in isolation, the body feels Zen-pleasurable. The treadmill people watch CNN; I watch the Rockies.”



Looking natural and hang-loose in a blazer and a zippy blue tie, Garfunkel


Self-styled New York mayoral candidate David Hershkovits, editor of "Paper Magazine", enlisted actor Matt Dillon to help him campaign.
"High Times" editor Steve Hager distributed promos.
A leather-clad go-go dancer swung from a rope, one of many hemp products on the premises.

jiggled his arms to disperse any lingering postural affectation. He then unfolded a map of the United States and began narrating his route with a certain lexical élan (his previous Stakhanovite project was reading the entire Random House Dictionary from Z to A): "Across Jersey to Allentown . . . I *slice* southwest through Amish country, lovely lumps in the quilted land . . . across the *flap* of northeast West Virginia . . . one little *lobe* of Ohio, leaving mall America for old rural Kentucky. A wonderful, *taciturn* connection there—Kentuckians ride their steering wheels and raise an index finger of a hello at you. . . . Indiana and Illinois—weak, deadly flat . . . I *wheel* around East St. Louis, because I'm not a fool. . . . Missouri is a surprisingly sweet part of the heartland. I cross the Mississippi at Hannibal, because of Mark Twain. . . . Five hundred miles of Nebraska, some of it dry and unforgiving . . . *shoot* the Black Hills of South Dakota, a bit disappointing . . . into Montana and, this August, the Rockies. It's as beautiful as the country has been. In five more legs, maybe by '95, I should dip a toe in the Pacific."

As he walks, Garfunkel listens to tapes of Richard Burton reading John Donne, jots prose poems in a small notebook, or, book in hand, rereads the great thinkers: St. Augustine, Darwin, Marx. During the gloomy New Jersey passage, he learned Russian by staring down at hand-lettered, mushroom-shaped Cyrillic flash cards tucked under his sneaker laces. When he is otherwise unoccupied, he calculates, putting to use his master's degree in mathematics. "If I walk fifty-five paces per minute—a pace meaning one left-right—then I'm walking 3.3 miles an hour. Slowing to forty-six paces a minute puts me in a very comfortable 2.6-mile-an-hour groove. So, I'll see a car coming over the hill. I think, How far is that hill? I count paces until the car is right at me. I see as it passes that it's going sixty miles an hour. By converting minutes and distance, I know the hill is 1.2 miles ahead."

The conversation turned, perhaps inevitably, to the 1968 Simon and Garfunkel classic, "America," and its lines "So we bought a pack of cigarettes, / And Mrs. Wagner's pies / And walked off / To look for America."

"That's really apart from my feelings," Garfunkel said. "That's Paul Simon taking a posture of disappointed world-weariness. It is sophomoric, inflated talk when you're just out of college. Now I'm older, and I know honor, money, love, loss, competition. I have a child. I don't feel I'm lost, 'Counting the cars / On the New Jersey Turnpike'; it behooves me not to accept that. I live in a troubled country, but I won't cashier it. Make something better of America, or else drop the subject."

Had he considered walking to Graceland? "No," Garfunkel said. "Nor would Paul go with me on my walk," he went on to say. "It's one of the many areas of real difference between us. Paul's a whole other kind of traveller: he goes to the Seychelles, where I'll take a train to Baltimore for the day to look around, because it's weak on image. Also, I guess Paul is much more identifiable than I am. He'll say, 'You brought your kid to the Metropolitan Museum? You don't get hounded by autograph people?' But you don't get recognized when you have a sense of yourself that's kind of a nobody."

Garfunkel believes he has passed through the nation's back yard largely unnoticed. He noted, however, that "because I like to sing, loud, animals will come flocking around. Cows give me this amazed stare. I've passed fields where seventy-five cows are frozen, every eye on me. I slow down and play games with interspecies communication: what gestures read to them?" Garfunkel slowly semaphored his arms, seeking the cow frequency. "When I go to the bass range with long *moo* sounds, I sense that I'm communicating. Taking them seriously makes them feel pregnant with a kind of moment, a quivering existential happening."

DELIVERANCE

If you drive a United Parcel Service route and manage to get through your first year on the job without an "avoidable" mishap, the company gives you a wallet or a mini-flashlight or a chrome ballpoint pen. Nine times out of ten, you go for the wallet. Two years later, if you've stayed out of trouble, they give you another wallet. After five years, you get another wallet plus your choice of a watch, a portable radio, a portable refrigerator, a table clock, or a Polaroid camera; almost everyone takes the watch. Ten unblemished years entitle you to, among other possibilities, a thirteen-inch television, a compact stereo, a vacuum cleaner, a weed whacker, golf clubs, a gas grill, a table saw, or a tent; very few people opt for the vacuum cleaner or the weed whacker. At fifteen years, the television and the stereo are bigger, and a Browning semiautomatic rifle, a videocassette recorder, and a lawnmower are also available. More than fifteen years makes you eligible to wear a gold U.P.S. lapel pin studded with a diamond chip, and each five-year increment is good for an additional chip. At twenty years, you become a member of the U.P.S. Safe Driving Hall of Fame, the TV comes with remote control, and there are more firearms to choose from. Also, at twenty you're only five years away from the U.P.S. Circle of Honor: the lapel pin with the three diamond chips, the snowblower or the nine-piece power-tool workshop, and the ceremonial presentation of the camel-hair blazer with the U.P.S. emblem on the breast pocket.

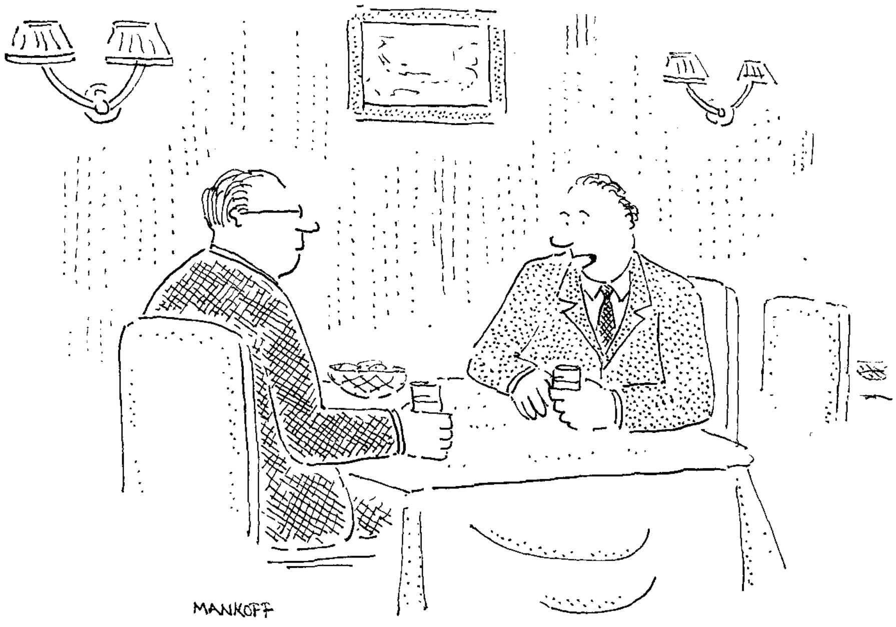
After the 1992 Circle of Honor dinner dance for United Parcel's Metro New York district—a.k.a. Manhattan—John Yuhaschek, the district human-resources manager, circulated a questionnaire. Seventy per cent of the respondents said they liked to have the affair held in autumn. Fifty-four per cent rated as excellent, and forty-six per cent rated as good, the site: the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza, on Ditmars Boulevard, across from LaGuardia Airport. Seventy per cent thought the cocktail hour was excellent, thirty per cent thought it was good. Ninety-two per cent had no comment on whether a guest speaker was appropriate; one respondent wanted a comedian. This was Hank Marinelli, who would have liked Rodney Dangerfield—though, actually, what he really would have preferred was his god, Sinatra.

Mr. Yuhaschek announced the results of the survey during the 1993

Circle of Honor dinner dance, which took place the first Saturday night of autumn—once again at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza. He also noted that this year, for the first time, anyone who wanted to take a room at the hotel could do so, compliments of the company. When Mr. Yuhaschek got to the part about the comedian, he invited Hank Marinelli to do a little standup routine, but Mr. Marinelli declined. Next, Tom McGuire, United Parcel's district manager, made a brief speech in which he described Circle of Honor induction as "certainly a day to remember in the history of your driving career." Mr. McGuire said, "United Parcel drivers are the finest in the industry, and the people in this room are the best of the best." Nicholas Sanchirico was invited to share his thoughts about how it felt to be the most senior member of the Circle of Honor—thirty-four years behind the wheel. "It's been a long time that I been around," Mr. Sanchirico said. "I can't say it was easy. But we made it. United Parcel shall reign forever. Empires rise and fall. The same is true in business. They rise and fall. But I believe, through a united effort, United Parcel shall reign forever."

Tom Schultz, United Parcel's Metro New York health-and-safety manager, came to the microphone. "I don't know how many of you know the story about when I took over the Village, in June of 1987," he said. "It's a Hank Marinelli story. Hank at that point had, I guess, twenty-nine years with the company, and he tells me we shorted him five years on his safe-driving. I say, 'Gee, Hank, you have twenty-nine years of service, you have twenty-four safe-driving. That's an excellent record. If we owe you five years, we'll give it to you. Just tell me what happened.' He says, 'Well, I had an avoidable accident that should have been an unavoidable.' He says, 'I was crossing Fifteenth Street and Seventh Avenue and I hit a pedestrian.' I say, 'Well, Hank, let me see if I can find the accident report. What year was it?' He says 1964. I tell him, 'Whoa, Hank, I was eight years old then. I don't think I'm gonna be able to help you.' "

Hank Marinelli was on his feet. "No, Tommy," he said. "You got the story all wrong. It wasn't a pedestrian. It was a tree. The tree was in my way and they blamed me. It wasn't my fault. I blew my horn. It wouldn't get out of the way."



"How weird—for a moment I forgot what Marky Mark did for a living."

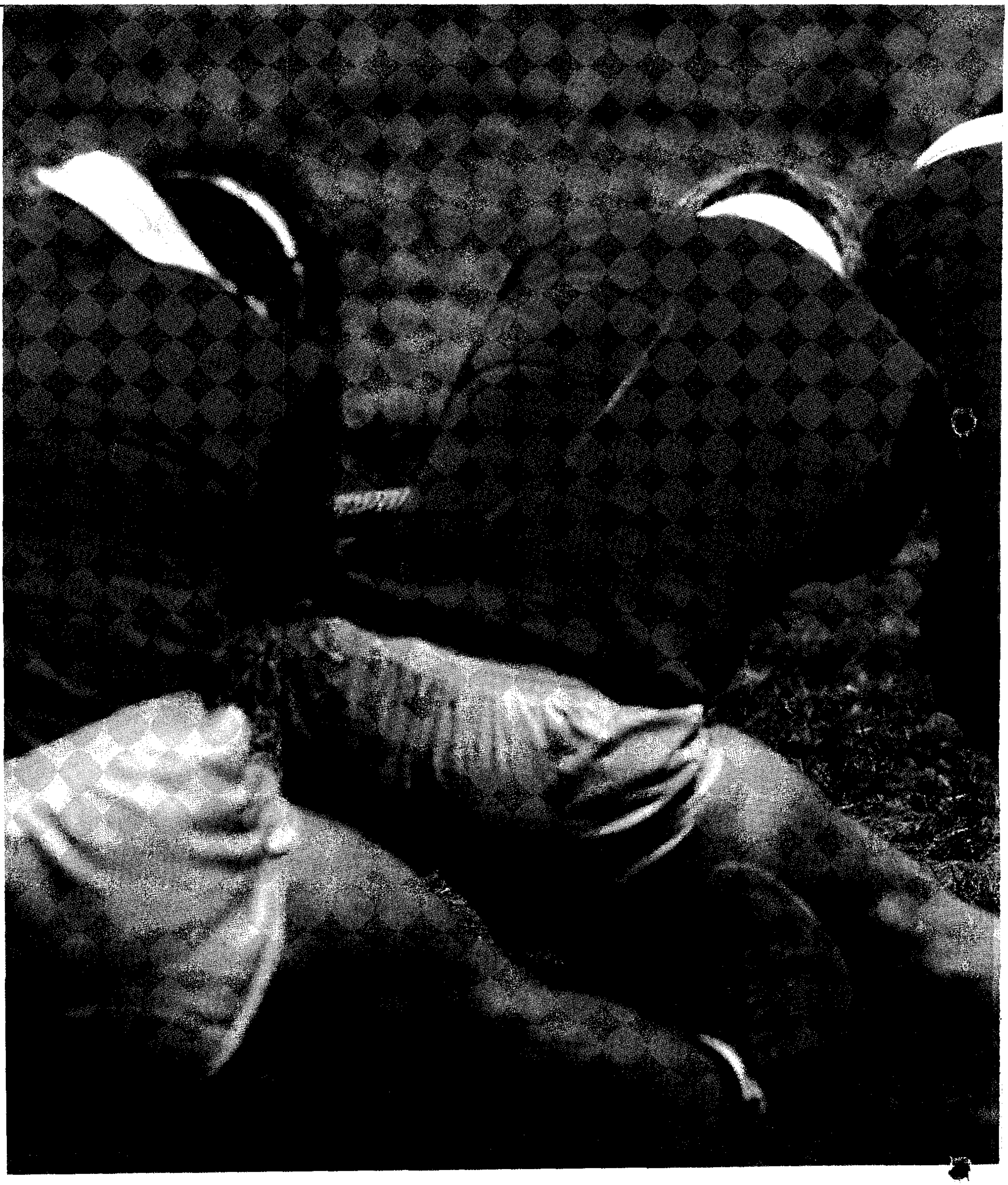
• •

THE SEVENTIES, BACK AND FORWARD

THE seventies revival, the fashion elements of which can be found from Patricia Field, on Eighth Street, to the new Barneys, on Madison Avenue, is, strictly speaking, *not*. The styles for women which are being brought back this fall date not from a decade but from a moment—the years 1969 and 1970, a time better understood as the end of the sixties. Culturally and aesthetically, it was a moment magical and radical, and fashion, being fashion, reflected it: there were skirt lengths in a dizzying array (remember the declension "mini, midi, maxi"?), and death-defying platform shoes, and high, high lace-up boots, and chokers adorning the throats of girls as unfledged as Kate Moss. It could get real heavy if you were dragging around slushy New York in one of those ankle-length coats. And it *was* heavy in that '69 way: youthful idealism and counterculture weirdness still defined the cut of what you wore, and what you were up to when you wore it.

Mercifully, the designers have chosen not to revive the hideous knickers and dirndl skirts that were as de rigueur as "Led Zeppelin II." Regrettably, the version of the seventies that women are getting just now in the shops is sheared of politics. It's all theatricality, retro camp: the odalisque in a long crushed-velvet gown, the pose (you see this in the fashion mags) ever languid, with no hint of work, of action. Still, there may be one thread of deeper meaning in the "new" look—may be some way, *through* these clothes, to retrieve some sense of the radicality of twenty-odd years ago. It was about then, after all, that women's clothes went from being mostly a register of social propriety to being a public means of self-expression and—this is not unrelated—women (re)discovered feminism. Deciding what and how to be would henceforth be all tied in with what to wear and how to look.

The true legacy of 1969-70 to 1993 is the freedom to imagine the part and then to dress for it—the courage, on the part of women, to write the narratives, sartorial and otherwise, of their daily lives. ♦



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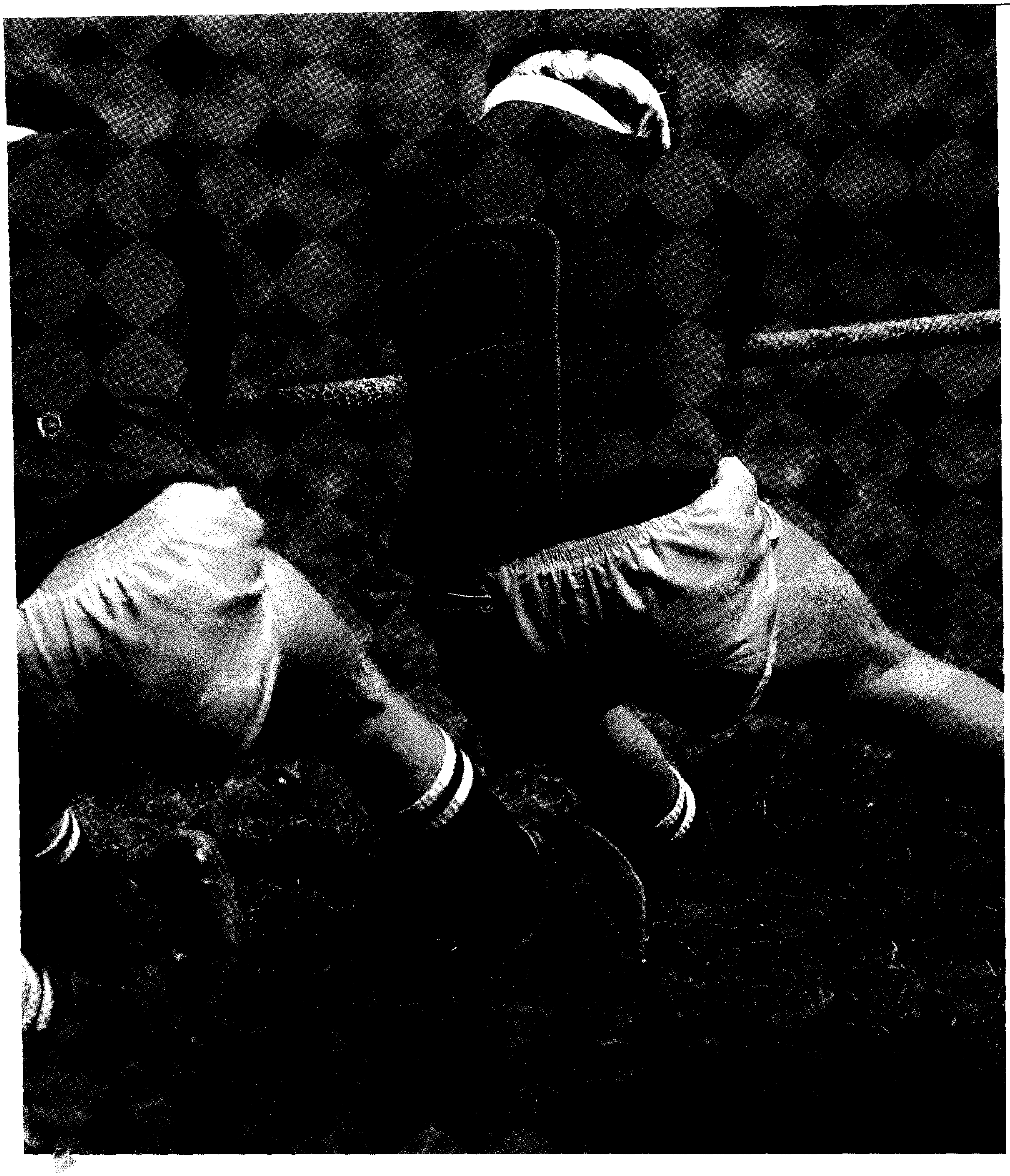

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THE BERLIN SPIN

After fifteen turbulent months at DDB Needman Worldwide, Andy Berlin has repackaged himself with a new ad agency that everyone is watching.

BY KAREN STABINER

NO ONE in advertising has been having a good time lately. The recession forced advertisers to cut their budgets and ended the happy reign of the standard fifteen-per-cent commission; agencies were plunged into an unpleasant price war. The technological revolution is rendering obsolete the old ways of buying ad space. Last fall Michael Ovitz's Creative Artists Agency, a talent agency, poached on what had been sacrosanct turf when it stole a chunk of the Coca-Cola account from McCann-Erickson. And many agencies and their clients were weakened by the multinational mergers and leveraged buyouts of the nineteen-eighties, which introduced them to a new, more demanding class of consumer—the stockholder who cared more about profit than product.

Many clients who desperately needed help now discovered that their agencies were preoccupied with their own newly acquired international status. Big agencies frequently suffered from bureaucratic gridlock, and top executives were tied up with management issues. In the nineteen-sixties, the client's chairman typically had a good relationship with the chairman of the agency. Since the eighties, many clients have found themselves working with second-echelon people; and in some cases this has only deepened already skeptical feelings about advertising—the nagging suspicion that it does not work, that jaded consumers, especially in a tight economy, don't watch a commercial and then reflexively reach for their wallets.

Even in the best of times, the ad business suffers from an institutional inferiority complex. It is, after all, a service industry, where success depends on making the client happy. But ad people, especially the "creatives," are often writers or filmmakers manqués, who worry about having sold out and like to talk about what they would do if only making a living weren't an issue. They work hard to compensate; they give themselves lots of awards, and from time to time they anoint a hero, the object of their affections usually being somebody who does things just differently enough to draw attention. For a moment last year, heroic epithets seemed to be applied with singular fervor to Andy Berlin, a forty-three-year-old ex-copywriter, who was brought from California to shake things up at the New York office of DDB Needham Worldwide. Berlin walked away from his own agency—Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein, in San Francisco (which includes this magazine among its clients)—and joined DDB Needham in May, 1992. Fifteen months later, Volkswagen of America, an important DDB Needham client, demanded that he be set up in a new agency dedicated primarily to its account, and the move provoked a polarized response; Berlin's co-workers were either thrilled that he'd been given both a graceful way out of an increasingly troubled situation and a chance to build a new agency or furious that he had left them in the lurch.

Andy Berlin decided early in life that "the proper place for me was to not fit," and says, "If I did what I thought was right, events would justify it."

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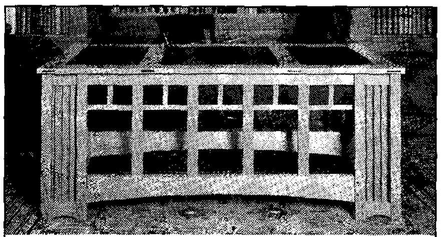
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Over the summer, Berlin had dreamed of running a new DDB Needham division that handled several large accounts and included a new-ventures unit. Berlin says now, though, that he was glad to leave; he had grown impatient with the stately pace at DDB Needham.

In Berlin's view of the future, the traditional ad agency is dead, and the media are involved in a profound metamorphosis. This is not an original notion, but, as with most advertising, presentation is all. Berlin is such a zealot that he can make it seem as though he had discovered virgin truths. Survival, he says, requires two things: new ways to do business and new businesses to get into. First off, he wants to get paid for results, and not by commission for media billings. He wants to build a "persuasive communications company," involved whenever possible in joint ventures with clients. If a product succeeds, everyone gets rich; if it fails, everyone suffers. Agencies would no longer be the hired help, watching their ideas make (or lose) money for other people.

Next, he wants to revamp the way agencies structure themselves. Berlin likes the media-buying clout and the global resources of the DDB Needham Worldwide network. He just wants it to be nimble, set up as a series of "subagencies," each of which handles specific accounts with a small core staff and freelancers who come and go as needed. "I want small entrepreneurial groups of very talented people working in an interdisciplinary way within a larger company that can offer clients its resources," he says. The client gets more attention; the agency is able to cut overhead and improve its profit margin.

The entertainment industry has already made the shift toward decentralization: what were once top-heavy Hollywood studios have become distribution centers that have an ever-shifting set of alliances with independent contractors. "Agencies are still in the Hollywood-studio-system mode, but the economy just isn't there to support it anymore," Berlin says. "We just haven't got to the independent-producer stage yet. There's going to be a dismantling and a remantling another way."

Not everyone is buying the message, especially the part about abandoning commissions. John Doig, a creative director who spent eighteen years at Ogilvy & Mather before moving to the smaller Earle Palmer Brown, dismisses remuneration based on results as "a twenty-year-old idea" that no one has yet been able to make work. Bruce McCall, the former creative director of McCaffrey & McCall, doesn't see how to measure efficacy. "Down the road, most advertising has to do with selling, but to measure it by units sold now is difficult," McCall says. "There are lots of accounts where you can't trace sales to advertising—like corporate accounts, which aren't designed to move the meter but are more like public relations. Or cars. Or soft drinks."

But Berlin maintains that commissions represent the dark ages, when "media" meant network-television commercials that told people what to buy and where to buy it. "Media" is about to mean hundreds of channels that are themselves retail outlets, connected by toll-free telephone numbers or interactive computers to consumers who never have to leave their living rooms.

When Barry Diller, the former movie mogul and current takeover suitor, bought the QVC television-shopping service, some people thought he was slumming and others thought it was an inspired step into a future where people will shop for groceries via interactive television. Berlin eagerly puts himself in the second category. He even loves infomercials, those extended commercials that right now bear a disconcerting resemblance to local morning talk shows or come-on-down game shows. Berlin wants to step in and make them look better ("I don't want to do 'It slices, it dices,' " he says), and get a piece of the profits in the process.

Berlin is hardly the only revisionist at work. M. T. Rainey, who until June was the president of Chiat/Day's London office, is now a partner in a new London agency—one whose fee structure will include either a onetime bonus or royalties for a new strategy and campaign. The advertising veteran Jerry Della Femina has fashioned his latest agency, Jerry Inc., on dedicated units, each of which depends on a single client; if the account goes away, the unit dies. Jay Chiat, who is in the process of restructuring his Venice, California, office, finds Berlin's ideas "interesting and possible," and thinks that clients are in a responsive mood. "More and more clients are looking for answers," he says, "and are willing to listen to ideas they might not

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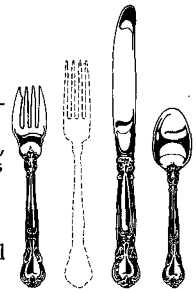

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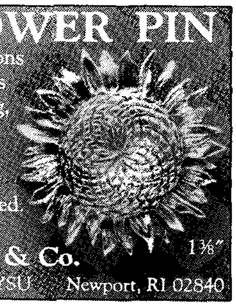

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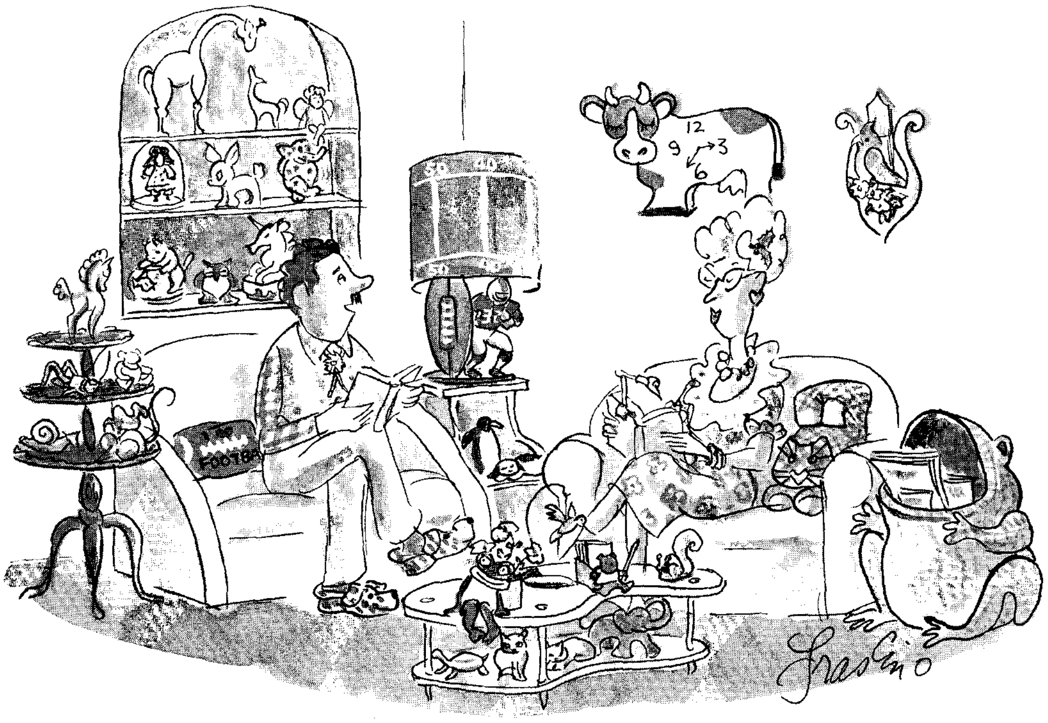

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"Sweetheart, perhaps we shouldn't exchange gifts this year."

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have been interested in at another time."

Berlin's partners in the new agency, called Berlin Wright Cameron, are the rude boys of the business—men who talk dismissively about big agencies that do dull work and small ones that miss the strategic mark. Tony Wright, a thirty-three-year-old wunderkind, who hop-scotched from Chiat/Day to the now defunct McElligott Wright Morrison White to DDB Needham, is both admired and feared for the single-mindedness with which he handles accounts. He will be the counterbalance to Berlin, he says, making sure that valid promises are kept and outrageous ones quickly rescinded. Ewen Cameron, an account planner, who came to DDB Needham after six and a half years at BMP in London, calls the new agency "the Michael Jordan of advertising," meaning that it's as disciplined as it is talented. Scott Burns, the firm's chief copywriter, who could be a partner if he weren't so phobic about commitment, gained Berlin's undying admiration on a bottled-water pitch at Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein with a script that featured footage from the Zapruder film of the Kennedy assassination. The voice-over said, "They told you there was a lone gunman. Now are you going to drink their water?"

"Andy's clearly not crazy," says Gordon Wade, a marketing consultant, who likes to sell his world vision with those Toynbee-like pronouncements admen are so fond of. "He's clearly very smart. He participates in an effective way on a day-to-day basis, but he can stand apart and understand the meaning and the impact. Andy is one of those people like Copernicus or Giordano Bruno, who understood that we're really on a globe, we're spinning and moving in space, even if you don't understand it. But, as I've said to Andy, you've got to remember that Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake."

IN a business where a certain amount of nonconformity is tolerated, and even welcomed, Berlin still manages to stand out. He is a big, shaggy, dishevelled man with graying brown hair that forms quotation marks on either side of his forehead unless he plasters it down with an ample dose of gel. He has a tiny hole in one ear, administered years ago by a friend with an ice cube and a carpet tack, though he says he hasn't worn his gold hoop in years. He wrestles with neckties like some great lassoed bear. His waistband sags beneath twenty-five pounds he has gained since he moved to DDB Needham, seventeen months ago, and his khakis bunch in accordion pleats behind his knees.

Berlin, who has written three novels but refuses to show them to a publisher, likes to make things up, and to a large extent he has invented himself. One of the first personal details he divulges is that he was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and was adopted by Samuel and Sally Berlin. He has always liked the idea of adoption. Since he knew nothing of his psychological or genetic heritage, he could be whoever he wanted to be. He could shed his adoptive parents' values as easily as an outgrown shirt.

Before the Second World War, Sam Berlin had been an actor, and he had dreamed of a stage career, but after he married he aspired to be a good provider. He sold cosmetics for Max Factor and moved the family to Baltimore and then to Philadelphia, where he worked for a costume-jewelry distributor. When Andy was nine, Sam gave up the jewelry business to become a stockbroker. The Berlins had a comfortable, middle-class life, but they also had friends and relatives who were actors and directors in New York. According to Berlin's account of these early years, he eventually found Philadelphia stifling and began to fantasize about living the life of an artist. Soon after his thirteenth birthday, he got on a bus bound for Ocean City, New Jersey, with no plan except not to come back. He flirted with a twenty-one-year-old woman seated next to him, and at the end of the ride she kissed him ("On the mouth but no tongue," Berlin recalls, with a mixture of triumph and respect) and told him that he seemed the kind of kid who would grow up to do whatever he wanted. Satisfied—having been told what he wanted to hear as surely as if he had written the dialogue himself—he called his parents, spent the weekend in a rooming house, and took a bus back home.

Berlin takes pride in not belonging. Though his father was an observant Jew, Andy went first to public school and then to the predominantly Episcopal Germantown Academy. While he was there he wrote poetry and played football. If Berlin were to write a coming-of-age novel, it would feature a fateful scene in which the young Andy, in an impromptu wrestling match, makes the mistake of pin-

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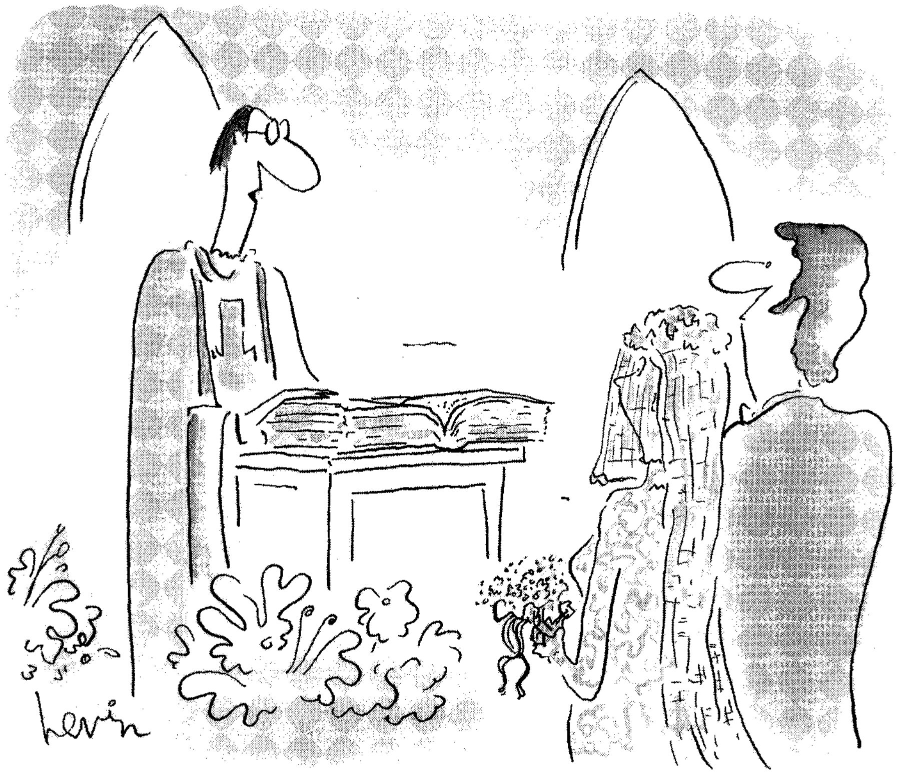

"And do you promise to love, honor, and cherish each other, and to pay the United States government more in taxes as a married couple than you would have paid if you had just continued living together?"

• •

ning the boy who is the academy's star halfback, and the football coach stalks out of the gym in disgust: Andy has humiliated a hero. This was, Berlin believes, the "point of illumination" in his life. He saw no reason to try to get along in a world where victory against the wrong person was defeat. "I decided the proper place for me was to not fit," he says. "If I did what I thought was right, events would justify it."

In 1968, Berlin enrolled at Duke University, as an English major. He overhauled the student yearbook, started a film society, and created a media center. But he hated the regimen of classes and tests. He got a D on a freshman term paper in logic, on the flaws in logic exemplified by Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and never fulfilled the class requirement. He left without graduating.

He picked an ironically accommodating moment in history to drop out. Lots of people who started college in 1968 were doing the same thing. What he thought would be a solitary journey toward enlightenment was a rather crowded trek into the counterculture. Berlin obtained a 4-F deferment in the Vietnam War draft, though he will not divulge the reason, and lived for a year on a North Carolina farm. In 1975, he loaded his Harley-Davidson into an old school bus and headed for San Francisco to begin life as a novelist. After six months, he moved to nearby Bolinas, a coastal town that had been colonized by hippies who came to town to save birds from an oil spill and never left. One evening in 1976, while he was working part time as a cook at the Station House Café, in nearby Point Reyes, he met a woman named Anke Pries at a dance in the Bolinas Public Utility District building. She had left her native Germany at eighteen, worked as a tour guide, bummed around Europe, and modelled her way through the London rock scene before arriving in California, with a young son. Exhibiting uncharacteristic restraint, Berlin offered her a ride home and did not invite himself in. A few days later, he saw her in town. "We've been together ever since," he says.

Anke had a half interest in a small restaurant. When she lost it, Berlin found himself at an eerily familiar crossroads. His father had wanted to act but had gone into business to support his family. Berlin had wanted to write but had found he couldn't make a living at it. Art or commerce? Berlin made the same choice his father had. He got a job as a technical writer—became a "mercenary," in his words.

In 1983, Berlin and two partners—Jeff Goodby as copywriter and Rich Silverstein as art director—formed Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein, and Berlin gained a reputation as a new-business warrior who weaselled his way into pitches he hadn't been invited to and then won the account. The firm became very successful very fast, and was known for elegant print work and a puckish sense of humor. One of its best-known television commercials, for the San Francisco *Examiner*, was a comic black-and-white homage to the car chase in "Bullitt." The camera cut madly back and forth between an elderly lady leaning over to pick up a quarter that had rolled into the street and, barrelling down the street in a newspaper-delivery truck, a maniacal Will Hearst, current editor and publisher of the paper and scion of the family that owned it—who, instead of hitting her, swooped down, grabbed the quarter, and left her a copy of the *Examiner*.

DDB Needham has a blander, less identifiable style: the Michelin campaign, for example, features a baby (or sometimes a group of babies, or a baby and a puppy) nestled safely inside a Michelin tire, which protects the occupant from rain, sleet, snow, and bad drivers. Berlin tried to sharpen the company's edge wherever he could. For the New York State Lottery ("Hey, you never know"), the agency produced commercials like "Boardroom," in which Chuck, a laid-back denizen of the company mailroom, storms the boardroom, after winning the lottery, to announce that he is using his newfound wealth to buy out the codgers he works for. The Washington *Post* television, print, and radio advertisements, written by Burns, are almost surreal portraits of people who don't read the paper. After DDB Needham's recent "Fahrvergnügen" campaign—an attempt to convince consumers that Volkswagen would deliver a joyful driving experience—failed to entice American buyers, Berlin replaced it with the "most loved cars in the world" campaign. It featured Volkswagens making the Swedish feel safe, the Italians passionate, and the Japanese impressed with the car's high quality. He dis-

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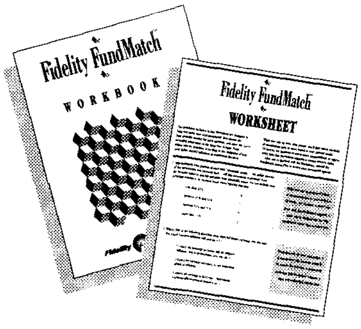

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patched a team overseas to capture these various cultures in half-minute spots, but then was careful not to gripe when the car dealers asked that mood footage, like that of two Japanese samurai, be shortened to make room for more shots of sheet metal.

BRUCE CRAWFORD, the president and C.E.O. of Omnicom Group Inc., which is the world's third-largest advertising-and-communications network (behind two London-based organizations, WPP Group and Saatchi & Saatchi Co.), greeted the news of Berlin Wright Cameron's birth with wariness. Slender, elegant, and possessed of a patrician helmet of thick white hair, Crawford oversees companies whose billings reached nine billion eight hundred million dollars in 1992, including the advertising giants DDB Needham, BBDO Worldwide, and TBWA International, and also Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein, which it acquired in April of last year, and Merkley Newman Harty, a small agency that opened on April Fools' Day of this year. He is the president and C.E.O. of the Metropolitan Opera, too, and was its general manager from 1986 to 1989, during a break from advertising. He prides himself on his ability to manage temperamental talent, whatever the discipline. Crawford hired Berlin to run DDB Needham's beleaguered New York office in May, 1992. In August, 1993, he came back from his summer vacation to find that DDB Needham had created an irritatingly high-profile boutique of confusing lineage and dubious value. This was not part of Crawford's plan. "Having a bunch of small agencies within an agency is not the corporate ambition," he says.

Crawford and Berlin have known each other since June, 1989, when Omnicom bought the London agency BMP, which happened to own thirty-seven and a half per cent of Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein. (Berlin and his partners had sold that third in 1986, for cash to finance expansion.) In January, 1992, Berlin got his partners to agree to sell their remaining shares to Omnicom ("The hostages fell in love with their captors" is the way one staffer characterized the decision), for between ten and fifteen million dollars. They had already been involved for a year in a classic passive-aggressive negotiation about whether to set up a New York office: the more Berlin talked about expansion, the more his partners held their ground. But even after the sale they still balked at his talk of mergers and new offices.

Berlin had been used to getting his way since the day in 1983 when he persuaded his partners to give up their jobs at Ogilvy & Mather in San Francisco to start their own agency. In February of 1992, he called Bruce Crawford to ask if there was something else he could do at Omnicom. Berlin was bound to Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein by an enforceable employment contract, which included a "non-compete" clause, but Crawford didn't think there was any way to legislate Berlin's behavior. He would be useless in a job he didn't want and a substantial threat if he walked out. The best solution would be to find a new way for Omnicom to exploit his talents.

DDB Needham is the product of a 1986 merger between New York's legendary creative shop Doyle Dane Bernbach and a stalwart old Chicago agency, Needham Harper & Steers. In 1992, DDB Needham had billings of five billion eight hundred and forty million dollars and was ranked eighth in size worldwide, but its five-hundred-and-twenty-six-million-dollar New York office was in an advanced state of bureaucratic paralysis. Volkswagen, Heinz, and GTE all had one eye on the door, their complaints centering on high costs and lacklustre service, and the office had failed to win any major new business in years.

Crawford took the measure of the office and pronounced judgment: "Ingrown. Constipated. Nothing moved." New York needed a new president—one who could fire people to cut overhead, placate a dissatisfied client and then extract more revenues from him, and build new business. Andy Berlin was known for arriving at solutions while another executive might still be studying the accident site and drawing body lines on the pavement. And he was an outsider, which at the moment seemed an advantage.

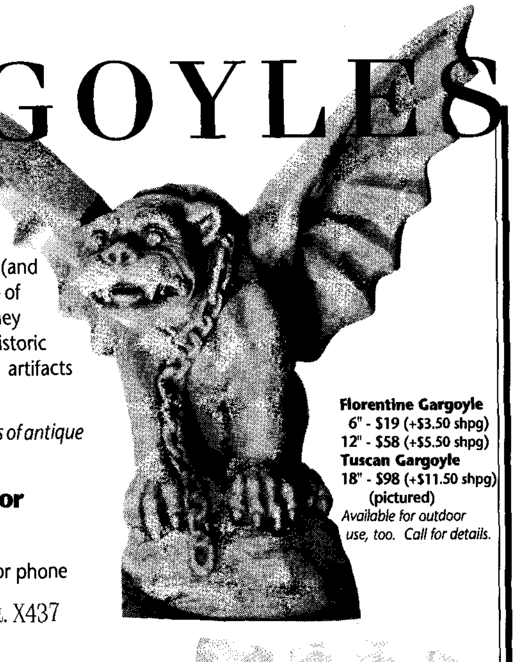
Accordingly, Crawford asked Berlin if he would like to come to New York. He had no doubt that Berlin would be a short-term president—would probably last less than five years—but that was a long-range problem. At the moment, Crawford had a crisis. "It was like throwing a grenade into it," Crawford says. "And it should have been."

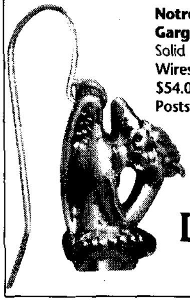
When Berlin arrived, he found the New York office "a bloated, self-important place," but he liked the idea of fixing it. GTE, which was Dallas-based, needed someone in the neighborhood to talk to, so Berlin helped to fashion a unit in that city with staffers from DDB Needham, its subsidiary Tracy-Locke, and a small communications company owned by Omnicom. He worked on Frito-Lay when the client expressed dissatisfaction with creative work done by the agency's Chicago office. He wrested control of Volkswagen from the Detroit office and took it over himself, and his new Volkswagen team, faced with a crucial meeting in Detroit last May, devised the "most loved cars in the world" campaign. The Volkswagen executives were exuberant; according to Berlin, they banged on the conference table with their fists, the Teutonic equivalent of a standing ovation.

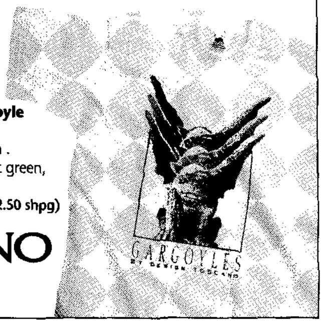
As Berlin saw it, he was doing what had to be done. But many DDB Needham employees resisted Berlin from the start—found him moody or distant, and questioned whether all the change was necessary or was just a function of his seemingly endless need for upheaval. Berlin and one employee got involved in a conflict that escalated until the man's principal account found out about it. Faced with the possibility that both the employee and his client would defect, John Bernbach, the president of DDB Needham Worldwide, stepped in to make peace, to Berlin's discomfiture.

"One thing that's very difficult for me is working for someone, no matter who," Berlin says. "It's not something that comes naturally to me. I couldn't envision a future for myself inside DDB Needham, given that it's my natural tendency to want to run things myself." He valued his autonomy. Now that he was in what he called "an assistant's role," he began looking for a way out.

Berlin and his cronies—Wright, Cameron, and Burns—spent tactical weekends discussing what they might do next, and what they could do in the interim to invigorate themselves and the agency. Berlin believed that it was time to get rid of Bristol-Myers Squibb—a nine-and-a-half-million-dollar client that he found impossible to satisfy—in order to make way for Johnson & Johnson, a competitor, whom he suspected might be interested in working with DDB Needham. By last spring, after making what he felt was a substantial effort to improve relations, he was more convinced than ever







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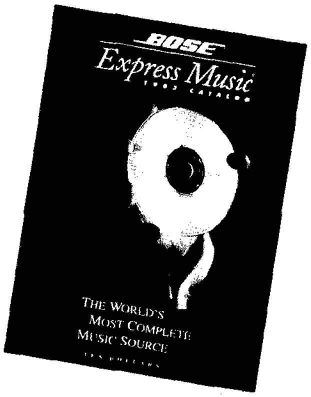

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that the agency ought to resign the Bristol-Myers account. Berlin made his case to Keith Reinhard, the chairman and C.E.O. of DDB Needham Worldwide, and to some of the board of directors. DDB Needham had lost between ten and fifteen million in Bristol-Myers' business over the last four years, he said, and the relationship with the client, which went back twenty-four years, felt like a grudge match. Berlin saw no way to fix the account.

In June, DDB Needham dropped Bristol-Myers, but not before an internal memo in which Berlin complained about the futility of trying to service the account was leaked to the client, reportedly by an ex-employee. "I can tell people thought, Crazy, behind my back," he says. "I can tell people said that. But it was not swashbuckling or impetuous. It was a very carefully considered set of steps."

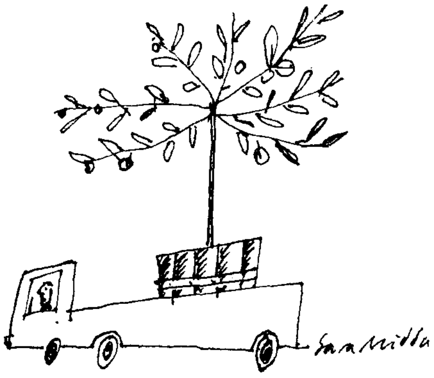
In the end, DDB Needham got twenty million dollars in Johnson & Johnson business. The marketing consultant Gordon Wade, who had introduced Berlin to Johnson & Johnson executives, approved of the move as "correct and courageous," and Berlin got fan letters from executives at other agencies. But their support was beside the point. The incident provided a focus for Berlin's critics: they said that he lacked discipline, that he wasn't sufficiently involved with the account. An old complaint came back to haunt him: Andy Berlin could not maintain a relationship with an established client—he cared only for the pursuit.

Once Berlin had set up Berlin Wright Cameron, in August, the bad feelings erupted in contentious territorial displays. Some people at DDB Needham who had worked on Volkswagen balked at coöperating in the transition, and implied that Berlin had precipitated that move to further his own escape plan. Berlin was furious. He says, "Their point of view is very revisionist: 'The work wasn't that bad, the problem was that they'—the employees of DDB Needham—'weren't properly appreciated.' But they're not disgraced, and the Worldwide account is not further weakened. The blow to their egos isn't from us—it's from a difference in perception of the market. We didn't behave as we did to humiliate DDB Needham. We behaved as we did to save DDB Needham from further humiliation."

Confronted with a morale crisis, Reinhard and Bernbach called their New York employees together for what proved to be the first of several meetings. A staffer recalls that someone sent a letter saying: " 'I feel like there was this big kid on the block I always wanted to play with and finally he did come over and play—and then he stole all my toys and left,' " and adds, "There's a terrific sense of betrayal, of promises not kept."

A SUCCESSFUL advertisement is one that creates an imagined but convincing difference—a difference that does not necessarily reside in the brand itself but lodges persuasively in the customer's brain. Over the past sixteen years, Berlin has managed to build his personal brand, positioning himself as the risk-taker who gets results. It is testimony to the power of the brand that controversy just enhances his mystique. People who have profited or stand to profit from an alliance with Berlin are only too happy to praise him. Some people who have worked with him—among them Hal Riney, who gave him an early copywriting job; his ex-partners, Goodby and Silverstein; and several employees of DDB Needham—refuse to talk about him at all.

Partisans applaud him for such basic human traits as thoughtfulness, enthusiasm, and diligence—characteristics that they say have been bleached from too many of his cautious peers. Donny Deutsch, the creative director of Deutsch/Dworin, says that Berlin's appeal is simple: unlike many "creatives," he accepts the humbling idea that advertising has to do something besides win awards. "He is able to understand where a creative and a strategic path meet—where it makes sense for the client, for the agency, for the consumer. Most creatives have tunnel vision, but Andy gets it. That may not sound like a big accomplishment in the world at large, but within advertising it's rare."

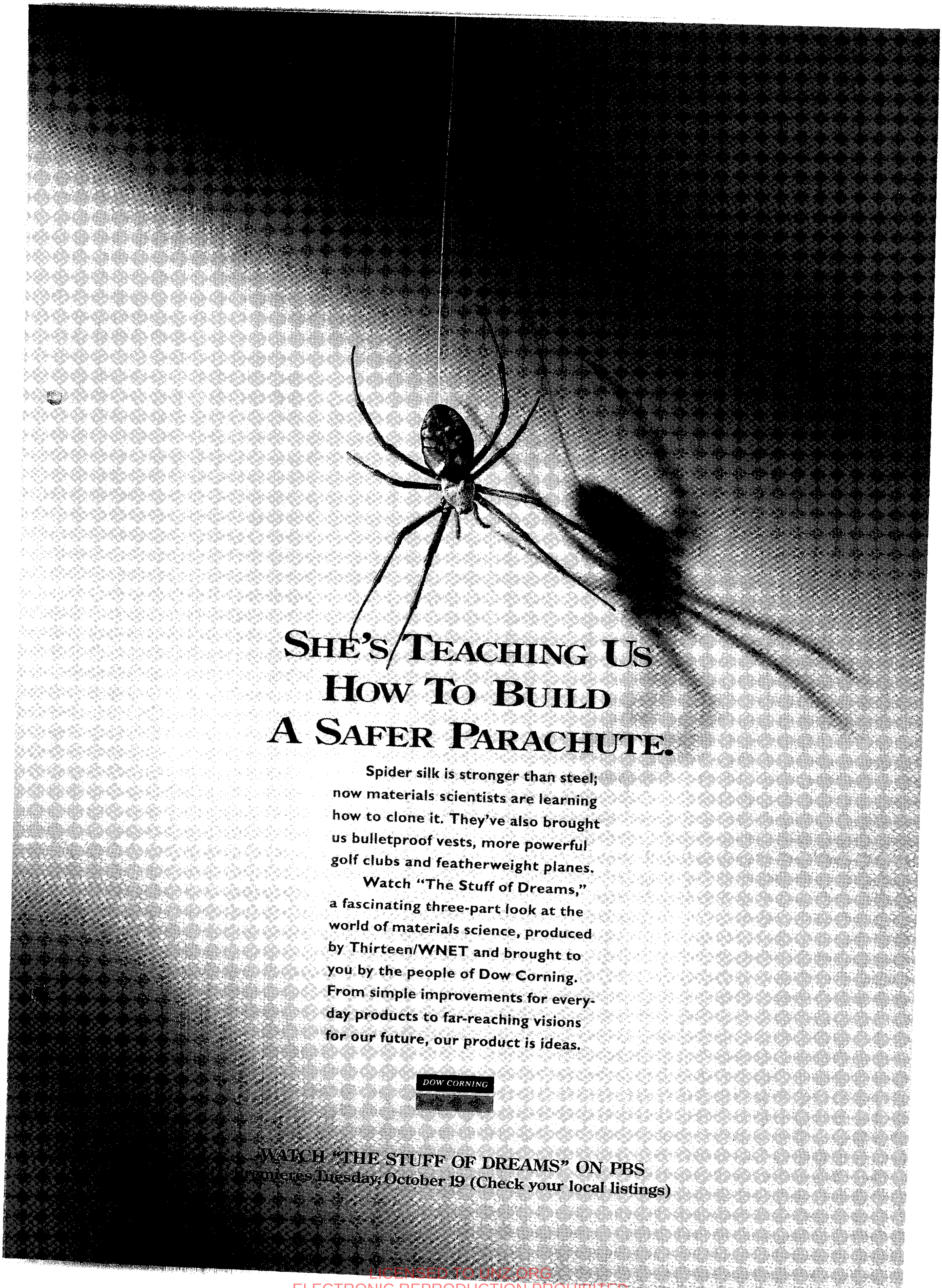


Clients like him because of his attention level. "I can recall that many times my phone would ring on Monday morning before I'd got through the muck of phone messages and electronic mail," Richard Gillmore, the director of marketing for American Isuzu Motors, says. "Andy would want to know why something wasn't happening on our sales report. That's refreshing. He didn't just want us to like the ads. He wanted them to work."

Critics complain not so much about what he does but about how he does it. He has never left anywhere without friction—without someone's feeling victimized by his outsized appetite for change. One person familiar with the Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein operation recalls that Berlin didn't seem to care how his employees felt as long as the work got done, and says he wonders who will nurse the soul of his new agency. "There's not a feel-good person," he says. "Andy can scare people into doing things, but that isn't the best tactic over all. You need a mix with something else, but I think Andy underestimates the need for it." And the rift with DDB Needham refuses to heal. A month after the new agency opened, a DDB Needham employee whom Berlin thought he had got along with died suddenly on business in Mexico. A few days later, according to Berlin, Reinhard appeared in his office, with the message that he wasn't welcome at the funeral.

Berlin may be driven by instinct and ambition more than by discipline. In 1987, in his eagerness to start a joint venture, he co-founded the McKenzie River Corporation to invent and market a brand, St. Ides malt liquor, which would be produced by the large G. Heileman Brewing Co. In 1991, the company came under attack for targeting black teenagers with a rap-music campaign. He has been careful to distance himself from the minor scandal that ensued, pointing out that Goodby, Berlin & Silverstein had conceived another St. Ides campaign, and that the offending commercials were done in-house after his agency had stopped working on the account.

Crawford, who was first attracted to Berlin because he found him "fearless," has learned that he is also "messy and mercurial." John Bernbach is another ambivalent fan. Bernbach grew up in the shadow of his famous father, Bill, the copywriter who was a co-founder of Doyle Dane Bernbach and launched the



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creative revolution of the nineteen-sixties with the agency's work on the Volkswagen Beetle. Bernbach, who handles the Volkswagen account in twenty-three foreign countries, once had authority over Berlin's actions. In the new configuration, amid rumors of friction between the two men—the classic, measured account executive and the noisy interloper—Bernbach is glaringly out of the loop. "For the first time in a long time, there's a star in advertising," Bernbach says tersely. "Now, I don't believe in stars. But people do want to go have a look."

The animosity does not make Berlin contemplate changing his ways, but it gets to him. In his waning days at DDB Needham, he complained that he had begun to feel like Dashiell Hammett's Continental Op in the novel "Red Harvest"—the hired gun brought in to clean up a corrupt, decaying mining town. The town—or, in Berlin's version, the agency—started out as one man's bold vision, but greed and self-interest destroyed it. According to Berlin, Omnicom's Crawford was like Old Man Willsson, who had put the town together and ignored its problems until his son, the reformist publisher of the local paper, was murdered. The Op stepped in, sorted it out, and got a little crazy in the process. Then he pulled himself together and left town, ready for his next assignment.

Crawford laughs at the analogy. "It's too romantic a notion," he says. "But then Andy's a romantic. He thinks I'm omnipotent, and I'm not."

BERLIN now lives at Easterly House, a two-story white, clapboard house on Centre Island—a spit of land that nudges into Oyster Bay from the north shore of Long Island. Berlin chose the house because he thought his wife would like it, and because it was a nice place to keep a boat, but here, too, he is the odd man out—a Jew, and new to his money, in an enclave where old Anglo-Saxon wealth is the norm.

In the middle of a heat wave last summer, Berlin and his wife threw a party for almost two hundred guests—a necessary acknowledgment, he felt, of the people who had made their move easier, ranging from his wife's new hairdresser to the people at the new agency. Carrying a red rose and a cigarette, Anke drifted among the tables in a long ivory dress that would have wafted if there had been any breeze at all. Berlin, looking fairly miserable throughout, cast longing glances across the water at his boat, a seventy-two-foot motor yacht, where a small group of his guests seemed to be having a better time.

Berlin has always believed he could will himself an interesting future, and up to now he has been right. But Volkswagen, whose Beetle transported an entire generation, presents a challenge that some think is insurmountable. The VW ads of the sixties are classic bits of deadpan humor that made the Beetle part of social, as well as advertising, history. But VW squandered this good will by abandoning the Bug in the United States and failing to come up with a decent replacement; the next generation of cars was anonymous, and of lesser quality, and consumers began to look elsewhere just as the Japanese arrived with econocars that were cheap and dependable. Volkswagen's United States sales have sunk from a 1970 high of 569,696 to a 1993 low (through August of this year) of 29,456 cars, and were ranked thirtieth among automakers in consumer satisfaction last year. Between now and the spring of 1994, Volkswagen will launch redesigned versions of the Jetta, the Passat, and the Golf, in an attempt to grab part of the United States market back from the Japanese. The distance the company has to travel is daunting: the brand has been almost invisible in this country over the past several years, and its cars are still more expensive and less reliable than the now stylish Japanese competition.

"If anyone can do it, Andy can," Pat Fallon, the chairman of Fallon McElligott, says. "But it's not just an advertising problem. In fact, there are some who think it's not an advertising problem at all. It's production, product—a price/value problem. Volkswagen doesn't sell cars anymore. Less than thirty thousand so far this year? That's not a business. That's a cottage industry."

"It's worth a shot," Guy Day, a co-founder of Chiat/Day, says. "The problem is it's a VW; it's such a long way back for them. There's a financially weak dealer base, a financially weak company back in Germany—and they have just cars. They're fine, but they're just cars."

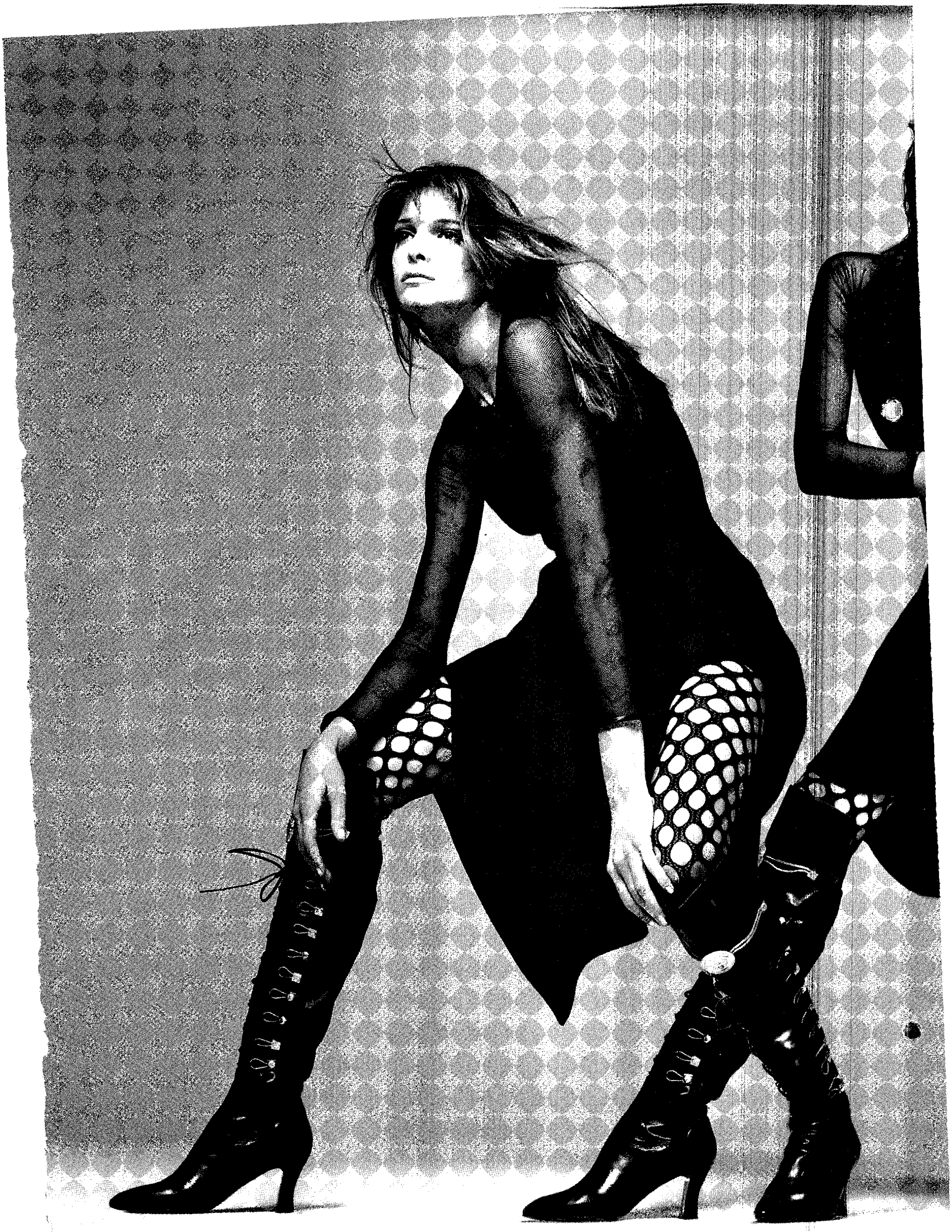
Fred Danzig, the editor of *Advertising Age*, doubts whether Berlin Wright Cameron—or any agency—will be able to get Volkswagen moving again. "Given the environment in the United States, it could well be that Berlin's not going to be able to revive the brand," he says. And while Berlin used to talk about selling a hundred and fifty thousand Volkswagens next year, his partner Tony Wright has a more cautious definition of progress. If Volkswagen breaks into the top four positions on the purchase-intention index—customers' list of cars they plan to buy—the new agency will have succeeded. The first task is simply to get people thinking about Volkswagen in a favorable light.

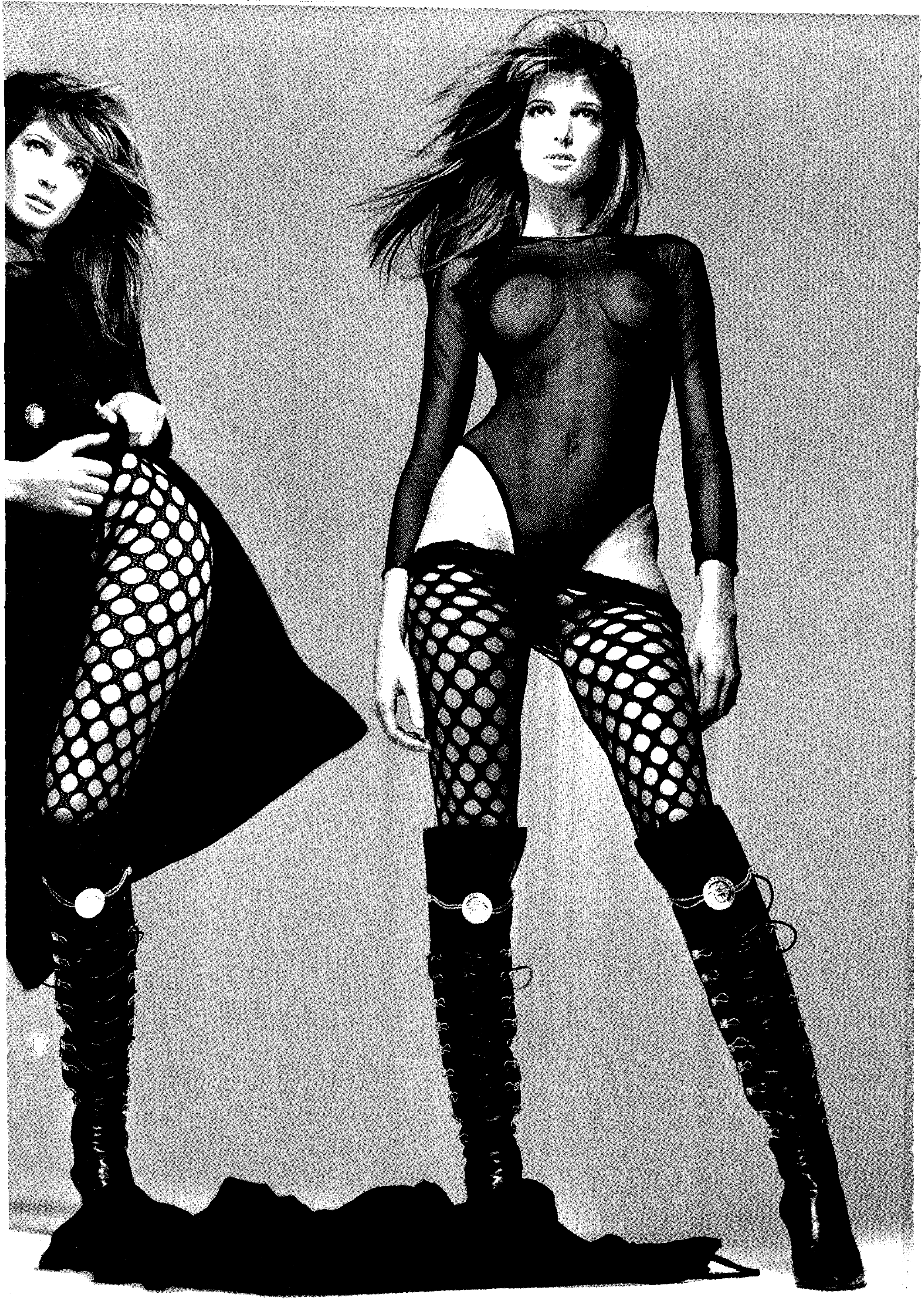
Berlin himself never likes to talk about limitations—his own or Volkswagen's. He dismisses with increasing impatience the criticisms that cling to him. His San Francisco partners felt bad because "it was all for one and one for all and then it wasn't," he explains, and the people at DDB Needham saw him "as someone who offered salvation and then turned to another group of people for his self-interest, and, in doing so, judged them." It's all about love gone bad, he believes—about the ones who stayed behind resenting the one who took off—and there is nothing he can do about that.

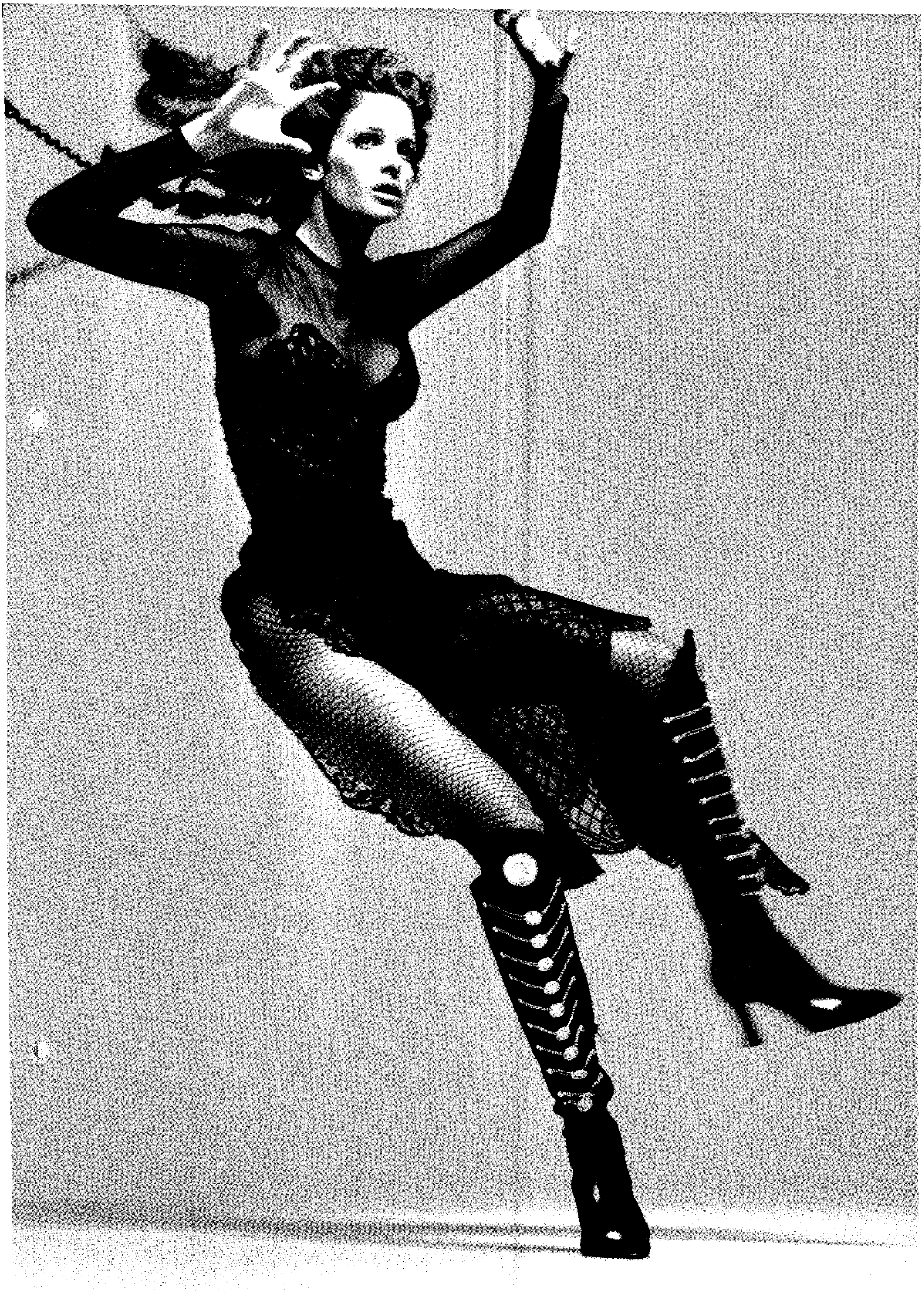
He refuses to dwell on the past. What he loves about the Volkswagen account, he says, is that it is like a "start-up company," with new cars and a new commitment to the marketplace. He seems to be convinced that if he can mix the Beetle's Everyman allure with a bit of the snobbish understatement that made Lexus so popular he'll be able to muscle his way into the American consciousness. Berlin is after the buyer "who wants virtues to be discovered, not displayed, not advertised, who wishes not to be perceived as ostentatious." Such buyers "*like* the idea of being misunderstood by superficial people," he says. "When we first started talking about strategy, I said, 'VW. For people who aren't full of shit.' "

Whether he prevails is almost beside the point. Berlin has sold himself on the virtue of perpetual motion—and in his business belief is what matters. "Someone asked me, 'What's it like to be the Peck's bad boy of advertising?' " he said recently. "My reaction is, that's an interim judgment. In the future, people will say one of two things: 'He failed through arrogance and gumption and he got what was coming to him.' Or 'He was successful—and he was therefore daring.' " ♦

GIANNI
VERSACE







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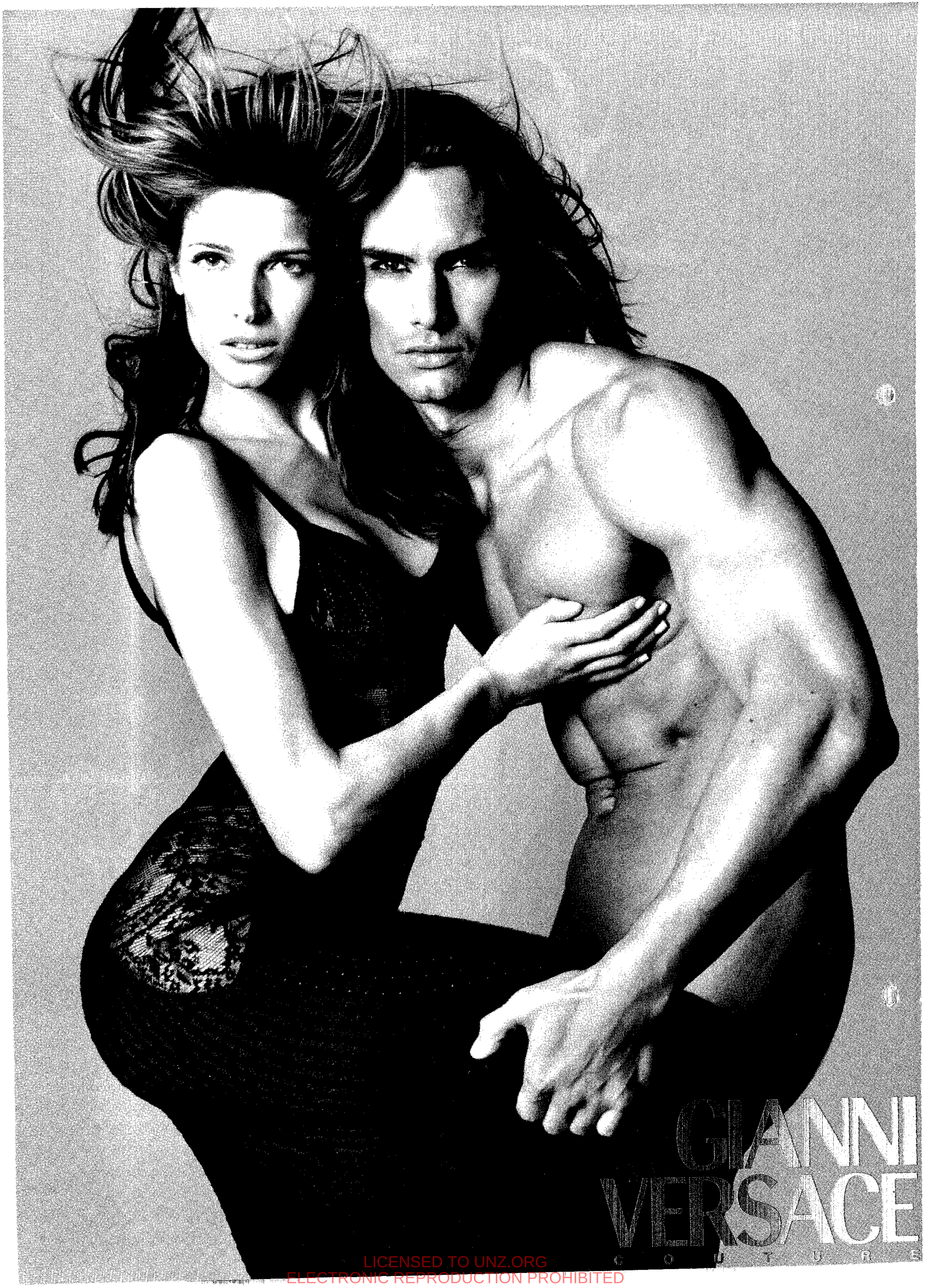
GIANNI
VERSACE
COUTURE

CASUAL

THE PICKWICK CAPERS

BY BRUCE McCALL

> Stand-up comedy is so brutal in terms of what works or what doesn't. . . .You can get away with murder when you're writing.
>
> —*Jerry Seinfeld, in USA Today.*

My Dear Thackeray,

Hastily, a scribble, from my dressing chamber—foetid mop-closet that it be!—at the Hog & Varlet. But what of bodily discomfitures, when the Soul flies so! For I now have at hand as *pretty* a little fourteen minutes of vocalized risibility as this old Town has yet heard, or any old Town in the good old Realm. The "Corn Riots" jape makes a smart opening volley, followed by the "Lord Palmerston's Pantaloons," for a nice change in the pace; whilst at the finale, what better than that I do the "Poor Laws" set-piece?

Concerning your query: worry not, Thackeray, I have over breakfast dashed off another two chapters of "Expectations."

But, alas! The fateful Knock, and I am "on"! Wish me well.

—Boz

•

Thackeray—

Come up instanter to Manchester, for I fear that, short of a *complete* reworking, all is *lost*. Such barracking from the front tables, and *ale-bottles* hurled from the back. The "Corn Riot" sailed through the Ether, over their heads, and into that Oblivion where dead jokes dwell.

I console myself betimes by lining out more yardage on "Gt. Expects"; no tipplers obtrude whilst one sits composing one's prose, free from the hubbub of poltroons more beguiled by far by their *own* wit, than that of the *Performer*. Come quickly!

—Desperately, Boz

P.S. Should Wilkie C. choose to join, so much the better for doctoring back to health my maimed fourteen minutes!

•

My Estimable Collins,

I am deep in your debt for "physicking" my comedic Muse. You are, veritably, the "Surgeon of Smilery." I inclose a fair copy of the revised fourteen mins., which my new Agent, Mr. Blitz, believes fully strong enough to render t'morrow eve at the Ironmongers' Smoker. It has taxed my energies & invention more than ten "Nickleby"'s—I do three fresh chapters of "Expects." nowadays, for one good stand-up minute. Do you like the East India Co. joke? I practise my Hindoo expression in the looking-glass, the better to put it over.

—Faithfully, Boz

•

Dear Thackeray,

Collins returns my fourteen mins., *unread*, mewling that it is "ill fortune" to see another's Work, when one is *oneself* performing! For it transpires that Wilkie C. is to première his own mirthful (!) rodomontade this very evening in the back room at White's Club. Pray attend, and tell me what he has thieved of my own life's blood, my Act!

—Boz

•

Mr. Collins, Sir,

Thackeray tells of your stupendous success with a "Corn Riot" joke last evening, at White's. I find this fascinating, though not, I grant, as much so as do my Solicitors.

Tit for tat, I am performing a new "Victoria Regina & the Gillie" notion in my monologue to-night at the Lyceum, which would not, I think, sound entirely unfamiliar to you!

—C. D.

•

Dear Thackeray,

Regarding your inquiry, I have misplaced the "Grt. Expectations" ms., but it is of no moment, I shall recapitulate the 14 chapters to-day on the train to Newcastle.

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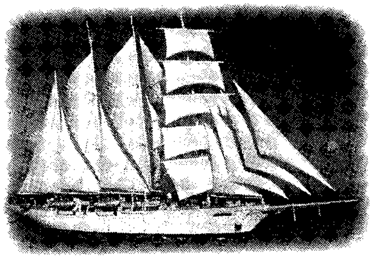

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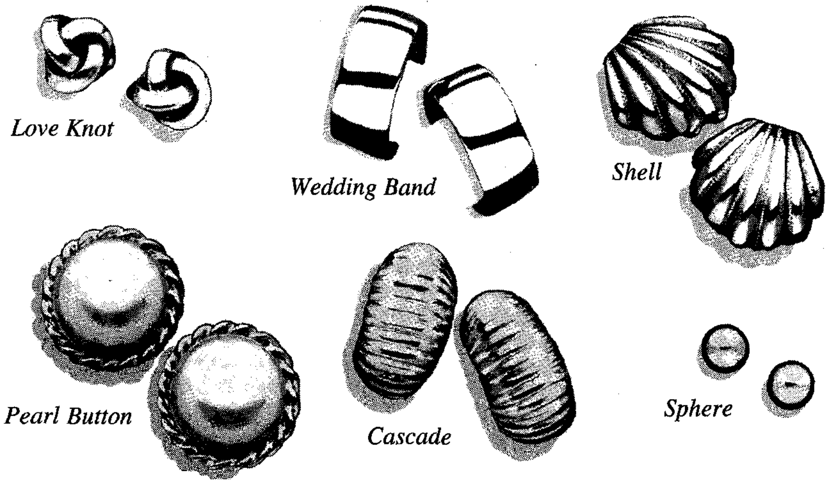

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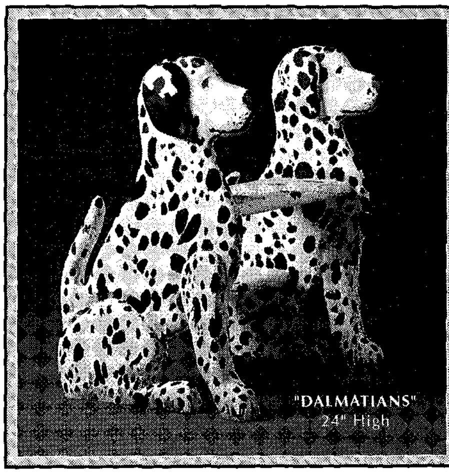

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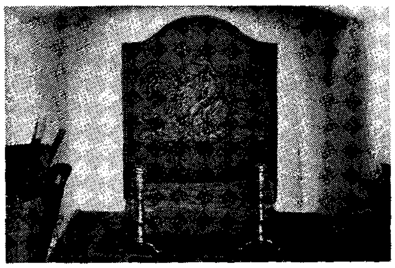

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It is all in the timing of things, Thackeray; what *swarms* with Life on the flat, written page becomes but a dead grey *mackerel* in its utterance upon the stage, without the properly measured *timing* of its delivery. Nor can it, cf. Collins, be taught.

I close with the promise to read your new Book soonest. Now, off to audit Trollope, who begs my attendance at his new Routine at a local caravansary. . . .

—Boz

•

Mr. Collins, Sir,

That I choose to publickly indorse Musgrave's Ague Elixir should be of no account to you, whose success has not made necessary the support of seven in service, three houses, and a villa, plus several barouches.

—D.

•

Bulwer-Lytton,

I surmise that the Thack tattles, and puts you up to what he, himself, would fain do, namely, to pester and afflict a busy Entertainer with verbal Boils. "Gt. Expect'ns" (I lack time to write it out entire) goes forward. It picks up speed. It careers. I have the idea of a cataclysmic Stage Coach Crash, which would dispatch Pip, Magwitch, Jaggers, Miss Havisham, and Bentley Drummle, and leave Herbert Pocket to wrap it up in an Epilogue, shortening the epic by two doz. chapters. Stand-up teaches nightly, that Brevity is the Thing.

—The Boz

•

Thack!

If I may so address you, for we stage-folk ever prefer the *informal* against the *formal* amongst ourselves. . .

Enclosed cutting from this morning's *Optic* shows who bested whom at last evening's Crimean War Relief Benefit Recital. 'Tis true, Thack—Collins was *heckled* by the Duke of Clarence himself when he quite forgot the punch-line to the "Irish Question" soliloquy! (Do you know a "ghost" who could pick up "Gt. Expect." where I left off months ago? No time!)

—The Boz

•

Trollope,

The Lady whom you so flippantly described as my "niece" last Evening at the Garrick is, in fact, Miss Joywell, my protégée, and a distinguished Graduate of my Comedic Work Shop.

Yrs., The Boz

•

B.-L.,

Have reserved two tickets for you & a friend at Blackpool Tuesday eve next, late show. Come thither. Silly goose, 'twas but a jest, anent the Stage Coach Crash! I now think I can quickly be done with "Gt. Ex." by this expedient, that Pip suddenly wakes, to find all was a dream.

—Believe me, the Boz

•

Thack!

Finished "Expectations" after oysters & champagne in the early hours of this morning, only to get the d—— thing away, so I can work on perfecting a wonderful new Disraeli jest. Alas, I cannot attend your Début as Napoleon III as some friends ask me down for the weekend. (I am told that that vixen Actress Miss L—— is invited also!) Must rush!

Love you, The Boz

•

Dear Mister Collins,

I have at hand your most interesting Proposal, received today. "Dickens & Collins," I believe, and so, too, my client, would sound more comely; he suggests that you trust his ear for names, which is not unremarked. We must also insist that his name always take the topmost place, type twice the size of yours, owing to his greater fame, and, likewise, that his share of all proceeds be 75 per cent., as his Reward for "pulling you along" with him in regards ticket sales and public Curiosity. Perhaps we can thus conjoin with you, to the end of concluding a fair Contract.

Very sincerely yours,
Blitz (for the Boz) ♦

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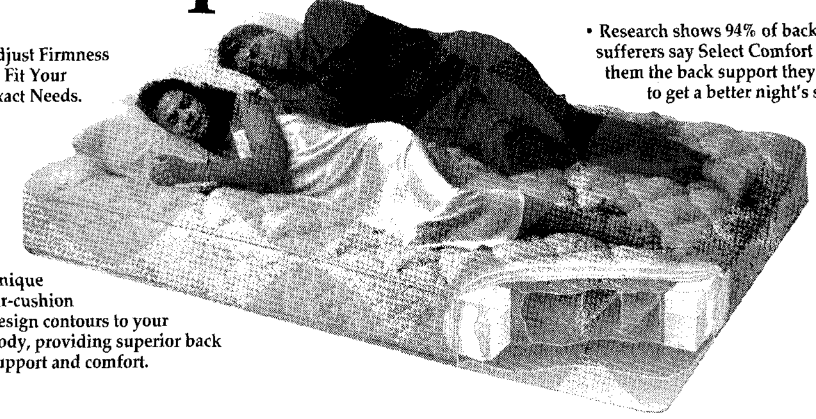

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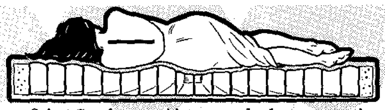

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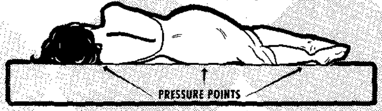

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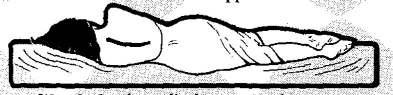

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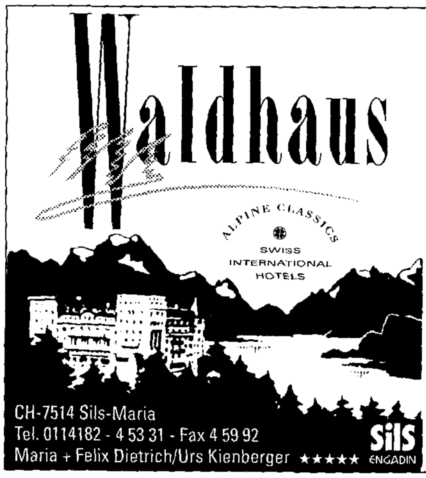

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

BAD BLOOD

The plan was for the French to help hemophiliacs lead healthier lives and to dominate Europe's blood-products market. Instead, three hundred people are dead of AIDS, and a thousand more are dying. Four doctors have been convicted, but the question of where ultimate guilt lies has left France divided.

BY JANE KRAMER

PARIS

A FEW people said that the doctors were framed. Those people were mainly other doctors, and they called it a case of a dishonored state offering scapegoats to the mob—"the Dreyfus trial of the twentieth century." A few—among them Jean-Pierre Allain, one of the doctors who are in prison now—said no, it was more like the famous trial, fifty-one years ago, in Riom, where five innocent Frenchmen stood accused by Vichy of the fall of France, and gave Pétain his "explanation" for the Occupation. Some people said it was a travesty of justice because the doctors were answering for crimes of cynicism and venality and pride plotted in places as high as the Prime Minister's office, and some said it was a travesty of justice because no one had committed a crime at all. Not even the judges claimed that the exercise was anything but symbolic. Laurent Greilsamer, who wrote about it for *Le Monde*, told me that maybe, to understand it, you had to accept that justice in France was often symbolic, that what everyone here calls *La Justice* was as particular to its country as the size, shape, and color of a French banknote—that it was a kind of currency, recalled in times of doubt or crisis, on which a proper, satisfying idea of France was tested and stamped and put confidently back in circulation. He might have said that the idea of French blood, "the blood of France," was just as symbolic, because in the end the scandal that came to be known as the *affaire du sang contaminé*—in which four doctors, representing the state and what was believed to be one of its most benevolent institutions, have now been convicted for their part in distributing AIDS-contaminated blood-protein concentrates to hemophiliacs back in 1985, four years into the epidemic—was less a trial of the doctors than of the blood they sold, and of the image of France that it contaminated along with three hundred hemophiliacs who have already died and a thousand who are dying now.

When AIDS appeared in France—seventeen French cases were reported at the end of 1981 by the World Health Organization—the French called it "the American disease." Only six months had passed since the first case was symptomatically diagnosed and reported in San Francisco, and the name evoked everything that France supposedly was not—permissive, promiscuous, perverted, a country of meat-rack morals that had nothing to do with the way Frenchmen led their proper, womanizing lives. France had just elected its first Socialist government since the Popular Front of Léon Blum (who, of course, was one of the "traitors" tried at Riom), and there was a lot of talk about restoring the moral, not to mention the medical, health of the country. The politics in Paris then were still more *gauche baguette* than *gauche caviar*—which means that the government was young, smug, doctrinaire, and not a little punishing, and produced a lot of rhetoric about "the people" and about Socialists' knowing what was best for the people. For a while, at least, there was a bargain struck, and the bargain was that if the people were agreeable and paid their huge new taxes and did not ask questions about why their banks and their businesses were getting nationalized or their children were coming home from school reciting lessons about "American imperialism and the social history of the banana," the government would look after their innocent interests, and protect them from American diseases, too.

The Socialists thus laid claim to the old republican notion of the *état protecteur*. They may have been arrogant in their claim, and even (and often) wrong, but they were clean—everybody said so—and they were going to stand between the people and anybody trying to harm the people or hustle the people or simply disregard the people. Even Frenchmen who hated the Socialists and their plans for France tended to believe that for a while, at least, there would be less political scandal and wild financial fraud than in the days when Georges Pompidou was handing half of Paris over to developers and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was putting a billion francs of public money into a plane that could "sniff" offshore oil deposits from ten thousand feet in the air.

Part of the republican notion of a protector state had to do with what you might call the "equality" of French blood. The "*sang impur*" (of aristocrats and priests and other degenerates of the *ancien régime*) that for two centuries has flowed, unsingable, through the ditches in "La Marseillaise" was supposed to have been the last bad blood in France. Once it was spent, there was, presumably, only "the people's blood": all of it good, because the people were good; all of it equal, because the people were equal; all of it held, as it were, in common, because the people were a community, a unity, indivisible under the calm and perfect scrutiny of their protector state. The equality of French blood meant that in the spring of 1985, when Michel Garretta, the director of the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine—which held a monopoly on forty per cent of the blood and plasma products sold in France—made the decision to sell off his contaminated lots of the blood-coagulant concentrates called Factor VIII and Factor IX before switching to heated, uncontaminated products, every hemophiliac who used those products had an "equal" chance of being contaminated. The equality of French blood meant that it was illegal in France to give blood for your own use or to have your friends or family give blood for you, or even to know the name or the identity or the medical history of a stranger whose blood you used, because anonymity was the legal expression of that equality. It is a principle that few Frenchmen ever stop to question, even now, and even when they violate it. It doesn't really matter if you call that principle "republican," the way the Socialists do, or "Christian," as many French Catholics prefer to (saying that a Frenchman gives blood "in the humble and anonymous spirit" of Christ's sacrifice). In France, to question the quality of French blood, freely given (it is illegal to sell it), is tantamount to ordering your communion wine from Château Latour instead of taking your chances with the *vin de table* available at the railing. When AIDS appeared in France, it encountered a mystique of purity that would surely have appeared misguided, if not insane, to any Frenchman who observed it next door, in Germany.

Officially, the blood of France was represented by an association of eight hundred thousand men and women who were always described, collectively, as the *bénévoles*. The *bénévoles* were the amateurs of sacrifice; they gave their blood as often as the law and their health (as they perceived their health) allowed, and were much celebrated and decorated by the government for it, and, while they did not exactly encourage the mystique, they were the source of a certain confusion in the public mind about the difference between good blood and good intentions. In the public mind, bad blood was bought blood. In 1985, not many Frenchmen knew that when the stock ran low here they got plasma that had been purchased abroad, or blood that had been collected from people who would never be asked to the Élysée on "donors' day" to receive a medal from the President, but that was the reality. The reality, in 1985, was that more than half a million other people were replenishing the blood of France—people who were not *bénévoles* by anybody's standards but bums and junkies and hungry students and African workers and prison inmates who contributed to what in proper theological fashion was called *la collecte*, as if it were a church offering, in exchange for a cup of coffee and a sandwich. The reality, in 1985, was that tested, treated blood proteins from, say, Austria or the United States were safer for a seven-year-old boy with hemophilia than blood proteins whose only imprimatur was "Made in France." The reality was that politicians lie and doctors are greedy and bureaucrats craven, and that people who believe that the blood of France flows to higher, nobler rules than the blood of everybody else's country are apt to become the victims of their own bizarre and credulous identity.

DR. MICHEL GARRETTA became the director of the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine in September of 1984. He was by most accounts not a pleasant man. He was a persuasive man, and when he wanted something he could be seductive, but nobody called him nice, even then. Most people said "charming but abrasive." Some said "temperamental." A few said "megalomaniac." Garretta was forty when he took over the Center, and he does not look much different now from the way he looked at forty. He is wiry and slight, with sharp dark eyes and a head of thick brown hair. He wears a bushy and improbably dapper mustache. He is a little gaunt, a little drawn, after a year in prison, but at his appeal this summer it was noted that he had kept the mustache, which had been his trademark among the more decorous doctors of the French medical establishment. It was the trademark of a whole generation of French eighties entrepreneurs on a fast track to the top of their professions. When Garretta was on trial, the only other man in the courtroom with a mustache like that was his lawyer. Garretta had never claimed to be an ordinary doctor. He was not a practitioner or a researcher or, as it turns out, much of an administrator. His interest in medicine, such as it was, was in the business of medicine. He was not a Socialist, but he shared something with the Socialists—an ambition for French dominance disguised as French prominence. The board of the Center, which named him after a notably bitter battle, spoke of him less often as a doctor than as an "industrialist." The people who

JUGEMENT
SCANDALE DU SANG

Jean-Pierre Allain (left) and Michel Garretta, both of the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine, are serving time for their roles in the distribution of what were known to be AIDS-contaminated blood concentrates.

LEFT PHOTO: NAHASSIA/SIPA PRESS; RIGHT PHOTO: RICHARD SOBOL/SIPA PRESS

“Fantastic crucifix!”

wanted him for the job (they included the retiring director and the old board chairman) wanted him because he was an industrialist: they thought he could turn the Center into the most important blood-production company in Europe, and replace the big American companies like Baxter Travenol on the European market. The people who didn’t want him (they included the new board chairman) didn’t want him because, as far as they were concerned, he belonged in one of those American companies, talking high turnover and high technology, and not in charge of a public trust that was the guarantor of the blood of France for nearly half of France’s population. His salary was enormous—more than a million francs a year by the time he left, which was twice what the Prime Minister earned—but his selling point was that he was not a bureaucrat or a politician, like the Prime Minister. He was an industrialist with a product, and that product was like any other product. Properly managed, it could create and control its market.

The Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine was a curious institution, with nothing, really, in its charter to discourage an industrialist. Legally, it was a nonprofit public trust. It was underwritten by the state, and the state was represented on its board, but, at the same time, it was independent in its operation and its functions. Garretta answered essentially to himself. He was accountable—to his board, to the government—only insofar as the director of an ordinary pharmaceutical company would have been accountable. His Center was supposed to be self-supporting and law-abiding and safe. He had to negotiate the cost of the services and products that the Center offered—the big transfusion center off the Place Cambronne, and the blood and the plasma products like Factor VIII—with the Social Security office, which reimbursed it. He had to account for the quality of those products and services to the Director General of Health, who is a kind of French surgeon general, and to the National Laboratory of Health, which is a French version of the Food and Drug Administration. But the Center itself was not what the French call *universitaire.* It produced its own research and determined its own protocols, and even, as it turns out, its own operating ethics, independent of any of the Paris university-hospital research labs or clinics and, for that matter, independent of the review board at the National Institute of Health and Medical Research, which usually authorizes, approves, and funds French test treatments and medical-research projects. Garretta himself had never been *universitaire.* He was known to have no patience with the system, which was bureaucratic and very political. He had gone to work at the Center as soon as he finished medical school, in 1972, and had only left the Center once, for a year of management school. By 1981, he was the deputy director in charge of all the Center’s commercial ventures. He had a very free hand. The old director—a doctor named Jean-Pierre Soulier, who had been at the Center for thirty years—was paterfamilias to the *bénévoles.* He was mainly interested in blood banks. He left the blood markets to Garretta.

JEAN-PIERRE ALLAIN—the doctor who talked about Riom—was the senior scientist at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine. He was not much older than Garretta—he is fifty-one now—but in every other way he was Garretta’s antithesis. He was rumpled and professorial, with a pleasant round face and a shock of brown hair that kept falling on his forehead. He listened to Mozart and was passionate about science (he was married to a scientist), and he loved playing tennis. It was said that the only thing that could tempt Allain out of his laboratory was the prospect of a good game. When I met him in June, during his appeal, he was camped out with one of his sons in a flat on the Place Dauphine; there were mattresses on the floor, and papers all over the place, and the television was tuned to the French Open. He was going to watch while the judges had lunch.

Allain was by training a hematologist, with a specialty in hemophilia. He ran the research-and-development side of the Center—his title was deputy director in charge of research—and directed its clinical studies, but, unlike Garretta, he was also a practicing physician, with twenty-two hemophiliacs in his care, and, unlike Garretta, he had a reputation in his field. He and Garretta didn't get along. Garretta was "hot and arrogant," one of the lawyers at their trial told me, and Allain was "cool and arrogant"—by which she meant that Garretta worked people and Allain worked microscopes, and that each thought the other had made a stupid choice. Allain supposedly wanted the job Garretta got in 1984. By then, their relations were more self-serving than collegial. By the time they came to trial, in 1992, they despised each other so deeply (and blamed each other so thoroughly) that they sat together on the defendants' bench and never exchanged a word. What they shared, if anything, was ambition. Both of them had wanted something exceptional out of their time at the blood center. Garretta had wanted to turn French blood into a European industry—the government had built him a big new processing factory in Les Ulis, fifteen miles outside Paris—and to put the Center in joint ventures in Europe and America, where it would make money developing collagen and transfusion kits and plasma concentrates for the growth of scar tissue. Allain had wanted to get on with his research, and to command the funds for that research and a pool of patients on which to test his theories.

A few of the Paris hematologists and virologists say now that they never "approved" of Allain. They resented the fact that he "came from industry," like Garretta—he had worked at Abbott Pharmaceuticals, in Chicago, in the nineteen-seventies, and he went back to Abbott for a couple of years after he left the Center, in 1986—but this did not stop any of them from joining his various clinical-research protocols on hemophilia, contributing their own hospital laboratories, and adding their patients to the list of patients Allain saw in Paris or supervised at an in-patient children's clinic in the suburbs, in La Queue lez Yvelines. They complain now about his manner. They say he was "difficult," and never told them what, precisely, he was working toward, or what he was trying to compare in his protocols, or what kinds of blood products everybody else's patients were getting. They say he was "mysterious," even after the H.I.V. retrovirus was isolated and identified, and it was clear that it *was* a virus and transmitted by blood—even after it was clear that heating blood concentrates like Factor VIII killed that virus. Allain's protocols were coded, though once they were published some of the researchers saw a pattern beyond the usual pattern of testing the innocuity and then the efficacy of a product. The pattern seemed to suggest that Allain was testing a theory of sur-contamination and immunization. He had reason to believe that AIDS was multi-factorial; that is, that the acquired-immunodeficiency syndrome came not from one retrovirus but from what virologists call "opportunistic viruses," attracted to or encouraged by seropositivity, or not even from viruses at all. The researchers say now, in retrospect, that Allain was trying to prove that the retrovirus could function like a vaccine, and end up stimulating antibodies to produce immunity in the hemophiliacs who received it. This, alas, is not what happened.

At their trial, Allain and Garretta claimed that they were *dans le doute*, that in 1985 everybody was in doubt—about the disease, about how it spread, about how many seropositive patients actually got it, and about how many of those patients would actually die. They knew they were taking risks, but "statistical risks," with their unheated concentrates. The doctors on trial with them—Jacques Roux, the Director General of Health in 1985, and Robert Netter, the director of the National Laboratory of Health—knew that *they* were also taking "statistical risks." They did not say that those risks were more like certainties, because the unheated concentrates were known to be contaminated and at least potentially harmful.

They did not say that the risks were different from the statistical risks you took when you crossed the street and "risked" being run over by a car, or even when you tested medicine that you thought was good but that *could* be harmful. They thought that if they were on trial, then the Health Secretary and the Minister for Social Affairs, and even the Prime Minister—all of whom were also *dans le doute*—should be on trial, too, and so, for that matter, should their medical advisers, and every doctor who had sent a hemophiliac home with a vial of Factor VIII, and even the hemophiliacs running the French Hemophiliacs Association, who knew the literature and ignored it.

The French code of medical ethics, which, as doctors, they were bound to follow, says that doctors in doubt do not risk lives unless they are acting in emergencies, trying to save those lives, or unless their patients agree with a "*consentement éclairé*." The truth was that most of the hemophiliacs getting AIDS-contaminated plasma concentrates in 1985 were not in danger—except, of course, from those concentrates. Nor had they consented to be put in danger. The hemophiliacs were getting their concentrates for home use, as prophylaxis—"comfort products," the French called them. They were part of a program—a marketing as well as a medical program, and somewhat contested by the experts in other countries—to provide hemophiliacs, and especially hemophiliac children, with normal lives by building up their coagulant capacities before accidents happened, and sending them off (to much publicity) on ski trips and sports holidays. Their parents welcomed the program and, in fact, had fought for the program, but it is unlikely that any parent whose son is dying now would have agreed to risk his life, even "statistically," for the sake of a few tumbles on the beginners' slopes at Chamonix.

A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD hemophiliac named Christian Garvanoff delivered the first complaint in the *affaire du sang* to the Paris Tribunal on April 4, 1987. The complaint was quickly dismissed by the General Prosecutor, and Christian died of AIDS on February 19, 1992, four months before the case finally came to trial. His brother Gabriel had already died, but a third brother—a half brother—was still alive, and this brother, Jean Peron Garvanoff, had kept filing charges until the prosecutor ordered an investigation, and the process known here as an *instruction* started. Jean Peron Garvanoff used to play jazz piano. Back when his name was simply Jean Peron—before he added Garvanoff, "in solidarity" with his half brothers—he worked the jazz clubs with a famous French drummer known as Moustache, and started talking music with Dr. Allain. The brothers were all patients of Allain's, but Peron Garvanoff considered himself a special patient—if not a friend at least "a friend in music," because Dr. Allain liked music and had invited Jean to play the piano when he and his wife entertained. Jean learned from Allain in August of 1985 that he was seropositive. In 1987, he learned that he and Christian had been subjects in one of the Allain research protocols: it followed the effects of different heated and unheated blood concentrates on four hundred and five hemophiliacs during the period between September, 1983, and March, 1984. Jean says that at the time neither of them knew they were part of any protocol. It is a "betrayal" that haunts him. He is dying now, and he blames Allain—for himself and for his wife, who has AIDS, too.

Jean Peron Garvanoff lives in Nemours. It is fifty miles from Paris—an hour's drive on the A6—but he came to every session of the trial, which began in June of 1992, and all but one session of the appeal, which was heard this spring and summer. He had been waiting more than four years. He does not say "waiting since 1988," which is when he filed the suit that made him a civil party to the prosecution. He says, "waiting since the year before François Mitterrand awarded the Legion of Honor to Michel Garretta for 'exceptional services' to French medicine." By the time of the appeal, he was much weakened by the disease. He told me that he "owed it to Christian," and to what he called "*la mémoire*," to be in the courtroom every day, sitting quietly, listening, nodding, swallowing pills when his pain was bad, making notes in a trembling hand, and occasionally, when the arguments for the defense distressed him, shouting "*Assassins!*" at the doctors. As he weakened, his shouts were more like whispers in the courtroom. Peron Garvanoff is a big man, and he displayed

LOCAL SUPERSTITION

O my old night house.
I walk your property again
under five white stars
to see my rusted fence, my rock,
my maple tree—still there,
still chillingly legitimate.
Deer in the dark
move along the wood line
like the ghosts of débutantes
who've died violently and don't remember.

In my pocket your keys
on the galvanized ring,
hard old shiners
dying to be used.
I'm tired of their obsessive pleading.
I won't go through your doors,
afraid as I am of the dogs,
the basement. She's in there,
accusatory, sad,
sitting with her 12-gauge shotgun
and her big tin pots.

What about the analyst,
that expensive friend
who'd intercede for a fee?
What will he do with his candle,
stuck on the first step
down into your storm cellar,
a Grendel waiting for him,
prehistorically hungry?

No need to summon the professionals.
No remuneration
for hankering around the night house.
I crouch judiciously behind my rock
reciting weird Norwegian names
to drive off the doppelgänger.

Will her voice come back tonight
to this periphery?
I used to swear I'd follow her
to caves in the Carpathian Mountains,
that I'd bear up
under the rain-heavy docks of the world
like a human cantilever.
But even this last vow
has fetched up on nails.

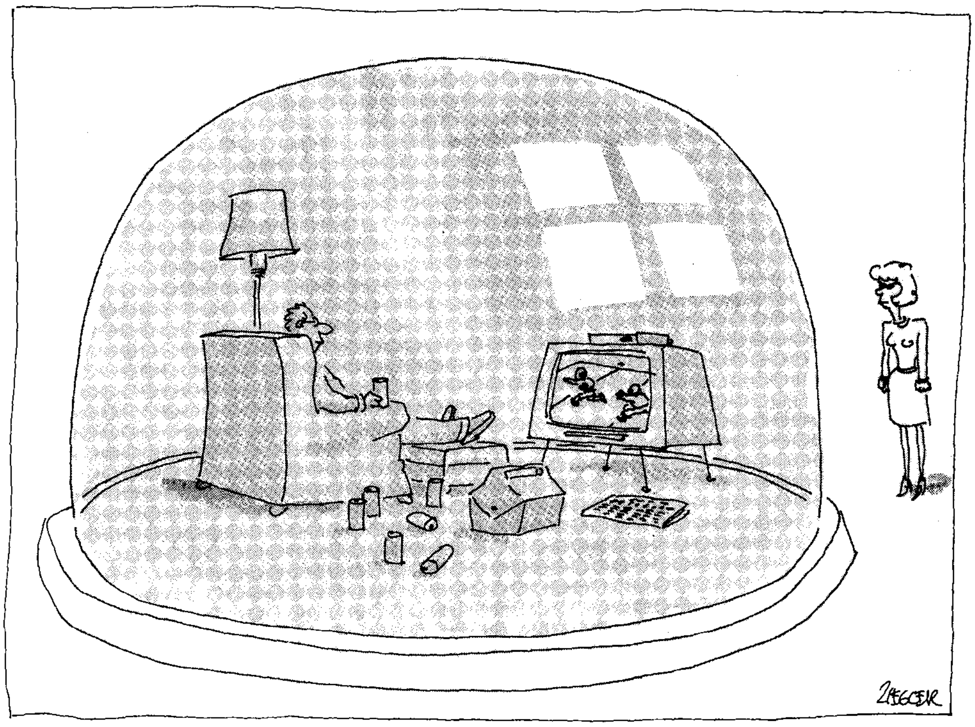
—JOHN FOY

the curious, soft frailty of big men who have lost their force. He looked diminished, as if he were sitting in his own shadow. It was obvious how much effort his trips to Paris cost him, but he always arrived dressed in a jacket and tie. On July 13th, the sweltering day when André Cerdini—the president of the Thirteenth Chamber of the Paris Court of Appeals and the judge who six years earlier had sentenced Klaus Barbie in Lyons—read the appeal verdict, he had added a winter scarf. He kept his vigil, but he never promoted himself, the way some of the other plaintiffs did, by looking for reporters or passing out documents or trying to sell their stories. People in the courtroom liked him for his courtesy, and his patience, which over the years of waiting never frayed.

He had trouble with lawyers. At first, no one he asked would take his case—not even the famous courtroom nihilist Jacques Vergès, who had represented Barbie and (among others) the terrorist George Ibrahim Abdallah. Vergès once told me that he offered himself to any client who fitted the strategy he called "*rupture*"—by which he meant a client whose case would expose the hypocrisies of the French élite and shatter the social and political equilibrium. But when Peron Garvanoff asked him he said no. By the time of the trial, Peron Garvanoff had been through six lawyers, who liked the publicity but not the work, and seem to have treated him with condescension, if not contempt—"like a terrorist myself," he says—because they couldn't imagine anyone connected with the blood of France behaving badly. The lawyers who stayed interested in Jean Peron Garvanoff were lawyers who saw the case to some political advantage. In 1991, Vergès wrote Peron Garvanoff to say that he had "reconsidered," but by then Peron Garvanoff had stopped looking on the left and had accepted the offer of an ex-deputy from the Front National.

The lawyer's name was Georges-Paul Wagner, and he was the Party's lawyer, as well as Jean-Marie Le Pen's lawyer. Peron Garvanoff liked him. He says, "I was reassured that finally I had found a lawyer who would fight to the end." And Wagner was clearly interested in Peron Garvanoff. The Front National practices its own *rupture*; it wants to convince the French that AIDS is a kind of medical miscegenation—a plot by leftists and foreigners to degrade the race and poison the blood of innocent Frenchmen. The year that Christian Garvanoff filed his first complaint, Le Pen was on the hustings with a plan for putting foreigners with AIDS into camps (the camps are an idea he shares with Fidel Castro) until they were deported or died, and a Front National doctor went public with the news that the disease was "secreted" through African sweat and African tears and then carried to Frenchmen by mosquitoes. The year that Jean Peron Garvanoff got his lawyer, there were posters on walls all over France—they were traced to the Party's printer—which featured a torch with a flame of letters that spelled out "*Socialisme*, *Immigration*, *Délinquance*, *Affairisme*," for SIDA, the French acronym for AIDS.

ARNAUD MARTY-LAVAUZELLE, a gay psychiatrist who is the president of an advocacy group for people with AIDS, says that Le Pen in fact offered to pay the costs of any hemophiliac who went to court. By the end of the trial, sixty-five civil suits were attached to the prosecution, and more than twenty lawyers were involved, and there were rumors that some of those suits had indeed been underwritten by the Front National. The connection distressed AIDS activists, who worry about anything that divides AIDS victims—in the victims' minds and, especially, in the public mind—into "good victims" and "bad victims," or, more accurately, into innocent victims, like the hemophiliacs, who didn't "deserve" to be infected, and guilty victims, like Marty-Lavauzelle himself, who by implication deserved the AIDS they got, or, at least, brought it on themselves. It was a worry much encouraged by the popular press, which discovered in the scandal all the ingredients of the *faits divers* that French people like to follow—beautiful dying children, grieving parents, chilly villains, and a disease of dark, carnal origin corrupting innocent French blood. The activists claimed that the coverage had very little to do with the hemophiliacs or their cause. They said it had to do with xenophobia and with homophobia—with making people afraid—and with exploiting a common confusion between race and nation. Last spring, in Nice, Le Pen put a hemophiliac with AIDS on the Front National list of candidates—an official innocent Frenchman contaminated by Socialism, immigration, delinquency, and profiteering. The candidate lost, having little but his disease to recommend him. But the Socialists lost more. They lost their majority and, with it, the government, and they lost in large part because of scandals involving an abuse of the public



BIOSPHERE 3

trust—the one thing they had promised to eliminate.

The *affaire du sang contaminé* was only one of those scandals. But it was certainly the most dramatic and the most painful, and it lasted the longest. People called it the most shocking example of Socialist cynicism and neglect in the twelve years of François Mitterrand's Presidency. The right, of course, was happy to stand back and let fanatics hang posters and see the Socialists shamed. The right made a great deal of the fact that the Socialists who could be said to have colluded in the distribution of contaminated blood—Laurent Fabius, who was Prime Minister in 1985, and his Health Secretary and his Social Affairs Minister—were not on trial. It did not much matter that the people who *were* on trial had never been Socialists, then or now. The right beat the Socialists without losing a single seat in the Assembly to the Front National, and then most politicians on the right stopped accusing the Socialists of anything more than bad judgments *dans le doute*, which was pretty much what the Socialists had decided to say about themselves. Most people on the right figured, reasonably, that, if they succeeded in punishing the Socialists, the Socialists would find a way to hold them to account for *their* old scandals.

There was never much protest about the way the Socialists managed their scandal—not even when, in 1989, they tried to stop the scandal in its tracks by offering a hundred thousand francs to any hemophiliac with AIDS who agreed to renounce all claims against the state and signed a paper saying he would not press charges. Nearly all the hemophiliacs—a thousand of them—did sign. Two years later, the courts recognized the financial responsibility of the state in the blood scandal, and eventually an indemnifaction law was passed, making the old agreement invalid.

PERON GARVANOFF did not sign, and neither did the hemophiliacs represented by a Paris lawyer named Georges Holleaux, who had filed the only really serious charge that the Tribunal, under tacit if not explicit pressure from the government, was likely to accept once the scandal broke—or, more accurately, once the hemophiliacs started dying and a medical journalist by the name of Anne-Marie Casteret started publishing stories so incriminating that some sort of investigation was inevitable. Georges Holleaux had five clients, among them a young hemophiliac who had actually stayed for a while at the Allains' house and had been a subject in one of the doctor's protocols. That hemophiliac may also have felt "betrayed" by Allain, but Holleaux says that, being a practical man, he himself was less interested in the ambiguities of betrayal than in winning cases. He accepted the fact that the court was refusing, and would probably go on refusing, to consider the kinds of charges that most of the hemophiliacs wanted. He accepted that no one was going to be tried for poisoning or for manslaughter, or for any other crime that could by definition be extended to include the medical advisers from Laurent Fabius's 1985 Cabinet and even, at the level of a High Court of deputies and senators (the only way a French politician can be called to account for crimes or misdemeanors committed in national office), to Fabius and the ministers themselves. He started studying the case, and eventually came up with an old law, written in 1905 to cover the misdemeanor of merchandising fraud—*tromperie sur la marchandise*—and amended in 1978 to include all medical products and services. He says now that, as far as he was concerned, people like Peron Garvanoff, talking about assassins and *la mémoire*, were beside the point of practical justice. Practical justice meant indicting the men who had actually sold the contaminated blood, and who, as producers and "merchandisers," would not be able to hide behind the argument that they had been waiting for stop orders from Laurent Fabius's Cabinet. Holleaux looked at his copy of the Code Pénal and thought, he told me, "A lawyer could do something interesting with that old law." In the fall of 1991, ten years after the first reported case of AIDS and four years after the first French hemophiliacs filed their complaints at the Tribunal, Jean-Pierre Allain and Michel Garretta were indicted for the misdemeanor of merchandising fraud. For good measure—symbolic measure, since it was probably as high and as far as the prosecutor dared to go in accusing anybody from the government—the court added Peron Garvanoff's charge of "non-assistance to persons in danger" and indicted Robert Netter and Jacques Roux.

It was said at the time that the Socialists considered Netter and Roux "expendable"—Netter being a bureaucrat with no particular political connections, and Roux being an old Communist with connections that the Socialists wanted to forget. By then, the Socialists had agreed to agree that "the system" hadn't worked, that the system was dysfunctional and sloppy, and whatever else they called it, but then the system was not on trial, and neither were most of the people who claimed, with Georgina Dufoix, who had been Minister for Social Affairs in 1985, that *dans le doute* they were "responsible but not guilty." It was not a distinction that meant much to the hemophiliacs, for whom the fact remained that those people knew the blood lots at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine were contaminated. In July of 1985, the Prime Minister probably knew and Mme. Dufoix certainly knew and so did Edmond Hervé, the Health Secretary. Their medical advisers knew, and most of the AIDS researchers in the country knew, and many of the doctors treating hemophiliacs knew. And while those people discussed the problem, at length, among themselves, and even argued about the problem, no one with the power to stop the sale of contaminated blood stopped it, and no one without the power to stop it quit a job in protest, or talked to the press, or warned a patient until it was much too late to have saved his life.

THE statute of limitations on the misdemeanor called *tromperie sur la marchandise* is three years, which means that, for the purposes of a trial, the period of fraud at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine began on March 21, 1985—three years to the day before the General Prosecutor accepted Georges Holleaux's deposition and turned over the dossiers to a *juge d'instruction*, with orders to open an investigation—and ended on October 1, 1985, when the distribution of contaminated blood stopped. By French law, the examining judge—her name was Sabine Foulon—had her choice of investigators. She called on Lieutenant Colonel Jean-Louis Recordon, the man in charge of the criminal-investigation unit at the Gendarmerie Nationale, and the Colonel, as he puts it, started "track-

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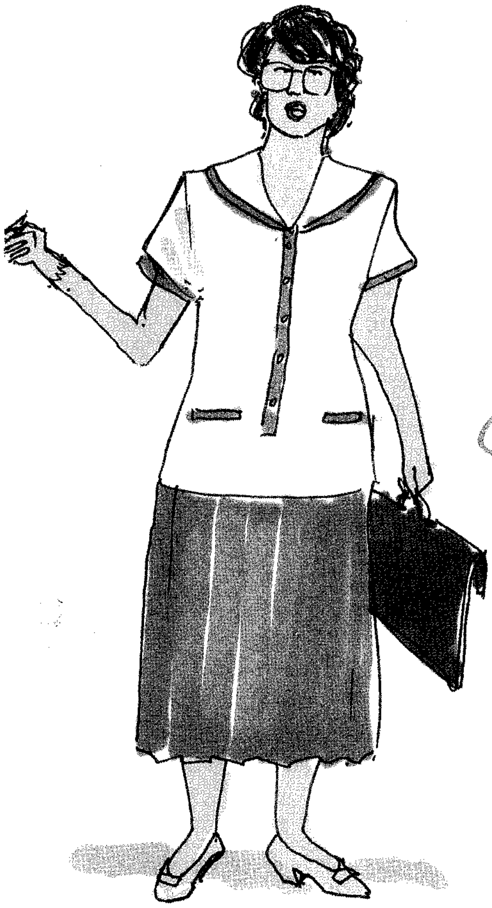
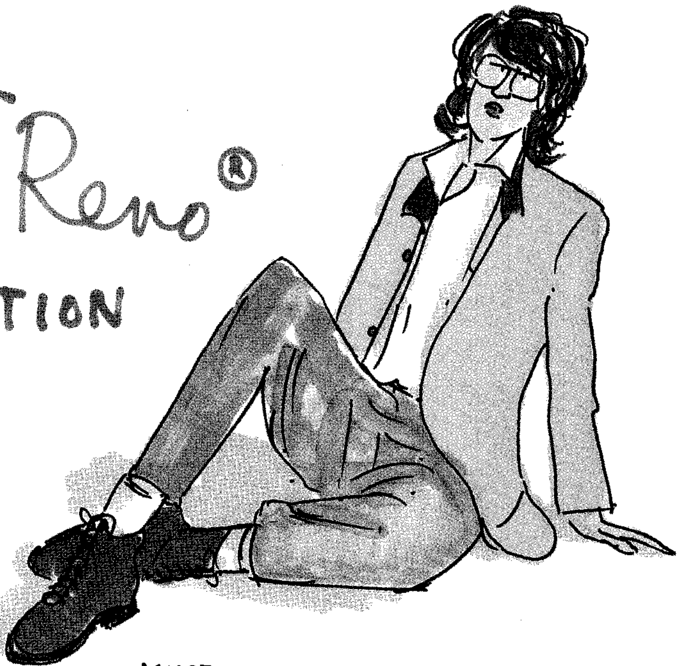
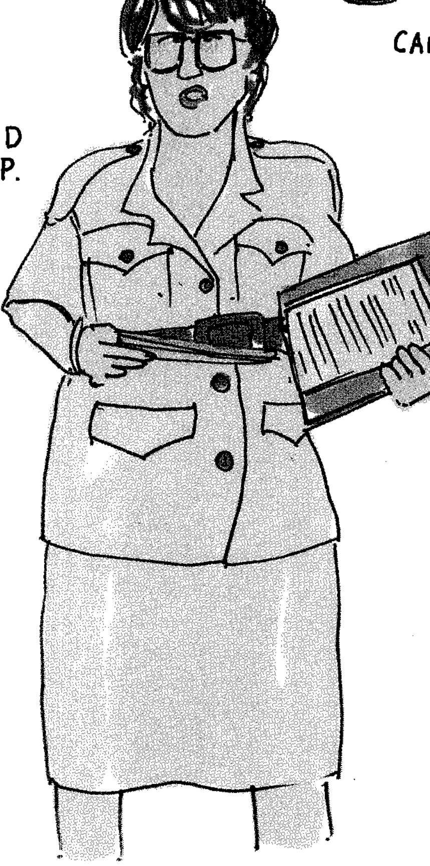


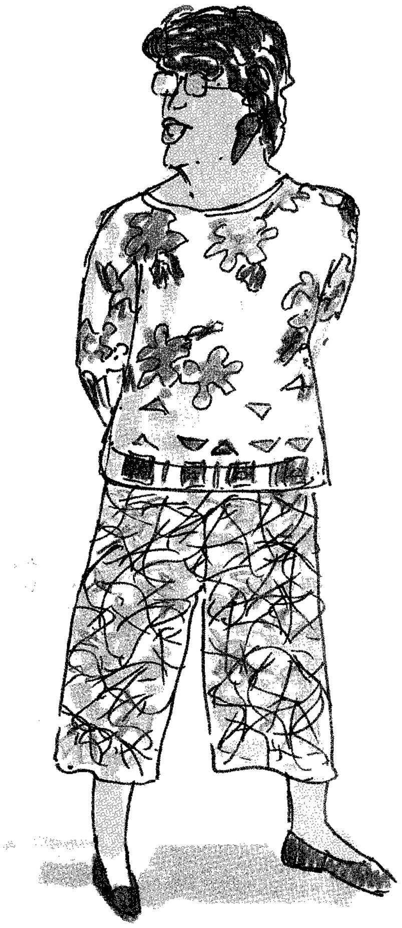
RAYON ACETATE ONE-PIECE DRESS WITH KNIT BODICE AND BACK-ZIPPED PLEATED SKIRT WITH ATTACHED SLIP.



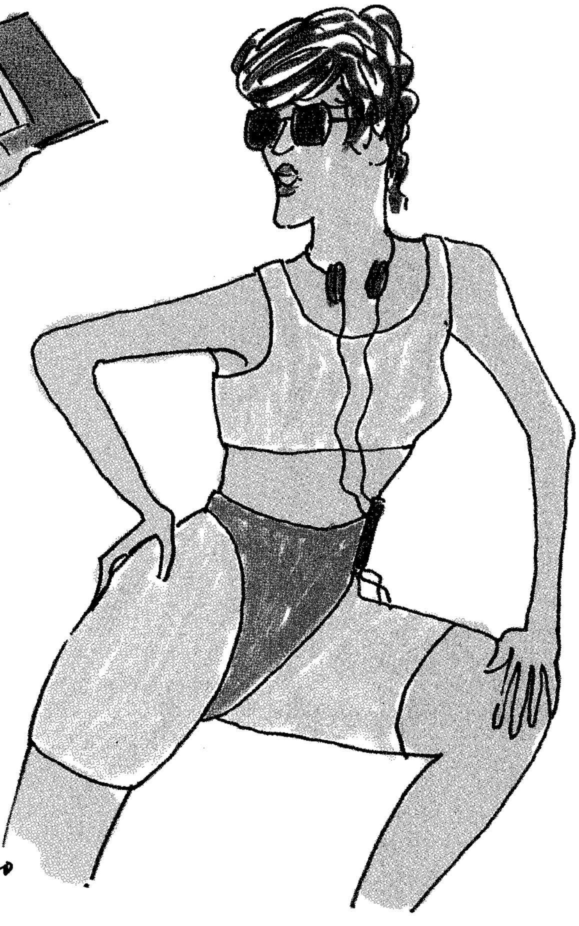
MUSTARD STONE-WASHED-COTTON-CANVAS BARN JACKET. WHITE COTTON SHIRT. BOOTS BY DR. MARTENS.



WOVEN RAYON-NYLON SAFARI SUIT. BACK-SLIT, ELASTIC-WAISTED SKIRT. MOCK-CROC LEATHER BELT.



PATTERNED COTTON-KNIT SWEATER WITH MULTI-PRINT SPLIT SKIRT.

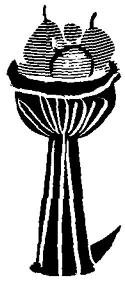


ELASTICIZED NYLON-LYCRA® SCOOP-FRONT BRA AND BIKE SHORT. HIGH-CUT DANSKIN® THONG BRIEF.

ing" the French medical establishment.

Recordon is a legendary Paris sleuth. He worked on the *affaire du sang* the way he worked on all his cases—with the assumption that everyone he met was harboring guilty secrets. He took no one at his word. He had what one of the doctors called "an alarming enthusiasm for his job." He liked talking to reporters, though he never went on the record with his information, and it was said that a lot of that information actually came from *them.* He talked to reporters about the day he arrested the collaborator Paul Touvier in Nice, and about the day he discovered the Noriegas running fake French champagne from Cuba to the United States, and about the day he broke the French connection of the Japanese mafia, and when he had finished investigating the doctors he talked about the day he refused to be taken in by Michel Garretta's charm. His investigation lasted three years, and people say that it was often blocked at the Tribunal by (or, at least, because of) the politicians involved in the affair. Once, it was blocked for nearly a year. It unblocked when Anne-Marie Casteret got hold of the minutes of a meeting at the Center in May of 1985 at which Garretta decided to keep his contaminated Factor VIII on the market; she printed extracts in the weekly *L'Événement du Jeudi.* The investigation took Recordon to Austria, where Garretta had been negotiating with a blood company called Immuno for a transfer of heating technology, and to America, where Garretta later put money in companies with Center connections. The Colonel says he had no trouble collecting evidence—even evidence as to who was *dans le doute* about AIDS in March of 1985 in the rest of the medical world. A lot of doctors are not so sure. The doctors think that the idea of asking a *gendarme* to evaluate scientific doubt, as if it were a protection racket or a bag of crack, was fairly criminal itself. The court did not call any expert witnesses on its own behalf.

The Colonel did not go into the files at the Prime Minister's office or into the various files where the logs and calendars and correspondence of Fabius's ministers and their medical advisers were stored. He looked at the files at the Direction Générale de la Santé, where Jacques Roux had kept his records. Those files had been emptied. He says, "I wanted to be correct," but he really had no access to the kinds of papers that might have explained why the government was at the very least collusive; why no one ordered Michel Garretta to switch to heated stock, the way the German Health Minister had ordered *his* producers to switch, after a conference in the summer of 1984 had made it clear that commercial blood lots filled by collects were by then, and almost by definition, contaminated; or why, once Garretta had to heat, no one stopped him from selling off the stock he had. It was obvious to the Colonel that, while he had the authority "to ask politely" (his words) for those papers, he had no authority to walk in and take what he wanted. The ministers were immune, and their medical advisers, as such, had no legal identity or status. Legally speaking, they *were* those ministers—the French say "emanations" of those ministers—and this meant that from the point of view of a policeman looking for a piece of paper the advisers were immune, too. Some people said that Recordon was "too polite," and wondered why. But not many politicians did, except, in a manner of speaking, Fabius, who at one point asked to waive his immunity and offered himself up to "ordinary justice" in order to clear his name. Most politicians here defended what they called "the principle" of immunity. They argued that their extraordinary privilege was "in the interests of the democracy"; that because it dated from the Revolution it was a "revolutionary idea"; that it was an "expression" of the separation of judicial and political powers. (Other people said that the horrible irony of the *affaire du sang* was that while the hemophiliacs had lost their immunity the politicians kept theirs.) The politicians thought that the voters of France were their courtroom—their only appropriate courtroom. They said that "the translation of political into penal responsibility" would put them at the mercy of the masses and cripple their freedom to make decisions for the people. They had a peculiarly Leninist notion of their privilege, if they were on the left, and, if they were on the right, an almost monarchist notion. It amounted to the same notion, only the politicians didn't say "vanguard" or "aristocracy" when they were describing themselves. They said "the political class."



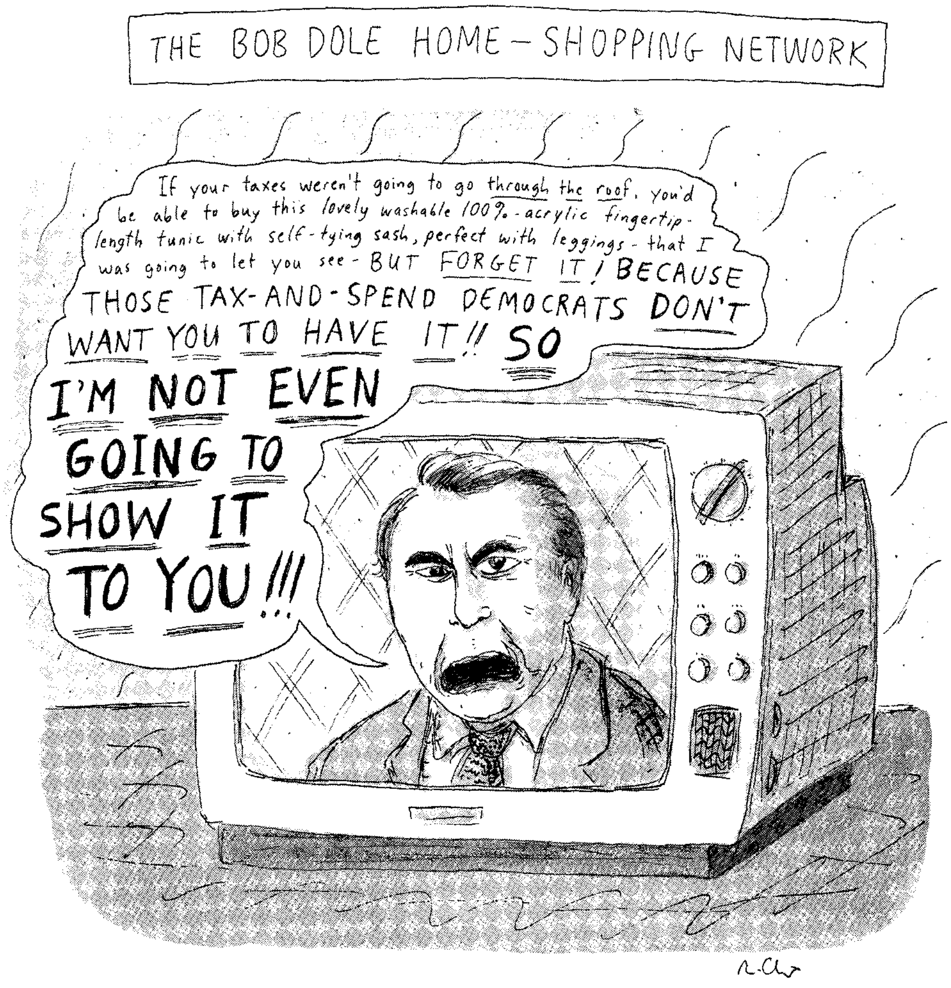
After three years of investigation, Recordon and his *juge d'instruction* were left with what he calls "four incontestably responsible" people to recommend for indictment and one "maybe responsible"—a doctor named Bahman Habibi, who had been in charge of distribution at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine and had signed an order that Garretta dictated in July of 1985, instructing his distributors to continue selling their contaminated stock to seropositive hemophiliacs until the stock was gone. Dr. Habibi was not, in the end, indicted, although he was cited often in the appeal's verdict. Certainly, the verdict itself—four years in prison for Dr. Garretta; four years, two of them suspended, for Dr. Allain; four years, all of them suspended, for Dr. Roux; and a one-year suspended sentence for Dr. Netter, who had actually been acquitted in 1992—did not resolve the problem of the *affaire du sang.* Even the examining judge had said that she could have indicted a hundred people, or no one at all. Two doctors went to prison, but nobody answered the questions people in France were asking about why the *affaire du sang* happened or in whose interest it happened. Nobody enlightened anybody else about the deals struck or the ambitions served or the silence purchased long before March 21, 1985, when, from the point of view of the law, the four doctors and the honor of France parted company.

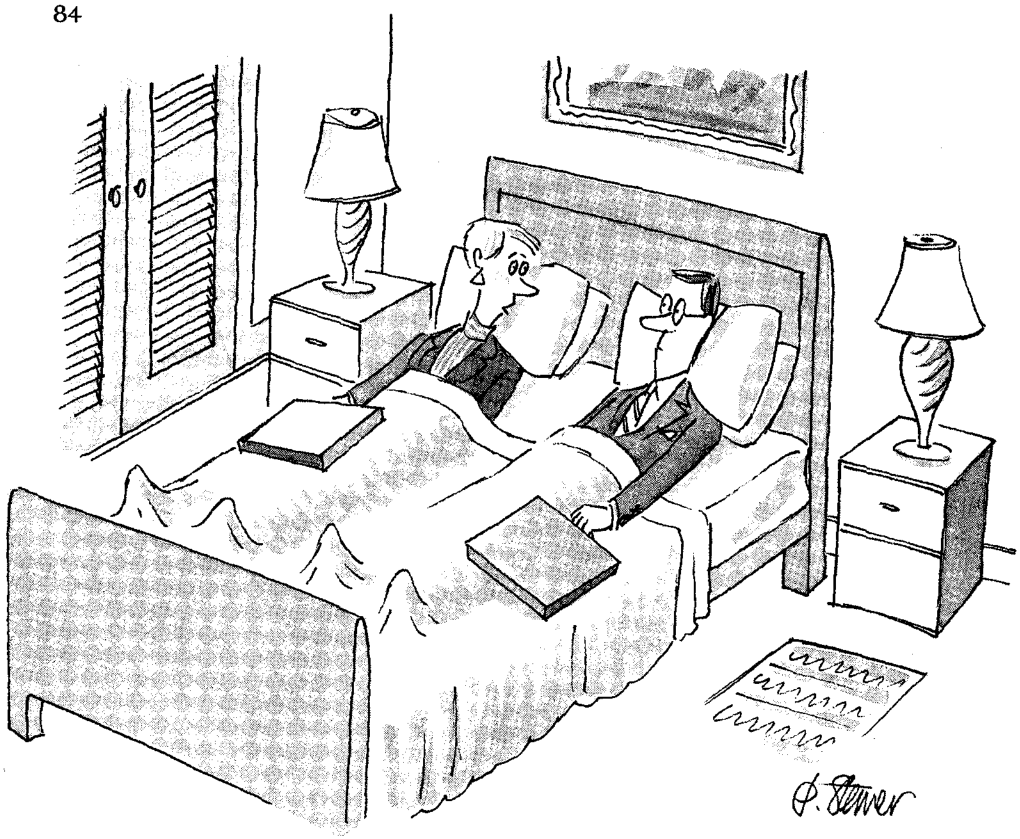
PEOPLE talking about the *affaire du sang* rarely start where the law does. They start in 1981, when the first AIDS cases were reported and, as Colonel Recordon puts it, "all the French kids who had gone to Kathmandu, shot heroin, had homosexual experiences said, 'Not us, it's only Americans who get it.' " Or they start in February of 1983, when Luc Montagnier, at the Institut Pasteur, announced the isolation of the AIDS virus, and the government, which had tended to ignore the people at Pasteur, began to suspect that this was the discovery that would bring back some of the scientific glory France had known in the days of the Curies, and of Pasteur himself. Or they start a few months later, when Laurent Fabius became Prime Minister and took an old director of Pasteur, François Gros, as his chief scientific adviser, and glory began to become a policy, a "France for the French" project for Pasteur (and, indeed, for the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine) that was not so different from the policy the Socialists pursued when they tried to ban English-language abstracts in their scientific journals. The idea of "scientific self-sufficiency," as the Socialists called it, was something that translated quickly and directly into a declaration of war against American science, for everything from prestige and prizes to publications and markets, and the war was joined in May of 1984, when Robert Gallo published a photograph of Montagnier's virus in *Science*, and claimed that *he* had isolated the virus, too, in his Washington lab.

AIDS researchers here tended to welcome the war. They said that French science had been a "colony" of American science for much too long, and there must have been some truth in that, because the government really started to support their work only after the American Secretary of Health and Human Services, announcing the Gallo "discovery," thanked the people at Pasteur. (It was almost an afterthought.) Part of the war—the project for scientific self-sufficiency—involved the blood factory that the government was building for Michel Garretta in Les Ulis. Garretta's factory was going to turn France into a "superpower of the blood world." It was going to revolutionize the treatment of hemophilia. It was going to replace the cryoprecipitates that used to be prepared in local transfusion centers—using the blood of local *bénévoles* and the fairly homespun methods of local doctors—with industrial concentrates, mass-produced in lots of five thousand units, and sold not only at home but all over Europe. France's comfort products were going to corner the market, although the government never talked publicly about markets; the government talked about Brussels and a European Community directive for "self-sufficiency" in blood. To this end, it had withdrawn the permission to import from every other blood-processing transfusion center in the country—there were seven in all, including Garretta's—and given Garretta an import monopoly on all the foreign plasma and plasma products used in France.

Garretta, as it happened, was on very good terms with the American blood companies. From 1988 until 1991, Haemonetics, in Boston, paid him twelve thousand dollars a year just for sitting on its board, and provided him with stock options; he took twenty-seven thousand shares. One of Garretta's *boîtes de recherche*—the research labs in which he invested Center money—was in America, too. (Last year, a reporter at *Libération* claimed that the money in that *boîte* had "evaporated," which led her to conclude that Garretta's investments were something of a "screen.") Garretta was even on good terms with Baxter Travenol's subsidiary Hyland Therapeutics, which started heating its plasma products in May of 1983. Company officials wrote to Garretta to let him know they were heating. They warned him about contamination in unheated products.

Baxter Travenol had begun to test heated plasma concentrates in 1978, because of the risk of hepatitis B—"serum hepatitis"—in transfusions. (Hepatitis A, or "infectious hepatitis," is a milder illness, and is rarely transmitted by blood.) Scientists at the company discovered that by heating the concentrates at a hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit for seventy-two hours they effectively killed the virus for hepatitis B, and eventually—almost incidentally—they discovered that they killed the AIDS retrovirus, too. Their letter to Garretta arrived at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine two and a half years before Garretta switched his own factory to heated products. It was a form letter, and it turned out to be something of an exaggeration, since the company was still selling unheated products to Japan in 1985. (The Japanese wanted their own monopoly on heated products.) It offered, at a cost of thirty per cent less than the cost of the unheated plasma products available in France, to supply Garretta with the company's new heated Hemofil T (the "T" was for "treated") Factor VIII and Factor IX, which were the concentrates corresponding to the two protein deficiencies that cause hemorrhaging in hemophiliacs. Garretta did import a small amount of heated Factor VIII in 1983 and during the first eight


THE BOB DOLE HOME-SHOPPING NETWORK
If your taxes weren't going to go through the roof, you'd be able to buy this lovely washable 100%-acrylic fingertip-length tunic with self-tying sash, perfect with leggings - that I was going to let you see - BUT FORGET IT! BECAUSE THOSE TAX-AND-SPEND DEMOCRATS DON'T WANT YOU TO HAVE IT!! SO I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO SHOW IT TO YOU!!!...



"It's not you, Rob. It's just that things are moving a little too fast."

months of 1984—just enough for Allain's protocols. In August, a month and a half before he became the director of the Center, he began to supply the patients at the Center (and at the blood banks it serviced) almost entirely from his new factory. When Allain needed heated concentrates, Garretta sent plasma powder to the Immuno factory, in Vienna, and Immuno heated it and sent it back.

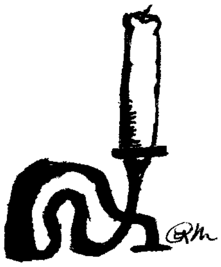
Garretta's argument at the trial was that American blood, being "mercenary" blood, carried a much higher risk of hepatitis, and that was certainly true before the Americans started heating. It did not have much to do with the reality in 1983, when the Americans *were* heating, although some doctors did suspect that there were other problems with heated Factor VIII in 1983 (problems with antigens, for example). The real problem for Garretta was that the factory at Les Ulis was built specifically for the production of unheated concentrates. It had to produce something—the government had already spent a lot of money for it—and at the time Garretta lacked the technology to convert it. It may be that he was stubborn or incredulous or, as an industrialist "on the cutting edge," embarrassed. It may be that he wanted his factory to show a profit. It may even be that he believed Allain, whose early research seemed, astonishingly, to indicate that there was "no relation . . . between AIDS and transfusion," although at the time of those first trial tests no one could really say how long it took a seropositive patient to develop the symptoms that could properly be diagnosed as AIDS. Certainly the government did nothing to persuade Garretta to act responsibly, or even honestly. Jacques Roux, as the only Communist left in high office in a Socialist administration, was not notably well disposed toward Garretta, who, if he had any politics at all, was said to be closer to Jacques Chirac and his Gaullist party than to Roux *or* the Socialists. (Roux, in fact, refused to enter the Center once Garretta's appointment was confirmed.) Edmond Hervé, the Health Secretary, didn't like Garretta any better; nor, for that matter, did the Socialists running the Finance Ministry and the Social Security office and any of the other offices that could have pushed him or threatened him, or even helped him. It may be that they wanted to see him ruined, or that they were not only *dans le doute* but entirely in ignorance—about AIDS, about blood, about the workings of the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine—the way almost everybody else in France was. But it may also be that they were dupes of a misguided patriotism, and couldn't believe that—in this, at least—France was "wrong." No one is saying, even now. All that anyone can say for sure is that Garretta did not have the technology he needed to stabilize a heated molecule of Factor VIII, or the money he would have needed to adapt his machines to that technology if he had had it. Someone was going to have to pay, and Garretta couldn't. He and his lawyer already had plans to "revive" the Center with a private, commercial, profit-making sector. (They called it Espace Vie, a name that was quoted, with some rancor, by the hemophiliacs at his trial.) He had plans to put himself, and the Center, in twenty sister companies. He supported those plans with the sale of blood products.

In July of 1984, scientists at an international conference on transfusion, in Munich, warned everyone in the blood business to heat concentrates; Garretta kept producing and selling his unheated products. In October, the Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta, announced that heating was an "absolute necessity"; Garretta kept selling. He did not stop in November, when a young French epidemiologist named Jean-Baptiste Brunet, who worked for Roux at the Direction Générale de la Santé and was known in Paris for that work as "Mr. SIDA," reported to a special commission on blood transfusion that ten per cent of all the people testing seropositive were certain to develop AIDS within the next five years, and that the only way to save the hemophiliacs was to start heating Factor VIII or, by implication, to start importing it. He did not stop in December, when a professor named Maurice Goudemand, who ran the blood-processing center in Lille, took his losses and started heating. One by one, the other blood-processing centers stopped distributing unheated products, but Garretta kept selling. Allain produced the results of a second clinical-research protocol: thirty-five per cent of the seronegative hemophiliacs he had treated and tested through the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine were now seropositive. Garretta kept selling. He said later that the medical wisdom then was that "only ten to twenty per cent" of those seropositive patients would develop AIDS, and that AIDS itself was not necessarily any more fatal than hepatitis. He took the "statistical risk." He continued selling in March of 1985, when Brunet reported to Roux that all the blood lots in Paris were "probably contaminated," and even in June, when he himself complained to Robert Netter that the lots were contaminated. He refused to order uncontaminated concentrates from the United States, or even from Dr. Goudemand, in Lille, who twice offered to supply them. (He said that Goudemand was trying to penetrate his market.) The only heated Factor VIII at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine in the spring of 1985 was the Factor VIII that Dr. Allain needed for his protocols. Allain told the doctors who wanted it for their own patients that none was available. At the trial, it was estimated that on March 21, 1985, the day the *tromperie sur la marchandise* began, the cost to the Center of recalling and replacing its contaminated Factor VIII and Factor IX would have been forty million francs, which at the time was four million dollars.

Garretta spoke to seven of his deputies at the meeting he called on May 29, 1985. The minutes, which were stamped "Confidential," have him saying that, although it was "statistically shown" that all the Center's lots were contaminated, it was up to the *autorités de tutelle*—the "supervisory authorities"—and not to him, to take the responsibility and ban them. Netter and Roux claimed later that they hadn't banned them because it was up to the Health Secretary. The Health Secretary said that it was up to the Minister for Social Affairs. The Minister for Social Affairs claimed that medicine was not "my specialty." The Prime Minister said that he didn't know. In fact, the government never did order Garretta's unheated products off the market. What the government did, on July 23, 1985, was announce that in ten weeks' time the Social Security office, which handles health insurance here, would stop reimbursing them. The government gave Garretta his chance to unload the contaminated stocks he had.

It wasn't enough time for Garretta. In August, he complained to the president of a group of transfusion specialists about holding three million francs' worth of contaminated concentrates that were "barely selling," and in October he complained again, saying that all the "unfortunate publicity" about heated products had hurt his sales of the contaminated products that were left. He has said in his defense that by the summer of 1985 he was shipping unheated Factor VIII only to hemophiliacs "known" to be seropositive already. (That decision was not just his; it was made with the consent of the French Hemophiliacs Association.) He has said that he asked for "orders" to distribute heated products: he had written in May—to Jacques Roux's office—that it was "absolutely urgent" to start, because in his opinion a delay of even three months meant "the death of five or ten hemophiliacs and certain of the people close to them." (The reality was closer to fifty.)

Garretta produced that letter at the trial. Everyone produced letters, and put the blame on whoever received them, but the hemophiliacs took his letter as proof that he knew exactly what he was doing, and was covering himself in the event of an investigation later. Garretta's defense was that he hadn't known that a delay meant death to *all* the hemophiliacs who used Factor VIII. He did know that those "five or ten" would die, and that so would "certain of the people close to them." Allain knew, and he also produced a letter—a letter he had written to Garretta early in January of 1985, which put him on record as having warned his boss about the level of contamination among his patients and about the risks that Garretta was taking. But he is not known to have warned any of those patients—not even the ones who were getting unheated concentrates, as many of the protocol patients were—except the boy who had been staying at his house. In December of 1984, he told the boy to stop using unheated Factor VIII. Georges Holleaux claimed at the trial that by December the boy was already infected. The Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine produced seventy or eighty per cent of the coagulants sold in France, and it is known now that the rate of infection among Allain's patients was the highest among any hemophiliacs in the country.



THERE are only five thousand French hemophiliacs, and only three thousand of them are "major" hemophiliacs—meaning hemophiliacs with little or no coagulant enzymes in their blood. But the hemophiliacs were big business in the early eighties. Their comfort products were expensive. They cost between a million and a million and a half francs a year in health insurance for a single patient. They depended on enormous stocks of whole blood from the *bénévoles* or on plasma stocks or refined coagulants from abroad. Factor VIII was a highly concentrated product—it took the blood of four or five thousand donors to produce one lot of Factor VIII—and it was by definition risky. The process of mixing and extracting and stabilizing and concentrating Factor VIII made it risky. Factor VIII was much easier to administer than the old concentrates, but it was also known, at least by March 21, 1985, to be much more difficult to control. The "evidence" on March 21, 1985, was indisputable: when one of the five thousand donors contributing to an industrial lot of Factor VIII was seropositive, the entire lot could be said to be contaminated—unless, of course, that lot had been heated first.

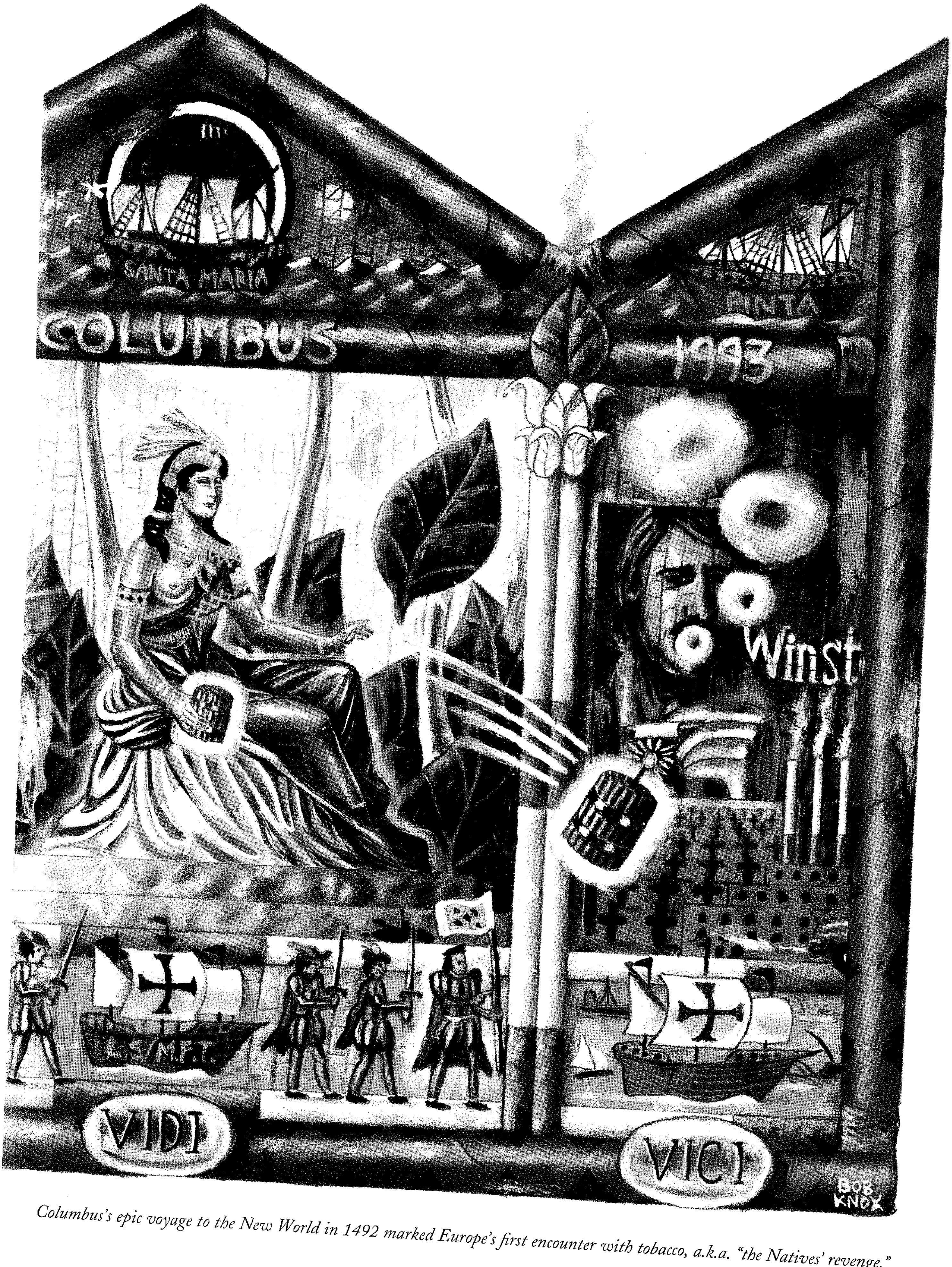
Most of the doctors treating hemophiliacs knew this. Yvette Sultan, a doctor from the Hôpital Cochin and an admitted enthusiast of comfort products, took part in Allain's third protocol, and at the trial she claimed to have asked Allain repeatedly for Factor VIII that was heated. She said that when he refused to provide it she did what she could to get it. She complained to Jean Bernard, who was the most important blood specialist in France as well as the Center's outgoing board chairman. Bernard told her that the risk of anybody's dying from AIDS was small—"smaller than hepatitis" was what he often claimed. She complained to Jacques Roux, who listened and dismissed her.

It was said, in 1985, that hemophiliacs were "not an electoral problem." It was said that hemophiliacs cost more than they were worth to a politician out looking for votes—more, anyway, than the fifteen-to-twenty-per-cent increase in price for heated domestic Factor VIII that someone would have to pay, *dans le doute*, until the doubt was gone. Doubt, of course, was what was at issue at the trial. Brunet was the first doctor to warn the government about the contaminated lots, and even he says that it is "too easy," knowing what everyone knows today, to fix the guilt in the *affaire du sang* on policies made and decisions taken in 1985, when AIDS research was full of contradictions, and AIDS doctors expected a quick cure, and nobody really knew what it meant to be contaminated. The Prime Minister was not an AIDS expert. The Health Secretary, Edmond Hervé, was not an AIDS expert. He was a provincial politician, and certainly not very reflective. He preferred his cronies at the *mairie* in Rennes (he was the mayor of Rennes) to the medical journals in his Paris office, and his main concern when it came to AIDS was to keep American AIDS tests off the French market. The Social Affairs Minister, Georgina Dufoix, was a born-again Christian who believed in the power of love and *la médecine douce*—alternative medicine. She knew so little about serious research that she announced the end of the AIDS crisis after three doctors no one had ever heard of came to her with a "cure" involving a cyclosporine immunodepressant they claimed to have perfected. She called a press conference and told the reporters that the "spectacular" scientists standing beside her had solved the problem of AIDS by treating "the bad with the bad." The doctors, it turned out, had based their cure on eight days' work with two patients. One of the patients died eleven days after the press conference, and the other died a few days after that, but the doctors got very good jobs—and they still have them.

It has to be said that in 1985 the miracle cure was anybody's guess. Patients had no choice except to believe in the doctors they chose, and patients with hemophilia—especially children with hemophilia—were particularly dependent. Hemophilia left them dependent on everyone—on *bénévoles*, on doctors, on parents who looked to their comfort products as a lifeline to "normalcy," and were encouraged to administer those products themselves, at home, because home was so obviously more normal

NINA
1492
FERDINAND
ISABELLA
COLUMBUS
~~VICEROY~~
VENI

ARTIST AT LARGE BY BOB KNOX



SANTA MARIA
PINTA
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Columbus's epic voyage to the New World in 1492 marked Europe's first encounter with tobacco, a.k.a. "the Natives' revenge."

than a transfusion center or a hospital. The anthropologist Françoise Héritier-Augé (who is also the president of Mitterrand's National AIDS Council) has a theory: she thinks that the parents of hemophiliacs must have suffered from tremendous guilt—especially the mothers of hemophiliacs, who carried the deficiency gene but, as women, didn't get hemophilia themselves. She says that maybe this is why they tended to "believe fiercely" in the doctors they chose, as if the right choice would be a kind of exoneration. In any case, they believed in Factor VIII. They were credulous, in the face of whatever evidence they did have, and they lived in a suffocating world of euphemism and reassurance, which their doctors usually tried to lighten with more euphemism and reassurance. Even the doctors who fought to import heated products say that they couldn't in conscience have told parents who were already sick with worry whenever their little boy climbed a tree or cut his meat at dinner that the treatments they prescribed were dangerous—even "statistically" dangerous.

Some of the doctors themselves were ready to believe that AIDS was a myth, "the American disease," and had nothing to do with the blood of France—that the blood of France was the miracle that sent happy children off to the Alps to ski, children who five years earlier could have died from a fracture. Even the people running the French Hemophiliacs Association believed it. They were enthusiasts of Factor VIII, and, in fact, promoters of Factor VIII. They never did what anybody *dans le doute* should have done, which was to abandon the treatment and demand that the doctors go back to their old methods. When the scandal broke, they were more interested in negotiating indemnities than in reflection. It was another kind of exoneration.

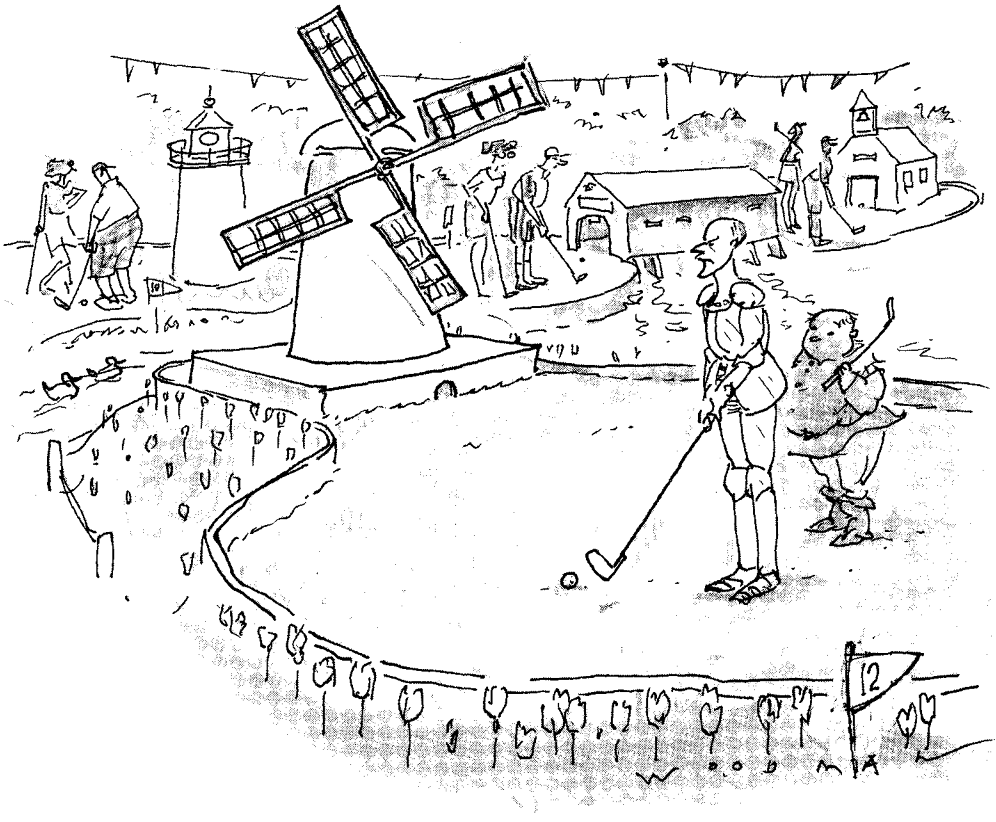
It may be that the world of hemophiliacs was in every respect infantilizing. Héritier-Augé says that the nature of the disease made the doctors treating it paternalistic and protective, and Allain himself says that it made them reluctant to alarm and, where AIDS was concerned, reluctant to add to that alarm before the truth about AIDS—who actually got it, who actually died from it—was established. Before Allain went to prison this summer, he told me that in December of 1984 he had "put the subject of disclosure on the agenda." He called a meeting of the doctors working on his protocols, and when the subject came up he told them he was in favor of informing patients about their treatment risks—even in favor of informing patients who had already tested seropositive that they had the disease. The decision was no. Allain says the reason it was no was that the other doctors at the meeting felt strongly that the test, being in its "experimental stage," was not "definitive."

In December of 1984, the new board chairman at the Center, a doctor named Jacques Ruffié, tried to get rid of Garretta. He had managed to block Garretta's confirmation, and while Garretta won in the end—he was confirmed as director, and a few months later it was Ruffié who had to go—Allain thinks that Garretta would certainly have lost if anyone had pressed or publicized the issues of contamination and heating. He is undoubtedly right about that. He never challenged Garretta about the blood in public. No one knows why; most people you ask about Jean-Pierre Allain say that he is "*très ambigu*." His friends are hard put to it to say what makes him ambiguous, or what he stood to gain from his ambiguity. Allain himself says, "Going public was not the scientific way." He says that the scientific way, "the basic rule of serious scientists," is to stick with your group and publish your findings in a scientific journal and talk to "the public" afterward. His defense has been: "If I had painted myself red and gone to the Health Secretary, people would have said I was crazy." He was determined to stay at the Center "for the patients." He was known to have loved his patients. He wanted to wait it out—until Garretta stopped stalling, until Garretta signed a transfer-of-technology contract with Immuno, until that technology was in place.

Garretta did sign for the heating technology, in January of 1985, but he refused to use Immuno's vats—he wanted French vats—and he told the government that there were going to be "delays." He kept manufacturing his own unheated Factor VIII through May of 1985, and, while he did start distributing heated products in June to hemophiliacs who were thought to be seronegative, he never recalled the stock that was already in homes or on the market—as Dr. Goudemand did in Lille, going from house to house to collect it. The stock had a refrigerator shelf life of two years. A memo from Garretta's "office of technical services"—someone provided Anne-Marie Casteret with a copy—made the suggestion of dumping the stock that was still at the factory "in foreign countries." By June, of course, everyone in the blood business knew what was happening at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine. Allain himself had tried going public—he talked to a reporter at *Le Matin*, which never printed the story—and Garretta had tried to fire him, and eventually forced him to resign. Allain stayed until March of 1986 (along with his wife, who was head of diagnostics at the Center), and then he left for Abbott, in Chicago. In April of 1991, seven months before his indictment, he accepted the chair in transfusion medicine at Cambridge, where he is still officially on the faculty.

Some doctors—not many—suspect that Allain was one of the people who provided Garretta's memos to patients like Peron Garvanoff, and even to journalists like Casteret, once his protocols were finished and he had collected his severance pay and was on his way to Chicago. If those doctors are right, the most ambiguous thing about Allain may be that he never imagined the information would backfire, and be used against him. Some of his colleagues say he was blinded by what they call, not always admiringly, "his international reputation." He was never seized by the court, as Garretta was, after the 1992 trial. He continued to teach at Cambridge, pending his appeal, and by the time the appeal was heard the Royal College of Pathologists had issued a long statement in his defense, and the journal *Science* had named him one of the "heavy hitters" of the AIDS world. He was arrested in the courtroom on July 13th this summer, and taken directly to prison. Ten days later, *The Lancet* published an editorial in protest. The editorial was called "Palais d'Injustice." Thirty-seven Cambridge scientists signed a letter supporting it.

Some French scientists regret that no one here published an editorial like *The Lancet's*. Dr. Brunet, who had been considered something of a hero by the hemophiliacs, stunned everyone in court by supporting Allain *dans le doute*. He said that he understood why Allain hadn't quit his job or talked to the papers. He told me, "When you are in the middle of a fight, you don't think of resigning. You think of staying to write more, to pressure more, to make better protocols. You prove you are right that way." Other scientists are not so sure. They think that maybe a better way of describing what happened to Jean-Pierre Allain at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine would be to say that a scientist with a new disease to study, a scientist absorbed in his research—obsessed, even, by his research—does not easily abandon it, that the sacrifices he makes in the name of science are not necessarily his own. There were no laboratory animals ready for AIDS research when Allain began his protocols. There was no way to test the effects of blood concentrates—for the rate of viral inactivation through heating, for the rate of infection if you didn't heat—except to give those concentrates to people and test *them*. Allain stopped using seronegative patients on his third protocol. If that protocol was "dubious," as some of the hemophiliacs claimed (since no one knew the effects of recontamination on seropositive patients), there is little doubt about the ethics of the second protocol: seronegative hemophiliacs were given unheated concentrates, and thirty-five per cent of them became seropositive. Luc Montagnier, testifying at the appeal, said, "*Dans le doute*, you always abstain." He neglected to mention that he himself was one of the protocol signatories.



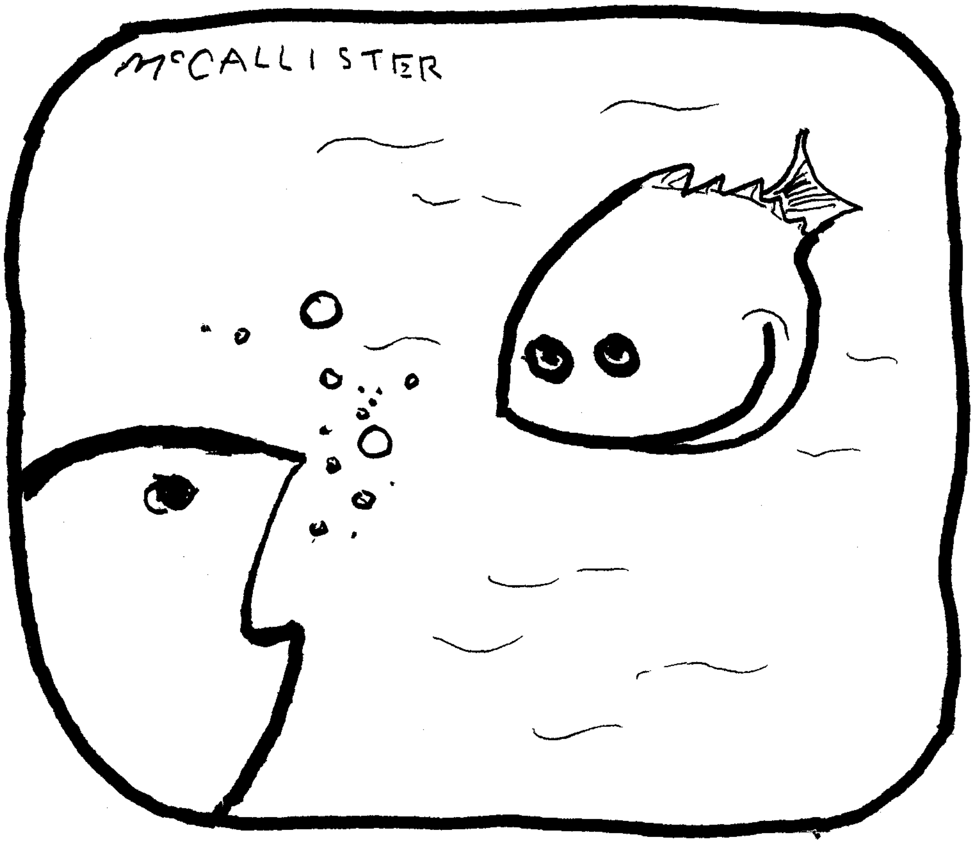
IN 1983, a young French immunologist by the name of Jacques Leibowitch wrote a book about AIDS called "Un Virus Étrange Venu d'Ailleurs." Leibowitch was working then at the Hôpital Raymond Poincaré, and, like a lot of other young French doctors, he was trying to find that strange virus in cultures he got from Robert Gallo's Washington lab. Early in 1984, he started working on what he calls "a little artisanal test" for seropositivity. It was in fact not a very sophisticated test. It was an immunofluorescence test—a test for antibodies—and it was also what virologists call a "subjective" test. It left a large margin of interpretative error, and it produced a statistically significant number of false results. Leibowitch says he was "thrilled" to have had a test at all. As he tells the story, his interest in AIDS-contaminated blood began in July of 1984, when his father-in-law was in the hospital for an operation. He called the doctor who ran the blood bank at the hospital—it was the Hôpital Cochin, and the doctor's name was François Pinon—to say that, in an emergency, he didn't want his father-in-law receiving untested blood. What he wanted was to send some blood donors he had screened with his "little artisanal test" over to Cochin, and have Pinon use *their* blood for his father-in-law. Pinon refused. He thought that the idea of a "*transfusion dirigée*" violated the principle of the anonymity and equality of French blood. He offered Cochin blood to Leibowitch. He said it was bound to be "less dangerous than any old blood," because it came from *bénévoles*. Leibowitch refused. The doctors sat down together and worked on what Pinon calls their "ethical problem"; they decided that Pinon would send some "anonymous" blood to Leibowitch, and Leibowitch would test that. Pinon sent, all told, thirty samples. They tested negative. (Pinon says, "It gave me the security to use the blood for other patients.") In October of 1984, he and Leibowitch started testing blood samples on a large scale. By December, they had tested two thousand donors from Cochin and from blood-donor trucks operated by two other Paris hospitals. All of the donors had been screened—they were given questionnaires—and all of them were considered "clean." Some of them had given blood three months earlier. Ten tested seropositive, and everyone who had received their blood turned out to be seropositive, too.

The implications for Paris were enormous—even accepting that a few of those seropositives were false. Blood for transfusion—whole blood—cannot be treated, like plasma, to inactivate a virus. The blood has to be tested and, if necessary, eliminated, and there was no other public testing in place in Paris, which was certain to have a much higher rate of seropositivity than, say, a farming village in Auvergne or a little fishing town in Brittany. Paris was "open." It had homosexuals and drug addicts and immigrants from what were already considered AIDS-epidemic countries, and the local hospital blood banks and transfusion centers often depended on collects that were made in neighborhoods where those homosexuals and addicts and immigrants congregated—neighborhoods like Les Halles or the Boulevard Saint Michel, either of which would have looked like Sodom and Gomorrah to a Breton fisherman—or they depended on collects in Paris prisons, which presumably had the same sort of population.

Pinon wanted to see the Leibowitch test put in place at the blood banks and the Paris hospitals—at least, until a better test was ready. He told his colleagues at the Hôpital Cochin that people were getting AIDS from Paris blood. Most of them said "Impossible!" They thought he was insulting the blood of France and putting the purity of the *bénévoles* in question. Pinon called up Dr. Brunet, at Roux's office, with his results, and when he ran into Roux at a meeting he told him about them directly. He sent a copy of those results to the Direction Générale de la Santé; there was no reply. He knew that the people at Pasteur were working on a test of their own. The test wasn't ready, and it was clear to Pinon and Leibowitch that until it *was* ready there would be no publicly approved and funded AIDS testing done in France.

Jacques Leibowitch is a flamboyant character. He likes to receive on the first floor of the Café de Flore, where Sartre and Camus held court, and he is given to exaggeration. He describes himself as "the corsair of AIDS research" and his wife, who is the movie star Carole Bouquet, as "the queen of France," but he is not exaggerating when he describes the image of the Institut Pasteur that was officially revived and nurtured after Montagnier announced the identification of the AIDS virus (and Gallo "confirmed" it). He says that the only reality in 1984 was that the virus killed and that Pasteur didn't have a test to sell—and that everything else was "politics." He means by politics that the government was not going to let him interfere with its plans for Pasteur. The politics were to keep the honor and also the profits at the institute. The government owned forty-nine per cent of the companies Diagnostics Pasteur and Pasteur Serums et Vaccins, which were Pasteur's commercial arm and were attached to the state petrochemical companies Sanofi and Rhône-Poulenc. It stood to make a great deal of money from the Pasteur test, and it wanted that test to have a monopoly.

THE sign by the door to the Thirteenth Chamber of the Paris Court of Appeals said "Procès du Sang Contaminé," and it was obvious why. The government—once it accepted the inevitability of a trial—wanted to keep that trial focussed on blood, and not on testing. If it indulged the prosecutors in charges of merchandising fraud and "non-assistance to persons in danger," it did so because those charges effectively contained the scandal. They made it a hemophiliacs' scandal. And if the doctors on trial were scapegoats, it was mainly because the scandal in March of 1985 was not simply that Garretta's blood center was leaving hemophiliacs with unheated Factor VIII but that the government was leaving everybody else in France without an AIDS test at a time when a test—from Abbott—was already in commercial use in the United States, and even people here were offering stopgap tests until the Pasteur test was ready. What the government seems to have done in 1985 was to downplay the risk of anyone's getting AIDS from blood transfusions, in order to cover for the delay. It is estimated that some twelve hundred hemophiliacs were contaminated by March 21, 1985, and that anywhere from a hundred to three hundred more were contaminated between March 21st and October 1st. No one can say exactly how many, since from the point of view of the law a hemophiliac with no history of transfusions is "virgin." It is also estimated that fifteen hundred people without hemophilia were contaminated through blood transfusions by March of that year, and that during the next four months the rate of contamination by transfusion was six to ten people a day. The estimate is modest. Four or five thousand transfusion patients are known to be contaminated now. Charges of poisoning or manslaughter would have extended the statute of limitations to ten years and opened the courts to suits by



"Who ever heard of the bluefish of happiness?"

those people. They would also have extended legal definitions of who, exactly, was responsible for what happened in 1985. They would—or could—have involved not only Netter and Roux and the doctors at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine but a lot of other people who had been party to the decisions that delayed all licensed testing in France until the Pasteur test was ready for commercial use. Garretta's lawyer, François-Xavier Charvet, claims that the five thousand people who eventually got AIDS from unheated Factor VIII or IX or from contaminated blood transfusions were not the only victims. He says the question that should be asked—and isn't being asked—is how many of the hundred and ten or twenty thousand other people reported to be seropositive in France got *their* AIDS because of the government's reluctance to accept a foreign test.

France had a terrible record of contamination through transfusion. During the first months of 1985, while Edmond Hervé was blocking the Abbott test and Jacques Roux was demanding money for Pasteur in order to keep Abbott out of the French market, the British, who had never made street collects or prison collects, organized their blood screening. Britain, with roughly the same population as France, reported seventy-five cases of AIDS linked to blood transfusions for the entire year. French epidemiologists—some of whom tried to stop the collects in 1985—often compare those seventy-five cases with France's fifteen hundred cases. They are left with the same story of official obfuscation.

ANGELS AMONG THE SERVANTS

Build a chair as if an angel
was going to sit on it.
—*Thomas Merton.*

St. Zita, patron saint
of scrub buckets and brooms,
spiritual adviser to mops,
protector of charwomen,
chambermaids, cooks,
those who wait on us
and mend our ways,

for forty-eight years you
lit the morning fire
in the dark kitchen
of Fatinelli of Lucca
and baked his bread,
till the Sunday you knew
you could not serve

two masters and did not open
the bins of flour or unlock
the treasures of yeast
and water. Telling no one,
you trudged off to Mass,
still wearing his keys
on your belt.

And while you opened your mouth
for the wafer, a coin
minted from moonlight,
angels arrived in aprons
and mixed light and salt,
and kneaded loaf after loaf,
punching them down

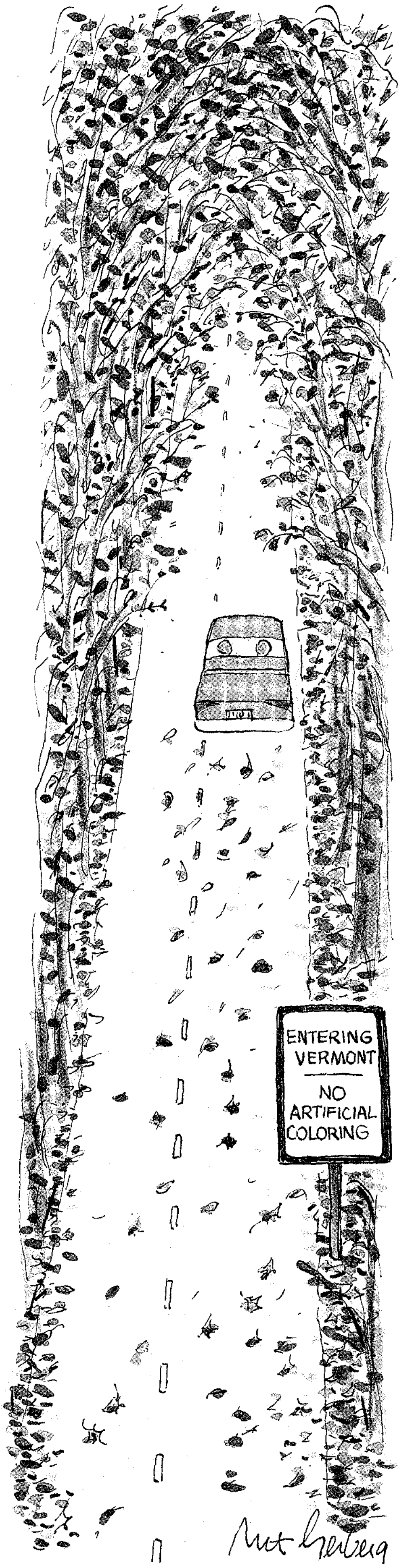
for their own good,
and praised the mystery
of bread, which rises to meet
its maker. But who
is the servant here?
The loaf will not rise
till the baker follows
the rules set down by the first loaf

for the ancient order of bread.
St. Zita, bless the fire
that boils water, the air
that dries clothes, and keys
that have lost their doors:
may angels keep them
from the deep river.

—Nancy Willard

THE Pasteur test was developed at the Hôpital Claude Bernard, in coöperation with Pasteur, in 1983 and 1984. Two young researchers from the first French working group on AIDS, the virologists Christine Rouzioux and Françoise Brun-Vézinet, developed it, and then they turned it over to the people at Pasteur to industrialize—that is, to develop for mass production. It belonged, so to speak, to Rouzioux and Brun-Vézinet, and when they volunteered to do the blind tests on Jean-Pierre Allain's clinical-research protocols it was the test they used, in *its* "artisanal" form, to monitor the hemophiliacs' blood. Rouzioux, who holds the chair in virology at the Hôpital Necker now, says that the protocols were originally designed to look for the causes of "deformation" in the immunological system of hemophiliacs; that is, they were designed to track the responses of different hemophiliacs to different Factor VIII and Factor IX products, and then, incidentally, to demonstrate the role that the retrovirus played in the breakdown of that immunological system in hemophiliacs with AIDS. She says that by the fall of 1984 "the evidence was there"—and that after that no one, in conscience, should have been giving unheated Factor VIII or IX to a patient. By then, her relations with Allain were, as she puts it, strained. She thought that his research protocols were "not very interesting," and that his distance from the doctors participating in those protocols ("We had no opening to see what he was doing," she says) was "not very conscionable." She wondered if Allain had "a certain lack of scientific ethics." She suspected that the entire French transfusion system—operating outside of any real scrutiny—had a certain lack of scientific ethics. In December of 1984, she stopped working on Allain's second research protocol, and withdrew from any participation in the third.

Rouzioux testified against Allain this summer. She didn't want to testify. She says, "To speak badly of a colleague—that's unethical, too." She hesitated at first, but then, she says, she thought about being a mother and about something like AIDS happening to *her* child, and she decided to do it. By all accounts, she was a very fair witness, but she says now that she was nervous and frightened, because the lawyers for the defense tended to insult the women who testified for the hemophiliacs. Yvette Sultan—the doctor who says she tried to get heated products for her patients and was refused—was so humiliated in court by Garretta's lawyer that she broke down and called him a "little bastard." (The



lawyer sued.) After that, all the women who testified were "hysterical."

ON February 11, 1985, Abbott filed a test-license application at Robert Netter's National Laboratory. On February 25th, Pasteur filed for *its* license. Nothing happened in February. In March, when the Abbott test got F.D.A. approval, Netter wrote to Jacques Roux, asking him what to do. He told Roux that the Abbott file he had was "incomplete," and Roux, in turn, told Abbott. He asked Abbott for information, ignoring the advice of Dr. Brunet, who wanted a test in place right away and had suggested calling the F.D.A. to get it. Brunet's argument was that a medical emergency existed in France that was more important than any principle of self-sufficiency or *concurrence*, or even profit. The Pasteur test wasn't ready, and everyone—not just Brunet—knew it. Nothing happened in March. On April 25th, Abbott filed again. The file then was undeniably complete, and it presented the government with another sort of emergency. On May 9th, François Gros—the old director of Pasteur and the medical adviser to the Prime Minister—called a meeting of Cabinet advisers on the subject of AIDS and AIDS testing, and asked that the Abbott file be put aside until the Pasteur test was ready and approved. That was the decision taken.

Jacques Roux approved the Pasteur test on June 21st. Three days later, he approved the test from Abbott. People in France who got AIDS from contaminated blood transfusions during the five months between February and June believe, with some reason, that the delay is what has cost them their lives. It was no surprise to them when the parquet limited the *affaire du sang* to suits by hemophiliacs: all the letters and memos and calls concerning the availability of an AIDS test in France became inadmissible as evidence. It was no surprise to the doctors on trial, either. They believed that if they were guilty, then François Gros, who held up the Abbott test, was guilty, and so was Claude Weisselberg, the Health Secretary's medical adviser, who was a party to that decision (he said that the test, which was going to be cheaper than the test from Pasteur, would "invade" the market if it was approved first) and who may or may not, depending on whom you ask, have neglected to tell the Health Secretary that the vats of Factor VIII at the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine were contaminated. The doctors believed that the advisers to the Minister for Social Affairs were also guilty, because, according to Georgina Dufoix, those advisers neglected to tell *her* until the second week in July.

As far as the doctors were concerned, the entire Socialist Party was guilty, since anybody who wanted to stay in favor in 1985—to keep his job and get his fair share of the budget—accepted the Socialists' priorities, even when that meant protecting France's markets more than France's patients. Jacques Roux had seen his budget cut by a quarter, to eight hundred thousand francs, by 1985—not a lot for a surgeon general. (Roux says that the money went to a Socialist project, a center for "information and liberty.") Pasteur itself never got the money it needed—not even when the honor of Pasteur became Socialist policy. In August of 1983, Montagnier had asked the government for two million francs to use in developing an AIDS test. He had asked at every ministry and agency that might have it, including the Ministry for Research and Technology, which at the time Fabius ran. The government said no. It isn't surprising that his old boss decided to be useful. The decisions made on May 9, 1985, guaranteed the Institut Pasteur at least thirty-five per cent of the AIDS-test market in France. Six weeks later, the test was approved, and Fabius ordered the compulsory testing of all French blood donors. The testing began, officially, in August. On October 1st, the distribution of contaminated blood concentrates stopped.

One theory going around the courtroom this summer—it was by no means proved—was that the problems with Montagnier's test and the problems with Garretta's concentrates, coming, as they did, at the same time, provided the people at Pasteur and the people at the Center with a kind of protection. They had something on each other. The people at the Center (and their friends in the government) knew that the institute should be letting Abbott into the market until its test was ready, and the people at Pasteur (and *their* friends in the government) knew that until Garretta started heating he should be taking his losses and importing safe plasma products, or buying them from Dr. Goudemand, in Lille. It may be that they both bought time by practicing a little of what the French call *chantage*—which is a kind of pressure verging on blackmail. Casteret thinks it was a case of "Don't talk about our test and we won't talk about your heating." They may have agreed that silence was in everybody's interest.

TODAY, the Socialists admit that they made a "mistake" in 1985, but the mistake they usually mention has nothing to do with AIDS tests or contaminated comfort products. They say their mistake was not paying off the hemophiliacs quickly, and "solving the problem" that way. Robert Badinter, who is the president of the Constitutional Council and was the Socialists' Justice Minister in 1985, says that if the government had offered to pay up, right away and "graciously," it might have avoided the disaster—the disaster being, to his mind, less the trial than what he calls "the confusion of real and symbolic guilt," which led to the accusations against his old Prime Minister and to "populist notions that the higher the criminal, the more 'just' the punishment." He thinks that if the scandal had broken right away, and the hemophiliacs had been compensated "*à bureau ouvert*," then Fabius and his two ministers would have had to resign as politically "responsible," but the question of "guilt" in any legal sense would never even have been raised. Badinter's point is that out of office they are no longer politically accountable. Fabius has not been Prime Minister for seven years. The Socialists themselves are not even in power anymore. They have nothing to resign *from*, and no election to lose, and Badinter is convinced that this is what has fed a kind of public frustration, and encouraged "fantasies" of coverups and scapegoats, and in the end led hemophiliacs to demand that the ministers be judged "like criminals," in the courts.

Maybe. Most people here accept the notion that the political class is a class apart, not accountable in ways that ordinary people are accountable. They accept that as citizens of a democracy in 1993 they have no real access to information, or even rights to information, about what their public and political servants do—that there is no real concept of the public record. They know that they will never have all the "facts" about a scandal like the *affaire du sang*, and they accept it. They call it "the mentality." France is a country whose idea of disclosure—the French say "*transparence*"—is to ask deputies to deposit a statement of assets in the safe at the National Assembly when they get elected, and take it away with them when they leave. It is not a country that is apt to ask why Colonel Recordon didn't find the documents he needed at the Direction Générale de la Santé, or even why the mass media and the Front National were able to turn a French scam into a plot against French blood. Badinter likes to talk about the tyranny of public opinion, but the public has little access to anything except opinion where the people running the country are concerned.

The agreements that the hemophiliacs signed in 1989—the agreements not to sue in exchange for a hundred thousand francs—have now been replaced by a government guarantee of up to two million francs to any hemophiliac with AIDS and to any patient infected by transfusions. (Wives and children with AIDS are covered, too.) The money kept a lot of those people out of court, but not everybody agrees with the Socialists that it settled anything. People who work with AIDS victims complain that the budget for indemnifying hemophiliacs already amounts to more than twice the yearly budget for AIDS prevention (and many times the budget for AIDS research). Arnaud Marty-Lavauzelle puts it this way: "When you negotiate the price of your death, you don't do anything for your treatment." And Françoise Héritier-Augé says that it leads to "the false supposition that all the medical treatment a patient gets in life is going to be therapeutic." The trials of the past two summers encouraged another common and fallacious hope—that justice would be therapeutic, too. But justice is a discipline, not a cure, and negotiating death did not buy life for any of the victims who sat in the Thirteenth Chamber of the Court of Appeals this summer and waited for a verdict. It only put a few of the people who could be said to have played a part in their deaths in jail.

FRANCIS GRAEVE was eighty this summer—certainly the oldest man in the courtroom. He did not have hemophilia, but his sons were hemophiliacs, and they were infected by coagulants from the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine. One of them was a diplomat. He died of AIDS the year the doctors were indicted, and Graeve is grieving for him. He goes to the Center every day—he is the *président d'honneur* of the French Hemophiliacs Association, which still has an office at the Center—dressed quietly in a sports jacket and a striped tie, and waits, and grieves. He has time on his hands, and he uses it to try to make some sense of what happened to his children. He says, sometimes, that "the children were delivered into the hands of the doctors, and we delivered them." Or he says, "We had confidence in the doctors." He has learned that "the discourse of science and the practice of medicine are not the same thing." He used to believe in medicine; he thought that doctors answered a "civilizing" calling that was not so different from his own calling, which took him through law school and Sciences-Pô with half the people in De Gaulle's Cabinet and made him one of the last great prefects of the French empire. He comes from a colonial family, and he believed in the colonial mission—what the French call the *mission civilisatrice*—to conquer, to educate, to administer, to cure, in the name of France. His father was the last white deputy to the National Assembly from Guadeloupe, and he himself was *directeur du cabinet* for one of the last governor generals in Algeria.

It may be that, believing in France, he believed too much. He believed the doctors who told him that AIDS was something the Americans got—that it was carried by American blood, but never by the blood of France. He thought that the doctors at the Center had a "noble role," like *his* role in Algeria—that they were the intermediaries between "the power and the people." He is a courteous man, and does not really condemn the doctors. He grasps the ambiguities of the *affaire du sang* better than a lot of hemophiliacs, or their parents. His sons were not under intensive comfort-product treatment; they took coagulants if they had an accident, or felt a hemorrhage coming on, but they often forgot their Factor VIII. They were busy with their lives. The worst thing about having hemophilia for Jean-Luc Graeve—who was the diplomat, and was posted in Delhi when he discovered he was seropositive—was that he loved tennis, like Dr. Allain, and couldn't take the risk of playing. His wife had asked his doctor for heated coagulants. She wanted to take them to India, but she couldn't get any. Graeve's other son, who is an actor, got them after July of 1984. He was one of the "seronegatives" in Allain's second protocol, and Graeve suspects that he was infected either by Center coagulants he had taken before or by Center coagulants Graeve himself had bought in July, when the family was packing for a summer vacation. He calls the *affaire du sang* an "extraordinary fraud." What he blames the doctors for is their hypocrisy and their silence.

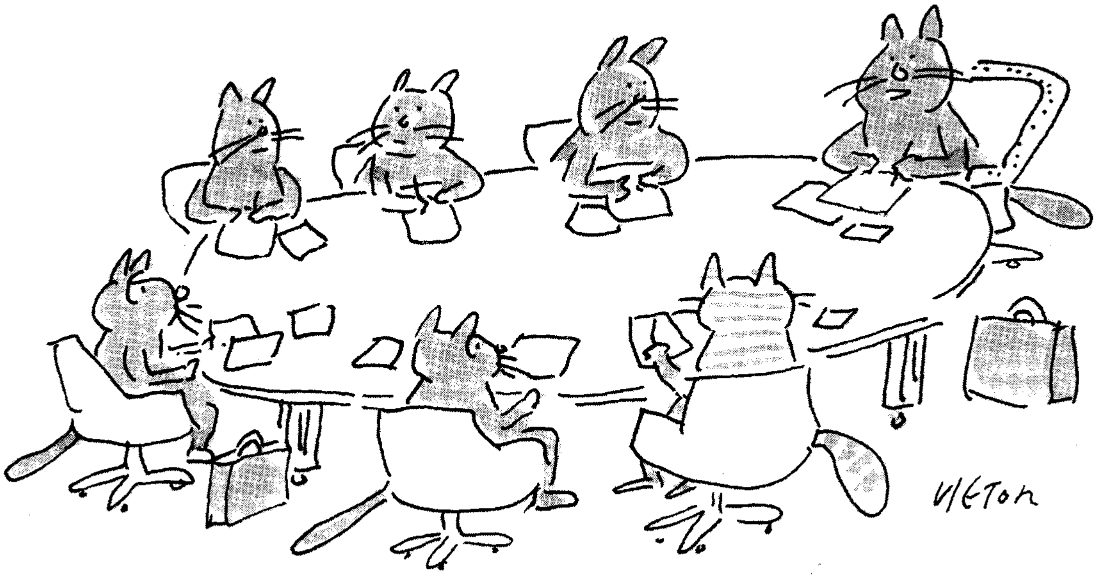
Graeve wears the rosette of the Legion of Honor, like Michel Garretta, and he says it is shocking to him that "a person of that quality" could make the decisions Garretta made. It is not lost on parents that Garretta could be out of prison in a year, and that while he will lose his rosette he will keep his standing, since the French medical-ethics board has changed its mind about revoking his license and has simply suspended him from practice for a period of two years. And he will not be poor. The Center is paying his court costs and his lawyers' fees, and he collected three million francs in severance pay in 1991, when the scandal broke and he had to resign. (He also got a bodyguard and an armored car; a group calling itself Honneur de la France had planted a bomb in his old car, which exploded.) His arrangement with the Center was such that it will also pay his fine of five hundred thousand francs, and the millions of francs he owes in damages from civil suits against him.

Jacques Roux, as a civil servant, has no damages to pay. The Communist Party paid for his lawyer, and even supplied the lawyer. He seemed to expect as much, being seventy and an old Central Committee hand who had run for the National Assembly on the Party ticket in ten elections since the war. He was faithful. Whether by accident or neglect or pigheadedness or guile, he refused to ban the contaminated lots, and, in the process, succeeded in discrediting the Socialists he worked for *and* the capitalists, in the person of Michel Garretta and his business partners. Robert Netter owes no damages, either, and the Health Secretary's office paid his bills. In his case, no one seemed to mind. He made a pallid, bewildered villain. He had never been known for much courage or imagination; he was a bureaucrat who followed orders and did what his bosses wanted, and the general opinion was that if you made a villain of a man like that you would have to indict most of the bureaucrats in France. Jean-Pierre Allain is probably the doctor who will suffer most. No one is paying his court costs or his legal fees, and he is bitter about it, because his debts are enormous. He cannot begin to pay them on a Cambridge professor's salary. The royalties from the book "Le SIDA des Hémophiles: Mon Témoignage," which he wrote after the trial and published during the appeal, are going to a fund for AIDS research at Cambridge. He is the only defendant left, in his words, "unprotected."

The most surprising thing about the *affaire du sang* may be that anyone was unprotected. People in France do not often complain about protection. They are, if anything, respectful. They identify with the state and its immense authority; they understand that the state is sacred. They may have an appetite for scandal, but once a scandal happens they shake their heads and accept it. The press—which is, after all, a Latin press, highly partisan and at least as interested in ideology as in information—pleads the cause of its particular political friends, and the result is that most people are left with a "scandal" to remember but with very little of the information they would have to have to evaluate that scandal, or even understand it. There is no "freedom of information act" in France. The press, like everyone else, has no legally guaranteed access to documents entered and accepted as evidence in a trial. Those documents are classified not only during the instruction but during all the various judicial stages—from the "first instance" to the appeal to the Cassation Court, which rules on juridical and procedural complaints (and which Allain counts on to declare a mistrial, since by some oversight of the court he was never formally notified of his indictment, and always came to his trial through the visitors' door, as a "volunteer"). Then the documents enter the archives of the Justice Ministry, where it is sometimes possible to see them—at the minister's discretion.

In the *affaire du sang contaminé*, there was really only one reporter who persisted, over the years, in anything resembling an investigation, and that was Anne-Marie Casteret. She was not an important reporter—what the French call *un grand reporter*. She was, by her own description, a provincial, and "a little naïve." She lived in a small suburban house, and kept a garden, and had a fondness for tea. She started writing about the problem of AIDS and blood stocks early on, in 1983, and she never let go of the story. She had the advantage of being a doctor looking at other doctors, but that was an advantage that most of the medical reporters here had. What she really had was a passion for the victims. She devoted six years to investigating what they told her, and she managed to document the scandal, which finally broke in *L'Événement du Jeudi*. Last year, she published a book called "L'Affaire du Sang." It is one of fourteen books about the scandal, but at the time it was—and probably still is—the only one that could be called the book of record. A few people called it "hysterical." The defense, which was careful about attacking Casteret outside a courtroom, settled for "emotional." No one doubted her sincerity. Most people agreed that she was a woman of courage. Garretta's lawyer, François-Xavier Charvet, paid her a kind of compliment when he talked to me about why he had decided against taking Garretta's case to the Cassation Court and trying to overturn the conviction. He said that, after Castaret, Garretta preferred to take his punishment.

Times change. No one in Paris talks anymore about the Centre National de Transfusion Sanguine. The Center has changed its name, along with its director, and is now called the Agence Française du Sang. No one talks about



"O.K., just for our records, how many of you have been getting away with sleeping on top of the VCR?"

heated plasma, either. The Center stopped heating in 1986, and the plasma at Les Ulis is now cleaned by a detergent solvent. Casteret's startling figures—seventy-one per cent of all the hemophiliacs in Paris were infected by October of 1985; ninety per cent of Allain's private patients were infected—have turned into statistics. Yvette Sultan—the doctor who bothered everyone for heated concentrates—has turned into an embarrassment to the profession. People in the blood world get along. Garretta is now a "prisoner of his industrial politics." Allain is a prisoner of the "*palais d'injustice.*" Doctors here have begun to repeat a cynical claim that Garretta made: that the blood that contaminated the hemophiliac children was not necessarily the contaminated blood from *his* factory. They say that, in any event, Baxter Travenol would never have been able to supply the heated stock that the hemophiliacs in Paris needed in 1985. (The truth is that the company had enough for all the hemophiliacs in France—sixty million units, or about a fifth of its total export stock—and by then six or seven other big foreign blood companies were heating.) Doctors have begun to say what Garretta said in court—that he was frightened of American blood, of "mercenary" blood, which still carried the risk of hepatitis nonA-nonB, the one hepatitis virus that didn't respond to heating. They have already forgotten that in 1983, when Garretta was importing, he bought seventeen million units of Baxter Travenol's unheated Factor VIII and never mentioned hepatitis. They look at Belgium—where no one used comfort products and only seven per cent of the hemophiliacs were infected—and say that maybe the people to blame for the *affaire du sang* were not the specialists at all but "the little doctors" who prescribed those products, and the hemophiliacs who wanted them so badly. They no longer talk about accountability, or about Garretta's monopoly. They say that even America never really banned unheated products. They forget that America didn't have to ban them. There was no monopoly in America. American companies heated plasma for the simple reason that if they didn't the doctors would start buying from their competitors. The doctors here talk about the fallacy of "retrospective knowledge." They observe what people in France like to call "the hierarchies."

One of the reasons France had an *affaire du sang* is that everyone here observes the hierarchies. Ten years ago, Jean Bernard's word was better than Jean-Baptiste Brunet's word or Christine Rouzioux's word because Dr. Bernard was at the top of the hierarchy and he said that AIDS was not a serious problem. All the important doctors said that it was not a problem, and people believed them because the doctors were covered with honors, they were members of the Academy, they were the professors. They were called *les médecins mastodontes*—and they looked out for themselves. Bernard left the board of the Center quickly, in December of 1984, and Jean-Pierre Soulier (who had tried for years to heat) went with him, but they never said why and they never said "Stop!" Jacques Roux, who was one of the mastodons, never said "Stop!" Luc Montagnier, who was made a mastodon, never said it, either.

The young doctors who were working on AIDS said it, but no one listened. They were a small, close group. They had been working together since 1982, and one of them—Willy Rozenbaum—had brought the first AIDS-infected ganglion to the Institut Pasteur for culturing. But no one else was much interested in AIDS. It was not, as the French say, *rentable*—in terms of grants, in terms of reputation. The doctors are convinced that if they had gone to the press—if Rozenbaum or Rouzioux or Brunet, or even Claude Weisselberg, who had once been part of their group, had gone to the press—"Who would have believed us?" But they do not often ask themselves why they didn't try—why they observed the hierarchies—or what it says about "the mentality." They do not explain why everyone waited for the *autorités de tutelle* to do something, why no one simply stopped and said, "The responsibility is mine."

Garretta flew to Boston after the first trial, and came home only when the verdict was in and he had to go to prison. Allain went back to Cambridge and taught for the year. Colonel Recordon started investigating eleven more people—including Weisselberg, Gros, Habibi, and even Jean-Baptiste Brunet—on charges that they "poisoned" the hemophiliacs with their silence. This month, a new High Court will presumably decide whether to hear the ministers themselves. The literal meaning of the word *tutelle* is guardian. Everyone here has a guardian of some sort to take the responsibility for what he does, or does not, choose to do. ♦

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

STILL TRUCKIN'

How did Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead become the top concert draw in America? For a start, they discovered the benefits of interactive rock long ago, and have kept up a dialogue with Deadheads everywhere ever since. And for Garcia, it's still all about having fun.

BY BILL BARICH

HERE is Jerry Garcia, the rock star in middle age. He has always been our most improbable pop-culture idol, somebody to whom the playing matters more than the posing. At fifty-one, a halo of gray hair fringing his head and his gray-white beard indifferently trimmed, he resembles the proverbial unmade bed. The merest of filaments divides the man from the performer. His clothing onstage is his clothing offstage—a T-shirt, baggy sweatpants, and a pair of sneakers. The absence of style is a style itself and suggests an inability to abide by anybody else's rules. He's the rebellious child grown up, not so much above his youthful audience as insistently a part of it. In refusing to be adulated, he inspires a kind of love. Hunched over his guitar and scarcely moving a muscle, he becomes a larger instrument through which the music travels. While the crowd focusses on the notes that drift from his fingers into the air, he does his best to disappear.

In a sense, Garcia is defying gravity. Nobody else in the history of rock and roll has ever watched his popularity advance on an exponential curve with each passing year. Until recently, with the repackaging of such geriatric rockers as Aerosmith and Rod Stewart, most performers could be counted on to go down in flames before their fortieth birthday—better to burn out than to rust, as Neil Young once put it. Garcia himself upheld the old tradition by nearly self-destructing a couple of times. When he turned fifty last year, he weighed almost three hundred pounds, smoked three packs a day, survived on junk food, never exercised (he needed a roadie to carry his attaché case), and had a serious drug problem. He appeared to be headed for an early grave, but he had the good luck to collapse instead. Forced to confront his mortality, he changed his ways, adopting a vegetarian diet, cutting down on cigarettes, taking long walks, swallowing vitamins in megadoses, and even hiring a personal trainer to tone a body that had given new meaning to the concept of shapelessness.

I caught up with Garcia shortly after he launched his recovery program. Like most veterans of Haight-Ashbury in its prime, I felt a special kinship with him and wondered how he was weathering his transformation into an American icon. For aeons, his band, the Grateful Dead, have had their headquarters in Marin County, where I live, so I phoned the office and arranged a meeting backstage at the Oakland Coliseum before a concert.

Garcia is a native San Franciscan. He is the second of two sons, and his father, Joe, a musician who had led both a Dixieland band and a forty-piece orchestra, named him in honor of Jerome Kern. Joe Garcia liked to fly-fish, and on a camping trip one spring he was swept to his death by a raging river. Jerry, who was five at the time, witnessed the drowning. In its aftermath, his maternal grandparents, who lived in the blue-collar Excelsior District, took him in. He was a sickly, asthmatic child with a rich fantasy life. Although he was given piano lessons, he did poorly at them and showed no special aptitude for music. He preferred to read, immersing himself in E.C. Comics and the sci-fi novels of Ray Bradbury and Edgar Rice Burroughs, and he also drew and painted in his sketchbooks.

His mother, Ruth, reclaimed him when he was ten. She owned a sailors' bar and hotel downtown, and Jerry became its mascot. He had already developed a knack for independence, roaming the Excelsior while his grandparents were at their jobs, and he liked to hang around the bar, later describing it as "romantic and totally fun." School bored him. Homework was a dumb idea, he believed, and he had to repeat the eighth grade, because he wouldn't do any. In an auspicious conjunction of the planets, the onset of his adolescence coincided with the birth of rock and roll. He was particularly fond of Chuck Berry, Gene Vincent, Little Richard, and Buddy Holly. For his fifteenth birthday, in 1957, he asked his mom for an electric guitar like the ones he'd seen in pawnshop windows. She must have had a nose for trouble, I thought, because she gave him an accordion instead.

NOTES from Oakland on a mild December evening: The Coliseum, a cavernous, echoing concrete structure, has the architectural distinction of a bunker. About fifteen thousand Deadheads, a sellout crowd, were waiting behind sawhorse barricades in the parking lot when I arrived. I had assumed that there would be a rousing party going on backstage, but the Dead are so old and have done so much partying that now they hole up in separate dressing rooms and conserve their energy before a show. Roadies were taking orders for dinners, which the band members would eat between sets, and were moving equipment around. One roadie had the task of caring for Garcia's custom-built guitar, which is the near-equivalent of a Stradivarius. It's called the Tiger, because the luthier who made it—Doug Irwin, of Santa Rosa—inlaid a tiger of brass and mother-of-pearl in the guitar's ebony face. Wherever the Dead go, the Tiger goes, too. They tour three times a year for three to four weeks at a time, and often bring their families. For the last couple of years, they have been the highest-grossing concert act in the business, with last year's receipts amounting to more than thirty-two million dollars.

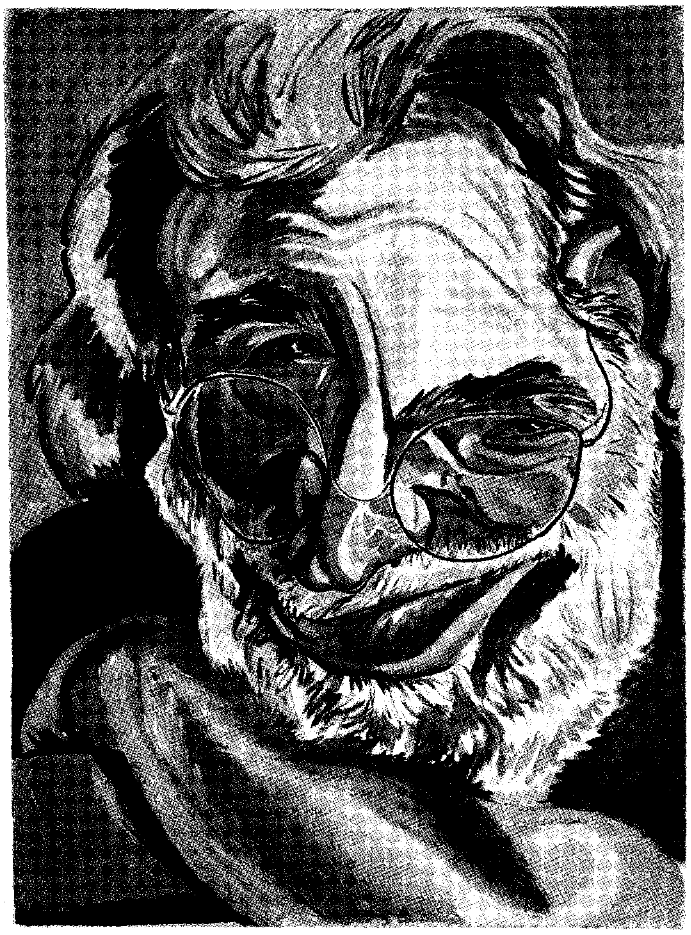
Garcia was in his dressing room, sitting on a couch before a picked-over tray of fruit. When I walked in, he rose to greet me. Up close, he was much bigger than I had expected—broad-shouldered, and with an aura of physical power. He looked both fit and alert. Some musicians extend a hand delicately, as if it were a baby bird about to be crushed, but Garcia's grip was firm and strong. It spoke of his unguardedness. The tip of one finger on his right hand was missing, chopped off by his brother in a woodcutting accident when they were boys.

Garcia's eyes were merry behind tinted glasses. He sat down again and leaned forward, eager to start. He's a wonderful talker, in fact, and converses in much the same way that he plays, constantly improvising and letting his thoughts lead where they may. There's an intensity that comes off him in ripples when he's enjoying himself, and it doesn't seem to matter who or what the source of his pleasure is. If he were to formulate a philosophy, it could probably be boiled down to this: If it's not fun, don't do it. He had performed thousands of concerts, and yet he was truly looking forward to another one. In an ideal world, he said, he'd be playing somewhere six nights a week—twice with the Dead, twice with the Jerry Garcia Band, a small group meant for more intimate venues, and twice with an acoustic group on his five-string banjo.

Before Garcia turned to rock full time, he fronted a jug band, Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions. In some respects, he finds acoustic music more challenging to play. He had recently made an acoustic album with the mandolinist David Grisman, and he was pleased that it had been nominated for a Grammy. He and Grisman have been collaborators since they met at a bluegrass festival in 1964. A lot of Garcia's friends are old friends, people he's known for twenty or thirty years.

I complimented Garcia on the album, and it seemed to unsettle him a bit; I'd heard that he was his own severest critic.

"That makes me feel good about myself," he said, with a shrug, as if he were not yet convinced of his talent.



Garcia thinks that the Grateful Dead afford their followers a "tear in reality"—a brief vacation from the mundane.

PHILIP BURKE

Among the tasty things about the album, I went on, was the variety of its selections—Hoagy Carmichael's "Rockin' Chair," Irving Berlin's "Russian Lullaby," B. B. King's "The Thrill Is Gone."

Garcia allowed that he liked music of every kind and delighted in experimenting. He mentioned that he had once sat in with Ornette Coleman, the jazz master, at a recording session.

"How was that?" I asked.

He laughed. "Like filling in the spaces in a Jackson Pollock painting! Ornette's such a sweet man, though. He gave me a lot of help."

The curtain was about to go up, and Garcia needed some time to get ready mentally. He still has bouts of stage-fright. To relieve them, he uses a mental trick that he learned in the nineteen-sixties, when any food or drink around was liable to be dosed with psychedelics. Once, at the Avalon Ballroom, he saw an enticing chocolate cake backstage, but he was sure that somebody had doctored it, so he contented himself with a lick of frosting rather than a slice. The cake's baker soon turned up and announced that the frosting had seven hundred hits of STP in it. Sinking, Garcia went on a very bad trip indeed. He imagined that some Mafia hit men were in the crowd, waiting to kill him. The only way he could survive, he thought, was to be humble and play for mercy—for his life. "And it worked!" he exclaimed, laughing again. "I'm still alive!"

I stayed around for the concert. The atmosphere was festive, and the audience was batting balloons back and forth. Oddly, I didn't smell any marijuana—a scent that, along with the refractory odor of patchouli oil, had characterized the Dead concerts I used to go to at the fabled Fillmore Auditorium. Some people were obviously stoned, but they'd done their smoking in private. The average Deadhead is often portrayed as a glassy-eyed, long-haired wretch in a tie-dyed T-shirt, but I didn't see many of those types. The fans were mostly middle-class white people in their twenties and thirties. They had the look of yuppies masquerading as hippies for a night, eager to bask in the recollected glow of the sixties.

When the band came out, the Coliseum seemed to levitate for a second or two. The music kicked in, and the Deadheads started dancing. They danced right through both sets, on the floor or by their seats, for three straight hours, as if they'd been drilled. It was pretty strange, really. At the Fillmore, none of us had known what we were doing, and our evenings had often been as amorphous as the pulsating blobs in a light show. The Dead in middle age were a curious sight, too—ordinary guys, graying, and miles removed from any glitter. I could have been watching myself onstage, but that was always part of the band's appeal for my generation: we were them, and they were us. For the young people around me, I guessed, the show must have had the texture of a fantasy in which their parents actually listened to them and understood their deepest secrets.

The bond between the Dead and the Deadheads was extraordinary. Garcia would tell me on another occasion that the band consciously aimed for such a target. He felt that it happened at about forty per cent of their concerts but they could never will it into being. Hearing his lovely, bell-clear notes again, I was heartened to think that the Dead were still in search of the miraculous, chasing after those moments when your flesh pops with goose bumps and the hair stands up on your head. What the band created for their fans was a benign environment where a person could be loose, liberated, free from inhibitions, and without any fear—fifteen thousand happy dancers, and no violence anywhere. The band took all the risks.

How the Dead, once nearly buried, have ascended: Early in their career, Garcia and company endured the usual music-industry scams and rip-offs, and they decided to take control of their destiny. Their first four albums had not sold well, leaving them in debt to their label, Warner Brothers, but they recouped with two straight hits in 1970, "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty," which were both primarily acoustic and were distinguished by the richness of the songs and the band's clean, crisp playing. That same year, they acquired a small shingled house on a suburban block in Marin to serve as their offices and began handling their own business affairs. In 1972, they tipped off their fans to their new free-form operation by inserting an apparently harmless message in the liner notes of a live album recorded on tour in Europe. "DEAD FREAKS UNITE!" the message read. "Who are you? Where are you? How are you? Send us your name and address and we'll keep you informed."

With one gesture, the Dead eliminated the barriers between themselves and their audience, and established a direct flow of communication. Although the Dead Freaks turned into numberless Deadheads and came to require elaborate attentions (there are ninety thousand Deadheads on the American mailing list and twenty thousand on the European list), the band's offices have remained in the same little house. It's as if the Dead were superstitious about tampering with the magic, and so booking agents, publicity people, and accountants are all crammed in like family. The Dead still meet about once a month in a boardroom to discuss their projects. Initially, the meetings were free-for-alls, Garcia says, but somebody dug up a copy of "Robert's Rules of Order," and they riffed on it until they had devised their own warped version of parliamentary procedure.

I stopped by the house shortly after the Coliseum show, walking in through the back door, as I'd been instructed, because anyone who uses the front door is presumed to be an unwanted visitor. The universe that the Dead have evolved, a parallel reality that permits

READING HISTORY

At times, reading here
In the library,
I'm given a glimpse
Of those condemned to death
Centuries ago,
And their executioners.
I see each pale face before me
The way a judge
Pronouncing a sentence would,
Marvelling at the thought
That I do not exist yet.

With eyes closed I can hear
The evening birds.
Soon they will be quiet
And the final night on earth
Will commence
In the fullness of its sorrow.

How vast, dark, and impenetrable
Are the early-morning skies
Of those led to their death
In a world from which I'm entirely absent,
Where I can still watch
Someone's slumped back,

Someone who is walking away from me
With his hands tied,
His graying head still on his shoulders,
Someone who
In what little remains of his life
Knows in some vague way about me,
And thinks of me as God,
As Devil.

—CHARLES SIMIC

them to function, is built on such fine points. In the old days, for instance, it was virtually impossible to apply for a job with them, but if you were to wander in and start doing something valuable they might hire you. Many staffers have been with them for ages, and they are very well paid. The band even floats them loans to buy homes and cars. The prevailing staff attitude seems to be a hybrid strain of hippie good vibes and nontoxic American capitalism. As Garcia once said to me, the Dead are a rock band that disguises itself as a California corporation.

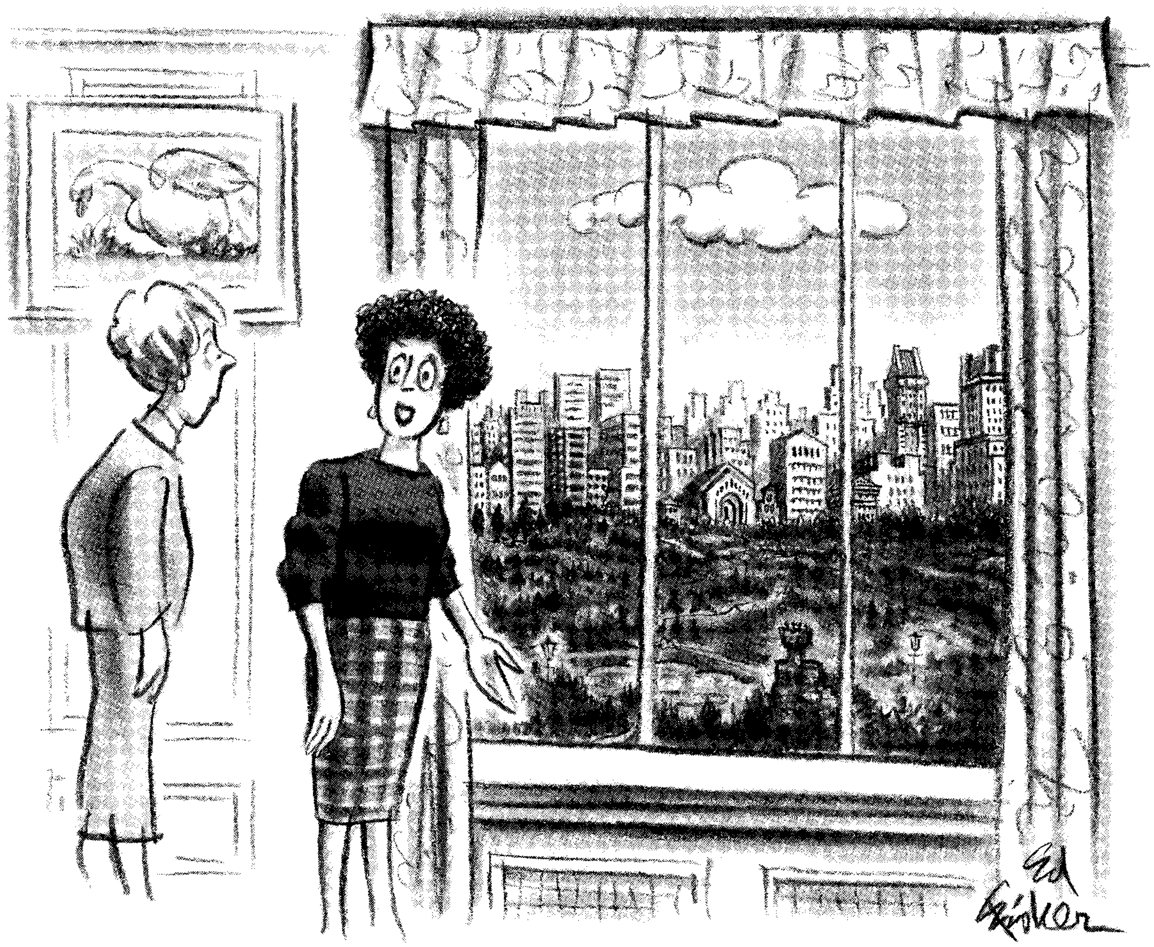
Garcia came in at noon, by way of the back door. Fresh from a session with his trainer, he claimed, only half-jokingly, that the unfamiliar oxygen racing through his system had granted him a weird new aerobic high. "Weird" is a favorable adjective with him. He uses it often to describe experiences he has enjoyed. If an experience is really weird, it gets elevated to the status of "fat trip." A fat trip is anything that pleasantly rearranges the brain cells—say, bumping into Charlie Mingus drinking Martinis from a thermos in a Manhattan park, or landing in the same Amsterdam hotel as William Burroughs, or going up the Nile on a boat after a gig at the Great Pyramid.

We settled into a funky room off the kitchen that could not technically be described as decorated, and I asked Garcia about his accordion.

"Oh, it was a beauty!" he said. In the heat of conversation, his voice rises, and he grins with the relish of a man who's sinking his teeth into a steak that he shouldn't be eating. "It was a Neapolitan job. My mother bought it from a sailor at the bar. A little later, I got a Danelectro guitar and a Fender amp. I taught myself to play, and pretty soon I was fluid in a primitive way. I picked up a trick or two from my cousin Danny—he knew some rhythm and blues—but the most important thing I learned was that it was O.K. to improvise. 'Hey, man, you can make it up as you go along!' In high school, I fell in with some other musicians—beatnik types, the pot smokers. My only other option was to join the beer drinkers, but they got into fights. I kept getting into trouble anyway, so my mother finally moved us out of the city to Cazadero."

Cazadero is in the coastal redwoods of Sonoma County. It's a wicked spot for a teen-age exile, a damp, spooky resort town that is deserted for nine months of the year. "I hated it there," Garcia went on. "I had to ride a bus thirty miles to Analy High, in Sebastopol. I played my first gig at Analy. We had a five-piece combo—a piano, two saxes, a bass, and my guitar. We won a contest and got to record a song. We did Bill Doggett's 'Raunchy,' but it didn't turn out very well. Things in Cazadero got so bad that I enlisted in the Army. I wound up in a thirty-man company at Fort Winfield Scott, at the Presidio, right back in San Francisco. That company was choice! We did lots of ceremonies, stuff like flag-raising. The guys rotated from the city to Korea and Japan. I started going out at night to see my friends, you know, and I didn't always make it back in time for work. I was piling up the AWOLs, and the commander was worried that I'd queer the deal for the other guys. So he called me in and asked me, 'Garcia, how'd you like to be a civilian again?'

"In all, I did about eight months in the service. After that, I went to the Art Institute in San Francisco for a bit, to study painting. I wasn't playing guitar so much—I'd picked up the five-string banjo in the Army. I listened to records, slowed them down with a finger, and learned the tunings note by note. By then, I was getting



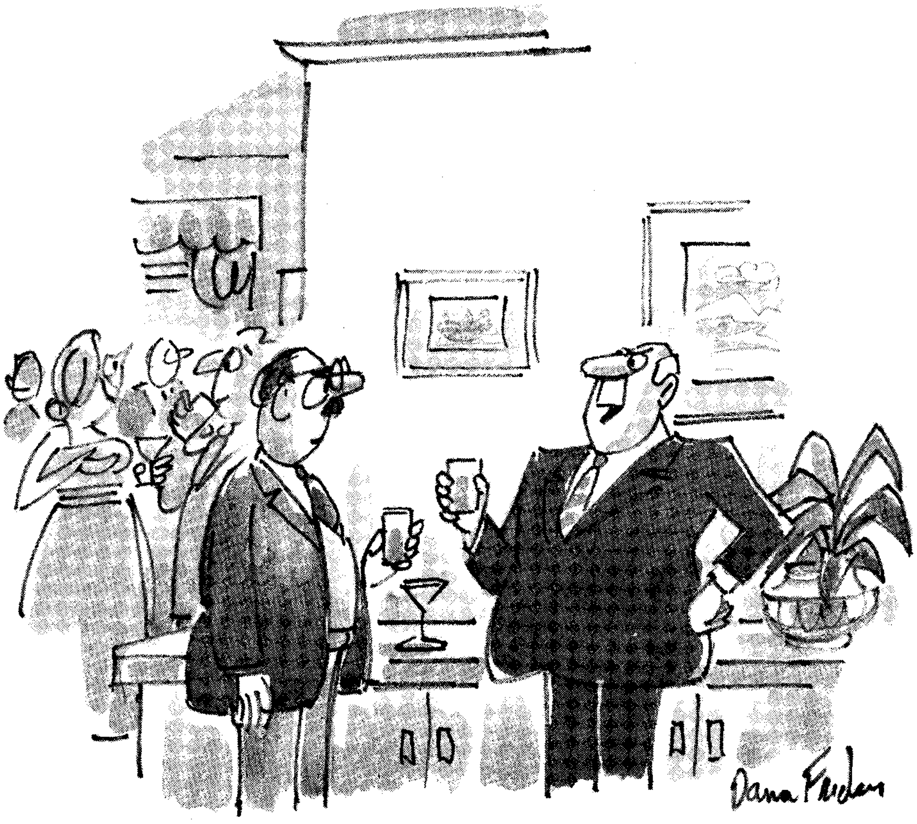
"I used to exult in my wonderful view of Central Park, but now, somehow, I'm beginning to feel that Central Park is staring back at me!"

pretty serious about music—especially about bluegrass. In the early sixties, a friend of mine and I toured the bluegrass festivals in the Midwest. We had a tape recorder and sometimes got to jam. We met all the greats—Bill Monroe, Reno and Smiley, and the Kentucky Colonels.

"When I got back, we formed our jug band. Bobby Weir was in it, and so was Pigpen"—Ron McKernan. "Pig was our front man. He was a natural, an old soul. The rest of us were loose wigs, but Pig had it together. He knew instinctively how to work a crowd. We did gigs around Palo Alto and Stanford University. I made a little money giving lessons, but we were usually broke. For a while, I lived in my car in a vacant lot in East Palo Alto. That's where I met Hunter." Robert Hunter, the main lyricist for the Dead, is another of Garcia's old friends. "He was living in his car, too. He had these cans of pineapple in his trunk—I don't know where he got them—and I had some boxes of plastic forks, so we'd meet every morning for breakfast and use my forks to eat his pineapple.

"It was an exciting time. I'm a cinephile, and I remember going to see a Richard Lester film one night—'A Hard Day's Night'—and being blown away by the Beatles. 'Hey!' I said to myself. 'This is gonna be fun!' The Beatles took rock music into a new realm and raised it to an art form. Dylan, too—he's a genius. It wasn't long before the jug band became an electric band, the Warlocks. We recruited Billy Kreutzman as our drummer. He'd been working at the post office. I didn't think bass guitar was important, but the first guy we had was pretty bad, so we brought in Phil Lesh. Lesh was this wonderful, serious, arrogant youth, a composer of modernist music. He only played the trumpet then, but he had perfect pitch.

"The Warlocks worked the lounge circuit in bars on the Peninsula. We did pop covers, mostly, except for the last set—then we got weird and jammed. Our big break was getting involved with Ken Kesey and his bunch. They invited us out to La Honda. We brought our gear and played for about twenty minutes. Crash! Bang! It was like the war in Grenada, man! We were weirder than can be, and they loved it. When Kesey started putting on the Acid Tests, in 1965, we became their house band, the Grateful Dead. Sometimes we played for hours and were brilliant. Sometimes we had to be dragged onstage and only lasted for three minutes. The really neat thing was that we didn't have to be responsible."

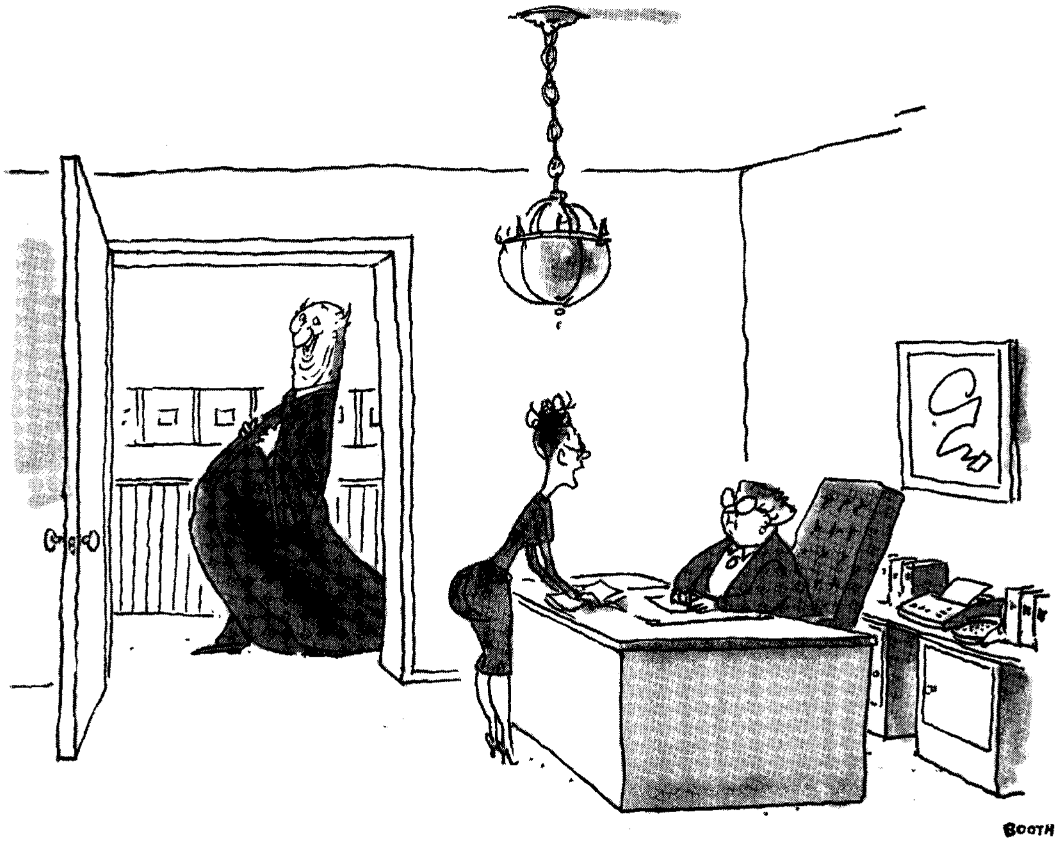


"Sure, we need affordable housing—just so long as it doesn't come at the expense of unaffordable housing."

DEADHEADS are everywhere at present. For the band, they are a blessing and a curse. Their fealty translates into huge profits, but they also imply an unwanted responsibility. Sometimes they make a prisoner of Garcia. He can't wander about in Marin County or anywhere else the way he once did. When the Deadhead phenomenon began to snowball, five or six years ago, he was concerned about its cultlike implications and tried to sabotage it by being nonresponsive and pretending that it didn't exist, but since then he has seen that it's too directionless to amount to a serious threat. He accepts it as a logical consequence of the Dead's tribal impulse. Besides, Deadheads are quick to be critical, he says, whenever the band is lazy, sloppy, dull, or just plain bad. Still, he isn't entirely comfortable with them, and never speaks a word from the stage, because he's afraid of how it might be interpreted.

Garcia puzzles over the Deadheads. He is trapped inside their obsession and can only probe at it from the inside. He thinks that the band affords its followers "a tear in reality"—a brief vacation from the mundane. The Dead design their shows and their music to be ambiguous and open-ended, he says; they intend an evening to be both reactive and interactive. A Deadhead gets to join in on an experiment that may or may not be going anywhere in particular, and such an opportunity is rare in American life. The Deadhead world is multireferential and feeds on itself. A fan's capital is measured by his or her involvement with the band over time, by the number of shows attended and the amount of trivia digested.

And there's a lot of trivia. For example, a computer whiz kid in New Hampshire publishes an annual journal called *DeadBase* that attempts to quantify the entire experience of being a Deadhead. According to a survey in *DeadBase '91*, the average Deadhead had attended seventy-five Dead concerts in his or her lifetime and had spent $1,571.40 on band-related activities such as travel, lodging, and blank tapes during the past year. *DeadBase '91* catalogued every song that the band had played on tour, clocking each different version. "Picasso Moon" had lasted for six minutes and seventeen seconds in Orlando, but it had gone on for seven minutes and three seconds in Sacramento. In a section called "Feedback," the Deadheads rated such items as the security force and the concessions at each concert venue. The worst security was in St. Louis, they maintained, while the best venders were in Essen, Germany. They voted on the most improved song ("Picasso Moon") and on the song they'd heard quite enough of ("Throwing Stones"), and they offered some suggestions for locales for future shows—the Grand Ole Opry, Easter Island, and Intercourse, Pennsylvania.



"As I entered the courthouse this morning, I distinctly heard a high-pitched kissing noise directed my way!"

• •

Nostalgia is built into the Deadhead system. A new convert has always missed the golden age and can only sample its essence by listening to a veteran's tales and tapes. Deadheads also get to trade war stories. As Garcia puts it, "they sit around and tell how they went to a show once and got stranded in Bumfuck, Idaho." Some Deadheads—a minority—include hallucinogens in the formula, even though the band discourages drug use at concerts. Garcia savored his sixties incarnation as Captain Trips, but he would never suggest that anybody imitate him. (His last transcendental acid trip was in the sixties, at Olompali Ranch, in Novato. He developed three-hundred-and-sixty-degree vision, died a few thousand times, and saw the word "All" float into the sky before he turned into a field of wheat and heard "Bringing In the Sheaves" as a coda. "I think I unravelled every strand of DNA in my body," he says. "I felt both full and empty. I hardly spoke a word for two months, but it was worth it.") According to a story in *USA Today*, undercover agents from the Drug Enforcement Administration have lately been infiltrating Deadhead throngs and busting people who are selling LSD, and as many as two thousand Deadheads—most of them young, white, and male—are currently serving severe prison terms, of up to forty years. Here lies the unwanted responsibility. It's as if by virtue of having been around when the LSD genie escaped from its bottle Garcia and the Dead were somehow expected to coax it back in.

AWAY from the spotlight, Garcia leads a simple life. If he has any taste for possessions, he keeps it hidden. He has been a creature of the road for so long that he's never had much of a home. After the recent breakup of his second marriage, his house in San Rafael went on the market—it made the newspapers when a real-estate agent fell into the swimming pool—and he now rents a furnished condo in Marin. It's an unfancy place, but he likes it for the view of San Francisco Bay, and also because his four daughters live nearby and he hopes to stay in closer touch with them than he used to. The eldest, Heather, is twenty-nine and plays first violin in the Redwood Symphony Orchestra, and the youngest, Keelin—her name is Irish—is just five. "They've been very generous to me," he told me, with true appreciation. "I've been mostly an absentee parent, after all."

Garcia has had to grow up in public, and he can be genuinely troubled by what he regards as his personal failings. The guilt comes from his upbringing as a Roman Catholic, he thinks. He talks readily about his early religious training, and how the Church, with its mysticism and its hierarchical structure, influenced his view of the world. There is a story he tells about how he fudged his First Communion. He had no sins to confess, so he made some up and lied to a priest. Then the lie became a sin, and existence took on complications: he wasn't in a state of grace anymore. Catholicism planted a dissonance in him, he believes, by rubbing against his grain. "Maybe it's good to have something big that's beyond you," he says philosophically. "All that magic and mojo power. Sin becomes ever so much more juicy!"

It can take Garcia all day to get out of his apartment. Always the last to bed, he is slow to get going in the morning and can spend hours puttering. He may start by listening to some music, anything from Haydn string quartets to the Butthole Surfers. He has always been an avid reader, and currently champions the books of Terence McKenna, an amateur anthropologist and a psychedelic explorer. He may decide to fiddle with his Macintosh and generate some computer art, or open a sketch pad and begin to draw.

It's suprising what a good draftsman Garcia is. The best of his drawings are witty, spare, and whimsical. They're very different from his guitar playing—not so rigorous or so practiced. As a guitarist, he labors to make his playing look so easy. He never gets caught being showy or calling attention to his technical mastery. What you hear sometimes in a trademark Garcia solo is a plangent kind of longing, a striving after an unattainable perfection.

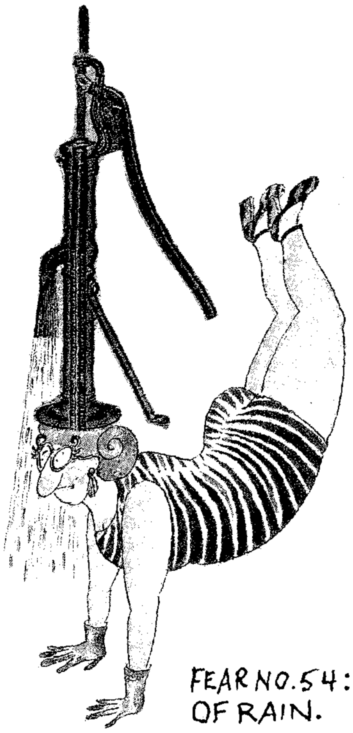
One evening, I went over to his apartment for dinner. We had some Chinese food cooked without any oil and, to prevent an overdose of health, some good champagne. After eating, we watched "Naked Lunch" on a laser disk. Garcia is a big fan of Burroughs; he considers the writer a paragon of weirdness. Midway through the film, a loud snoring noise interrupted the clacking mandibles on the soundtrack. I looked over, and Garcia was dozing, even though we'd been chatting a few seconds before. He kept sawing logs for about five minutes and then woke abruptly, as bright and as cheery as ever. Falling asleep like that was a habit of his, he said. He could—and frequently did—take a catnap anywhere, in public or in private. There was something revealing about the sudden sleep. He put out so much energy all the time that he was bound to run low every now and then. It seemed that for him the existential dilemma would always be the same: How could you get to the edge of things without going over the edge?

THE last time I saw Garcia, the Dead were reluctantly in rehearsal—they *hate* to rehearse—for a summer tour. Garcia's mood was still jolly. He was sticking to his fitness program and was eager for more oxygen, not less. He and Robert Hunter had written a couple of new songs that were as good, he said, as anything else they'd composed in a long time. (In *DeadBase '91* the fans had strongly agreed that "the Dead should write more new material.") The future was opening up before him, and he had the optimistic manner of somebody who has started dreaming again in middle age.

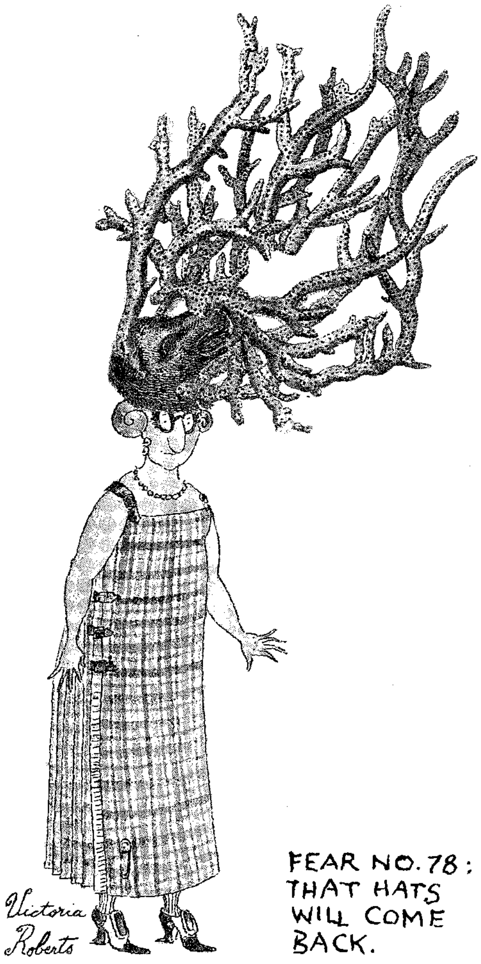
In the end, it seemed to me, the Dead's success isn't really so mysterious. They work hard and enjoy what they are doing. They never underestimate their fans, and give them full value for the dollar. People are delighted to go to a concert and return home knowing that they got more than their money's worth. The Dead are intentionally responding to the need for joy, celebration, and ritual, and they have struck a nerve.

The next major bit of fun in store for Garcia was a scuba-diving trip. He dashes off to Hawaii whenever he has a few free days in his busy schedule. "Diving takes up a lot of the space that drugs used to," he told me. "It's an active, physical form of meditation. I could never do a sitting meditation, like the Buddhists—I'm way too restless. In the water, you're weightless. It's so silent—you're like a thought. When I begin to relax, the songs start happening in my head." A descent into the ocean, he went on, was similar to a dive through the layers of human consciousness: "You see the obvious stuff first, like the beautifully colored fish. Then maybe you notice a peculiar lichen on some coral, and then you notice something else. You learn reflexively, always taking in information. Once I get going, I might fin around for a couple of miles. It's an ecstatic experience, really. I love it almost as much as I love the music." ♦

Fears



FEAR NO. 54: OF RAIN.



FEAR NO. 78: THAT HATS WILL COME BACK.

FICTION

SHOT: A NEW YORK STORY

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

SHE, Zona, went along the avenues of the East Side of Manhattan, turned up the brownstone side streets of the Seventies and the Nineties on the way to the houses of her group. Once there, she would iron shirts, untangle the vacuum, and at times would be called to put on her black uniform and pass the smoked salmon curling on squares of pumpernickel at cocktail parties. Occasionally, one of the group might see Zona racing up Madison Avenue in the late evening, passing swiftly by the windows where the dresses and scarves and jewelry stood or lay immobile in the anxious night glitter of the high-priced. Zona would, of course, be making her way home, although not one of her people was certain just where that home might be. Somewhere in the grainy, indivisible out-there: area code 718, and what did that signify—the Bronx, Queens? She was tall, very thin; in her black coat, her thick black hair topping her black face, she seemed to be flying with the migratory certainty of some wide-winged black bird.

Her rushing movements were also noticeable about the house. She flew with the dust cloth—swish, swish, swish over the tabletops and a swipe at the windowsills; a splash here and there in the sink; a dash to recover the coat of a not quite sober cocktail guest. Yet, for all this interesting quickness of hand and foot, she was imperturbable, courteous, not given to chatter. And she was impressive; yes, impressive—that was said about Zona. A bit of the nunnery about her, black virgin from some sandy Christian village on the Ivory Coast. So you might say, in a stretch.

A decorator; a partner in an old-print shop; a flute player, female; and a retired classics professor, who liked to sit reading in a wheelchair. To him, Zona would say: Up, up, move, move, and he might spring to his feet or he might not. Such was Zona's group. She had been passed along to them by some forgotten homesteader, perhaps the now dead photographer from *Life*, who took her picture and used it in a spread on Somalia. These random dwellers did not see much of each other, but each had passed through the sponge of Manhattan, where even a more or less reclusive person like the professor had a bulky address book filled with friends, relatives, window-washers, foot doctors, whatever—a tattered memorial with so many weird scratches and revisions it might have been in Sanskrit.

It was at the decorator's apartment that the messenger first stopped. Tony's was a place on the first floor of a brownstone in the Seventies—a more or less rent-controlled arrangement, since the owner, an old lady, did not want to sell and did not want to fix anything: a standoff. Except for leaks and such matters, Tony was content to do up his own place in his own manner. And a neat number it was, if always in transition, since he bought at auction, tarted the stuff up with a bit of fabric, and sold to his clients, when he had clients. Freelance, that's what he was. A roving knight available for hire. But, even if his sofa had disappeared, Tony had his rosy walls in a six-coat glaze, and a handsome Englishy telescope that stood in a corner, a tôle chandelier done in a leaf design of faded greens and reds, and lots of things here and there. But not too many.

It was near the end of a nice autumn day when his doorbell rang. Lovely September air, and gather it while ye may, for tomorrow in New York a smoky heat could move across the two rivers and hang heavy as leather on your eyebrows. Tony, at the sound of the bell, looked through the peephole and saw before him a young black face, not very black, almost yellow. His mind rushed to accommodate the vision, and, talking to himself, even doing a little dance, he went through his inner dialogue. Ring the bell, open the door. You-have-got-to-be-kidding. This is New York, fella. . . . And so on. Nevertheless, curiosity had its power, and when a finger from the great city touched the bell once more, Tony called out in as surly and as confident a tone as he could summon, What's up?

There was a pause, and the young caller answered in a fading voice. He said: *From Zona.*

Whoa. Come again. Not in a million years could anyone make up the name of Zona and present it on Tony's doorstep under a rare blue-pink sky. Tony looked again through the opening. From Zona was wearing a tangerine-colored jacket, he noticed. Not bad. The latchkey lay near at hand, and with it in his pocket Tony stepped out on the stoop, closing the door behind him, and there they were, the two of them.

The young man shifted uneasily and it fell to Tony to proceed like a busy interpreter at court. From Zona, are you? And there was a nod. Zona? Now here's a coincidence. I had a few friends in the other night. Not many—about six, nothing special. But I could have used a little class in the presentation, you know how it is, and that made me think of Zona right away, but no answer from her. Tony took in the handsome, young, light-skinned face, with its black, black eyes and black, black oily curls. So what is your errand?

Zona passed away. That was the message from the slim youth, about fifteen in Tony's arithmetic.

Zona passed away. You mean dead?

Passed away, the young man repeated, leaving Tony to meet the challenge of whatever was in order—information, emotion? I call that downright horrible news, he said. Such a wonderful person, a gem of a person, Zona. You sure have my sympathy, for what it's worth.

And then, as they stood on the steps, Tony now braced on the iron railing, a car alarm went off. A loud, oppressive, rhythmical whine, urging, Help, help! When at last it came to an abrupt, electronic end, Tony said: Be my witness. There's not a soul on that side of the street, not a soul when it went off and not a soul there now.

It's like the wind sets them off, the boy offered.

Very good, Tony said. Very good. They

remind me of a screaming brat, spoiled, nothing wrong, just wanting attention. Something like that. Rotten, screeching Dodge or Plymouth or whatever it is.

The young man gave a hesitant smile before settling back into silence.

Well, business is business, and Tony gathered himself together and asked with true sweetness: What can I do for you, sir?

We're not able to make arrangements for Zona. The young man shifted and brought his doleful countenance up to meet Tony's eyes, with their flashing curiosity blinking bright in the pleasant sun.

Tony held fast to the railing. I want very much to do something for Zona, he said. And he found himself adding, like a parson, Zona who did so much for us.

The afternoon was retreating; schoolboys and schoolgirls, women with groceries, nurses with prams. Family life and double-parked maintenance trucks of electricians, pipe fitters, floor sanders taking off for the boroughs. Such sad news you have brought to my door, Tony said. And unfortunately I cannot meet the news as I would like. Consolation, all that. I don't have any cash around just now. . . . Maybe I could write you a check somehow or send something later.

Checks are hard to handle, the caller said, to which Tony replied with emphasis: *You are telling me.*

In truth, Tony didn't have any money. As he often expressed it: I don't have any money to speak of, and have you ever thought what a silly phrase that "to speak of" is? Tony didn't have any money. What he had were debts, piling up as they always did, month after month after month. Nothing ever seemed to place him ahead. Ahead? Not even in balance. When he got paid for a job or sold something, by the time the payment came through he owed most of it.

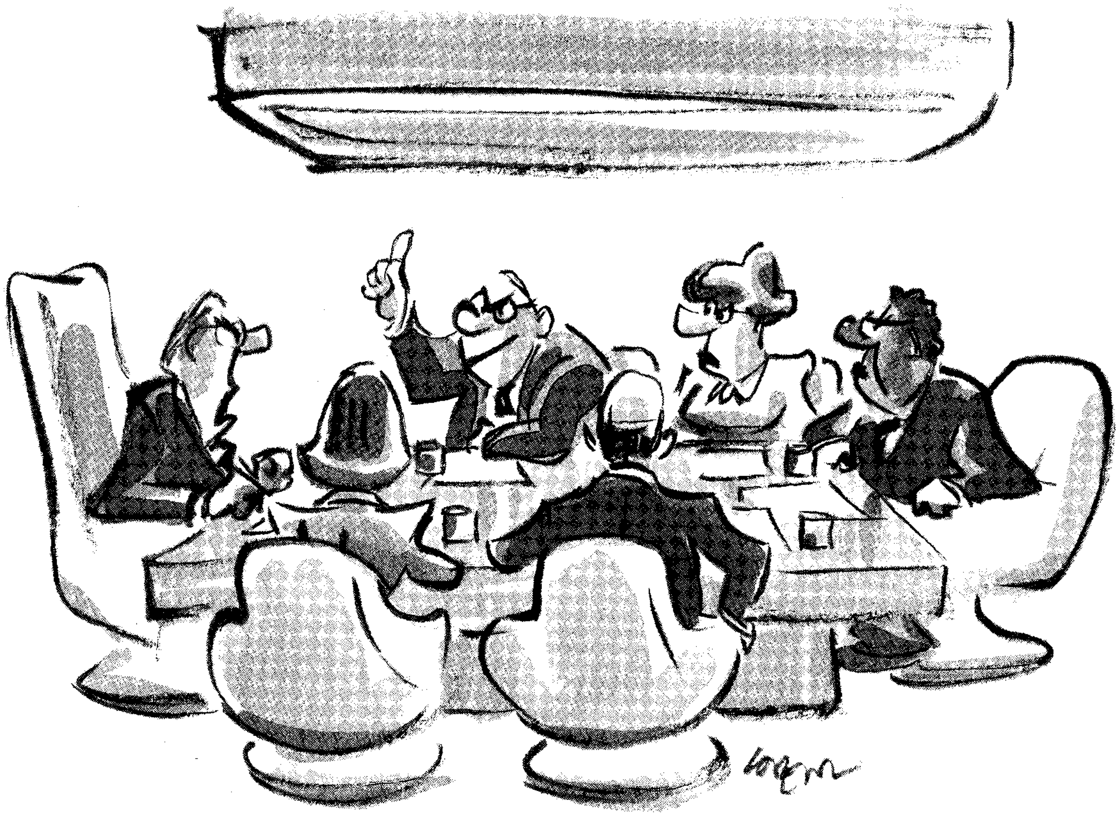
He borrowed from his friends, had borrowed from his sister until that source dried up in a ferocious finale. When reproached or reminded of a default, Tony was something grand to see and to hear. He attacked the lender and carried on with tremendous effrontery, often weeping in his rage. I don't need you to tell me that I owe you money. Don't you think I know that? Do I have to sit here and tell you that damned money is on my mind day and night? And then, in a change of pace, he would crumble, or appear to do so. Listen, I've been having a really rough time. Just now. This wonderful United States economy is in a god-awful mess. Right down there in the mud, as I see it. Or haven't you had reason to notice? You have no idea what borrowing is like, Tony would go on in an aggrieved tone. I hope you never have to go through it yourself, believe me. Borrowing from friends is the worst of it. Sheer hell on earth. Better Con Ed and the phone company after you every day, better than a friend out there waiting . . . With the utilities and all that, there are thousands in the same shitty hole. Those companies don't know you, wouldn't know you on the street, thank God. But with pa[illegible], it's torture on the rack.

Take it easy, Tony. Calm down. Everything will work out—and such was the end of that bit of troublesome arrears. Settled.

Autumn leaves lay in damp clumps along the curbs. Some of them still struggling to be yellow and red as they fell from faraway trees and were somehow carried into the treeless streets. Thinking of autumn leaves brought Tony's mind to the first vodka of the evening. It was time to step back through the door with its polished brass knocker in the shape of a lion's head. Time for his little bar alcove and zinc sink encased in pine, his American Back Porch period; time to get ice from the Sub-Zero, High-Tech period. It was time to relax, watch the evening news and, after that, "Hard Copy" or "A Current Affair." But the lovers didn't know *the wife was waiting!* That sort of problem.

Poor Zona, he said. I'd give the old eyeteeth to help you out. I really would, believe me. I know what you folks are going through, but things are a little tight with me at this point in time. That is, right now.

Tony was from Memphis. It had long been understood by him and



"Now, just a darn minute, Fowler! You're not the only member of this board who was a victim of ritual satanic abuse!"

his world in New York that he had a special sort of down-home, churchgoing way with black people. Perhaps he did, with his loquacity, curiosity, good humor—when he wasn't in a rage. There were, indeed, some occasions when he was more "Southern" than others.

The financial aspect of the transaction on the stoop in the East Seventies seemed to have blown away to rest elsewhere, like the leaves. This resolution, if you could call it that, left Tony free to ask: What's your name, fella?

My name is Carlos.

Carlos, is it? A bit out of the way to my ear. But then I don't know just where Zona got her name, either. And you might ask how I come to be Tony, like an Italian. Never laid eyes on one till I was your age.

That went by without interference, and Tony prepared for a retreat. Zona was a fine person, a special individual. Kind of a lady in her bearing. Of the old school, as they say. And how old was she? No time for that now. Time for the zinc-sink folly. He directed Carlos to another of Zona's group when he saw the young man looking at what appeared to be a list.

Check out Joseph, he said. But don't turn up before seven. He works. As a goodbye offering for Carlos, Tony went into his act, accent and all. Joseph's a good ole boy. And, just between us, he's got pigs at the trough, chickens scootin' round the yard, hay in the barn, and preserves in the cellar. Definitely not hungry, if you get my drift.

Carlos bowed his head and made his way down the stoop. Now, Tony wondered, just what was I going on about? Carlos, not even Southern, for God's sake. But, Southern or not, he called out to the disappearing tangerine back, God bless!

Inside, double-locked, vodka in hand, he rang up Joseph and gave a synopsis and foretold the boy's visit.

What did Zona die of? Joseph wanted to know.

Don't ask me. Just passed away.

At seven-fifteen the elevator man called Joseph's apartment and said that a young man named Zona wanted to be brought up, and Joseph said, Bring him up. It was an awful moment at the door, with the young man saying, Zona passed away.

Yes, I know. Tony rang me. It's very sad news indeed. I've known Zona for fifteen years. A long time for New York, I guess.

Joseph worked in a distinguished print shop on Madison Avenue, a shop owned by a distinguished dealer, a Jewish refugee from Germany. Joseph himself was a second-generation Jewish refugee from Germany. He had been brought up in America by his parents, who left Germany in the mid-nineteen-thirties, went first to England and then to New York. They left with some of their family money, and in New York the father became a successful accountant and the mother trained with Karen Horney and went into practice as a therapist. The parents died and did not leave Joseph penniless, even if what had seemed a lot in the nineteen-seventies didn't seem much at all now.

He had studied history and French at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, a happy place for him, which confirmed his parents' notion that young persons of foreign birth should experience the country outside New York. Several years after graduation, he married a Michigan girl and they came to the city, where he learned the old-print business from the Master. It was not long before the Michigan girl found life too old-print—too German and all that. For Joseph the marriage seemed mysteriously to dissolve, but his bride used the word "disintegrate" with unflattering fervor. She took some of Joseph's inheritance and left Joseph with his natural sentimentality and diffidence increased. She left him also in some way frightened, even though cheerfulness was his outward aspect and went handily with his stocky, plumpish figure.

Joseph was wearing a black suit, a shirt of blue stripes, and a black tie. Business wear, except that he was in his socks. The therapeutic walk of twenty blocks up Madison Avenue had taken its toll on his feet, as he explained to Carlos. He invited the young man into a study off the living room, where there was a large desk. Here Joseph planned to talk to Carlos and to write out a check in honor of Zona. Of course it was a difficult meeting, since Joseph lacked Tony's chattering, dominating intimacy with every cat and dog and beggar (Sorry, man, out of change) on the street.

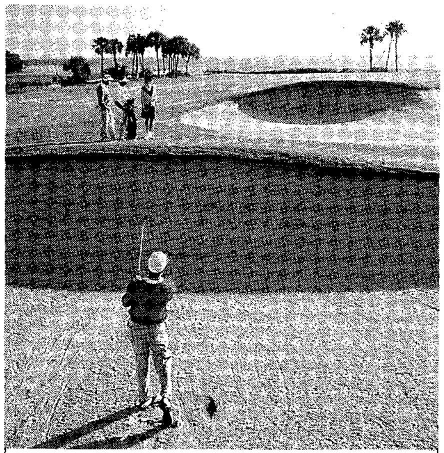
Please be at ease. Uh, Carlos, isn't it? Be at ease, Joseph said. And he sent the young man to sink into an old leather chair. Here in this dark cubicle, with the desk taking up most of the space and books on the floor, Joseph switched on the lights dug into the ceiling. Under the not entirely friendly illumination, the face of Carlos was a warm, light brown, the color of certain packing envelopes. With his eyes a swim of black and his oily black curls, Carlos looked like a figure in a crowded painting of some vivid historical scene, a face peering over the gleaming shoulders of white bodies, a face whose presence would need to be interpreted by scholars. Joseph found himself lost in this for a moment or two but could not name the painting, if any, that he was trying to recall.

No, no, he said. This is going too fast. No hurry, no hurry. He led Carlos into the kitchen and brought forth a bottle of Pellegrino. They took their glasses and Joseph had the idea of showing Carlos around the flat. In a mournful voice, he said: Carlos, this was Zona's place.

The apartment was on the overstuffed side, like Joseph himself. It had been *done* by Tony, and that was the cause of their meeting. Tony's contributions were window drapery that rolled up in a scalloped pattern, a sofa in something that looked like tapestry and ended in a band of fringe around the bottom—those and the recessed ceiling lights. For the rest, there was a mahogany dining table, with six heavy high-backed chairs spread around the three rooms. The bedroom had a suite done in an ivory color with a lot of gilt on its various components, a dated bunch of pieces coldly reigning amidst the glossy white walls.

While the apartment was being renovated, Joseph had announced that he didn't intend to buy any large pieces, because he had his mother's things in storage. Tony rolled his eyes and said: A catastrophe lies ahead. And, not long after, he came face to face with the accumulation of objects as heavy and strong, and spread around as helplessly, as old, dull-eyed mammoths. Tony blew a smoke ring at Joseph and exclaimed: I wouldn't believe it. It's wonderful. Park Avenue Early Jewish!

He wanted everything sent off to Tepper's auction house. Estate sale, Joseph. Estate sale. Joseph was taken with a fit of sentimental stubbornness, and most of the loot remained. Sometimes, when friends came around, he would



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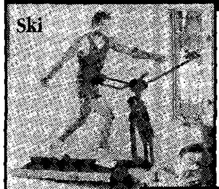

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smile, wave his arm about, and say, Here you have it. Early Jewish. Of course, he had his prints, his library, his silver, some old clocks. And he had Zona, whom he seldom saw, but whose presence in his life was treasured. Her hours, once a week, with a single gentleman out of the house, unlike the freelance Tony, were whatever suited her. Sometimes Joseph was at home in the late afternoon and they collided. Rapid, graceful, and courteous, she filled him with the most pleasurable emotions. The wastebaskets were emptied, the sheets on the ivory-and-gilt bed changed, a few shirts, not his best, ironed. There was that, but even more it was the years, the alliance, the black bird herself.

He directed Carlos back to the room with the desk and, hesitating, uncertain of his ground, he said: Tell me what happened to Zona. That is, if you don't mind.

Zona was shot, Carlos said, lowering his gaze to the wrinkled kilim on the floor.

Joseph drank from the water glass. Then he put it down and pressed his plump hands together. Shot. What a miserable ending for Zona. Such a—what shall I say about her? In truth, Joseph did not have words to describe Zona. He often felt: I love Zona. But that did not appear to be an appropriate expression somehow. For love, although fearful of the details, he asked: Who shot Zona?

Carlos said: Mister Joseph, they haven't got him yet. The one who did it.

You mean on the street? Just like that?

It was with the driver. Her livery driver.

Livery driver?

The driver with the car who drove her around to her places, brought her into town in the morning and met her at their corner and drove her home. For a long time, it's been. Some years, the arrangement. Martin was his name.

Joseph said: Martin shot Zona?

Carlos looked at him with a curious, long glance, a look of impatience, as if he could not believe Joseph did not comprehend what he knew so well himself. Carefully, he said: Martin didn't shoot Zona. She always sat in front with him. They were both shot.

Joseph, near to a sob, said: You must mean a robbery or something like that.

That's what it was. A fare that came in on the car radio. Got in the back seat and that was it.

There it was. It was time for Joseph to ask, What can I do for Zona? Carlos said they were having trouble with the arrangements, and when Joseph got his pen to write a check, Carlos said, Checks are hard. We don't have any banks especially. Any that know us. So, in the end, Joseph found two hundred dollars and Carlos rose to leave. I'll take it to her sister.

Whose sister?

Zona's sister. My mother. And in the gloom he was escorted to the elevator and went down to the street, where now rain splashed and wind blew.

Joseph phoned Tony and said, Shot. And Tony said, Shot? Wouldn't you just know it?

Joseph said, There's a sister.

Whose sister?

Zona's sister. That's who we're talking about, right? The sister is the mother of Carlos. It's horrible to think of Zona gone like that. From the back seat.

Tony said, What back seat? But Joseph declined. Nothing, Tony, nothing. Just shot.

Tony said: History of this goddam city—at least a footnote to the history of these fucking times. The whole place is a firing range, up and down and across.

Joseph said: Zona's not a footnote to me. I loved Zona.

Didn't we all? came back over the wire.

THE next morning, Carlos arrived at a town house on East Ninety-first Street, the house of Cynthia, the flute player. The door was ajar and noise could be heard inside—voices, a phonograph, a telephone ringing and answered. Carlos pushed the bell button and waited next to a stone urn of faltering geraniums. After a time, a young girl, about his age, called out for Granny, and after a minute or two here came Cynthia in a smock. This time the opening line was: I'm Carlos. From Zona.

How nice. Come in, come in. You are welcome here.

There were boots and umbrellas in the hallway, coats hanging on pegs, newspapers stacked for recycling—quite a busy entrance, you'd have to say.

Carlos was led into the front parlor, where there was a piano, along with bookcases, two-seater sofas, and a big,

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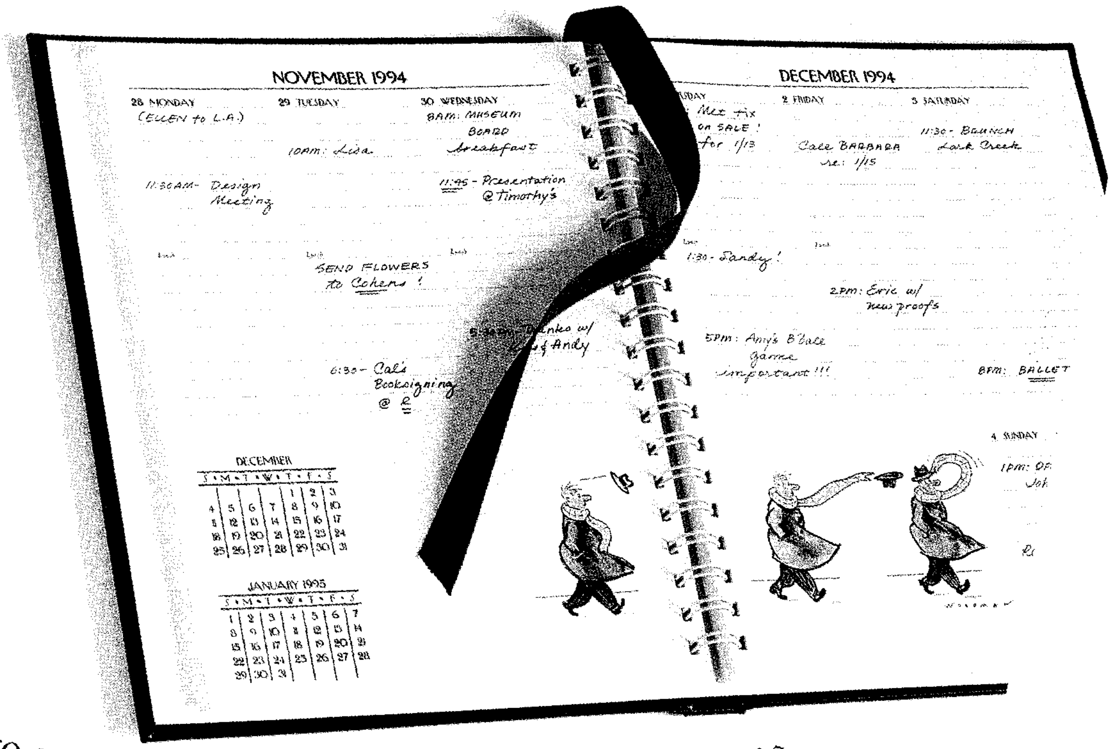
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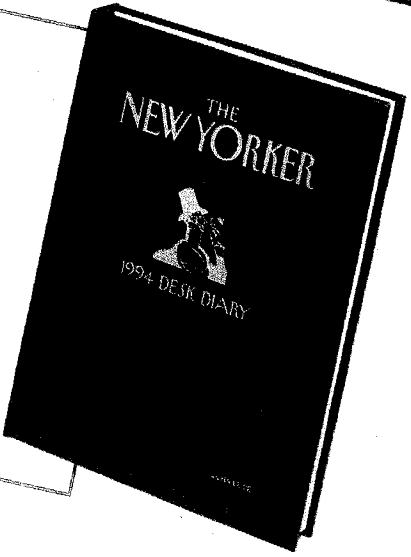
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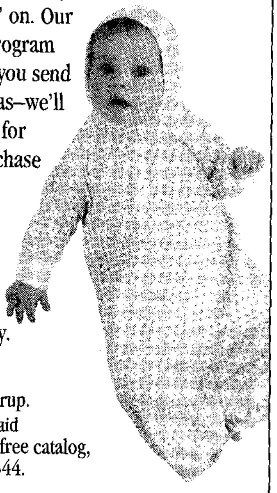

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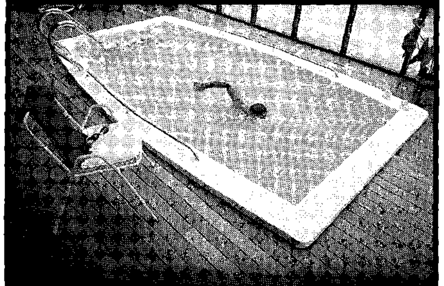

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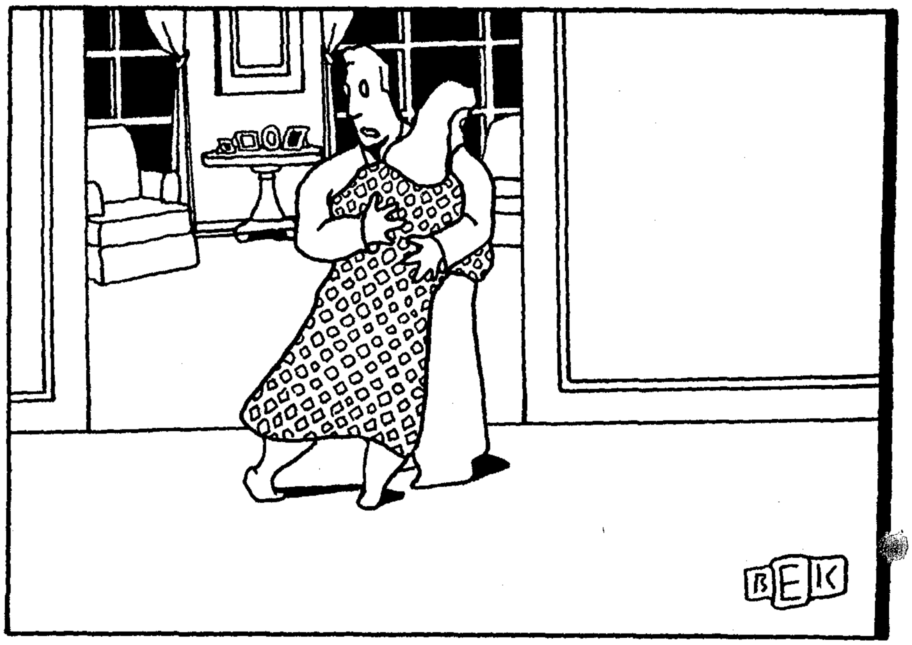


"They're just late-night talk shows, honey. It's not a real war."

• •

lumpy armchair by the window, to which he was directed. Cynthia drew a chair very near to him, and her greenish, amiable eyes gazed into his liquid black ones and at last she said: I missed Zona this week. You know—Carlos, is it?—that I consider it very brave of Zona to set foot into my jungle. An army couldn't handle it. You can see that, I'm sure. But Zona found things to do, and I am much in her debt.

Carlos looked aside. Zona passed away, he said.

Cynthia sat up straight as a rod in her chair and looked up at the ceiling for a long time. At last she said: I wasn't prepared for this. Passed on from this life, Zona. Just like that.

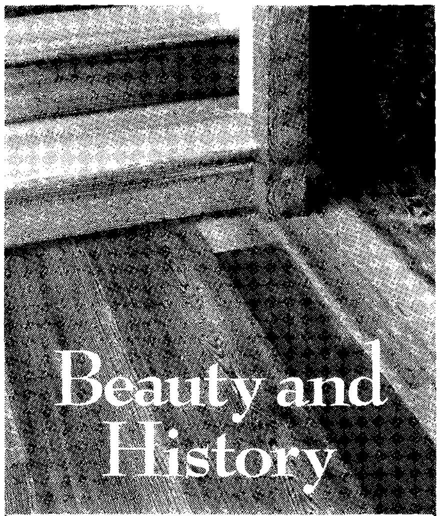
Zona passed away, he repeated, and Cynthia seemed lost in contemplation, meditation of some kind. Oh, oh, passed away. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I hope it was an easy death. An easy passage after a hard, honorable life.

Carlos said: No, Ma'am. It wasn't easy. Zona was shot.

Cynthia drew her chair nearer, brought her golden-gray head so close that Carlos tilted his black curls back a bit. Then Cynthia placed her long fingers on his hand and drew his other brown hand over her own so that they were in a clasp like that practiced in progressive churches. Shot, you say. More than the heart can bear.

Cynthia grew up in Baltimore, went to the Curtis Institute, in Philadelphia, had a three-week summer session in Paris with Rampal, and in her younger years had played for a time in the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra. Then she came with her husband and daughter to New York and bought the house on Ninety-first Street. Thirty-nine thousand it cost then, she would say. Only that. The money had come from the closing of her grandfather's Baltimore business, a handsome store where well-to-do women could buy dresses, coats and satin lingerie, cologne and face powder. Three floors in a fine downtown brick building, clerks long in service, and seamstresses with pins in their mouths while making alterations. Ours was a *select* business, she would say with an ironical lilt and the special tone of Unitarian modesty. It was very well known and much respected in the community. To be that, you had to be somewhat cool to ordinary people. You didn't want them to look at things and then go pale at the price. But the doors were welcoming to one and all on the Day After the Fourth of July Sale. A yearly excitement it was, people in line at seven in the morning.

Releasing the hand of Carlos, Cynthia said: Tell me what you and your family have been going through. She passed him a damp cookie and a cat entered the room and settled on his lap. Carlos ate the cookie and stroked the



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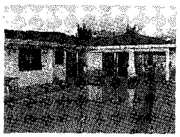

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cat. Looking hard at Cynthia, he said in a tone of apology: You see, I never met any of the people Zona worked for before this happened. I don't know just what they might want to hear.

I want to hear what you can bear to tell, Cynthia said.

In a breathless rush, Carlos told about the livery car that had taken Zona back and forth to her work, about the passenger who got in from the radio call and hadn't been caught yet. And he added that his mother, Zona's sister, would have come round to the people but she was home crying herself crazy.

I will attend Zona's funeral, Cynthia said. I want to be there. For me, it would be an honor. And it occurs to me that if you wish I might play a little music. Something suitable, of course.

Carlos raised his hand to interrupt. It was time to complete his errand: We haven't been able to make the arrangements for Zona.

Cynthia said at this point: Funeral arrangements cost much more than they need to. I read a book about that—although I didn't need to be informed about the ways of such institutions.

Carlos, a diver at the tip of the board, fixed his glance on Cynthia's bright head of white hair, with the brown streaks turning golden. He said: She's been there a week while we couldn't make the arrangements. They put them in the ground, like in a field, they say.

Been where?

With the city down where they keep them. If you can't make the arrangements to transfer, they put them—

Oh, Cynthia said. You mean Potter's Field?

Carlos said: That sounds like it.

The granddaughter who had opened the door came into the room and introductions were made. As she was going out, she said to Carlos: You're cute.

This young person is in a state of bereavement, Cynthia called to the girl. And she added: Neither of my grandchildren is musical. They can't sing "Adeste Fideles" in tune. A deprivation.

Pigeons rested on the sills of the long, handsome, smeary windows still divided into the original panes and now interrupted only by a rusty air-conditioner. I can't take it all in, Cynthia said. I would like to know what Zona's family needs.

What we want, Ma'am, he said, what we want is a coffin on a train, and a few

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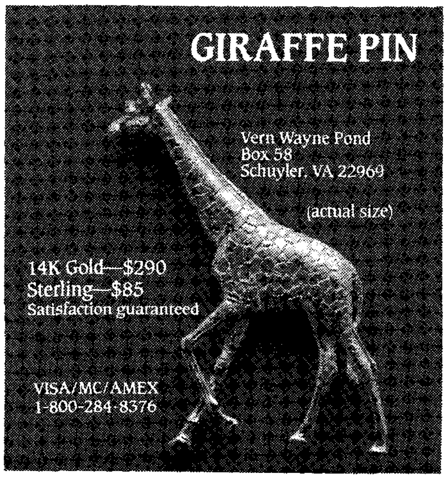

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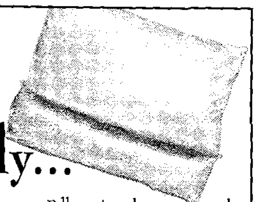

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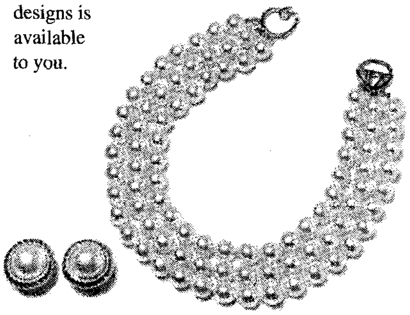

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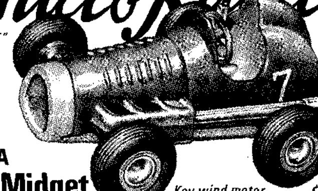

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of us family will go down and have her buried in Opelika.

Opelika? Where is that?

Alabama. Zona's town.

Opelika, Alabama. What a pretty name.

The ground down there's paid for, Carlos explained.

Cynthia drew a pencil from the pocket of her smock, found a pad, and began to write on it. I have probably waited too long to sell this house, she said. The prices are falling fast—the darkness deepening, as the hymn goes.

Cynthia and her chamber-music group occasionally held concerts in this house, and at one of those Joseph had brought Tony along. Tony, when the invitation came, said: I might have guessed you'd go for that, Joseph. German.

During the wine and cheese, inferior quality indeed, Tony approached Cynthia and in an excited mode informed her: You are sitting on a million bucks here—if not exactly in mint condition. He noted the panelling, the high ceilings, and the matching fireplaces of decorated marble on the first floor. Assets you have here. A million for sure, at the bottom.

Tony was floating like a sturdy little boat on the waters of the house market. A million for the property and another mil *at least* to do it up. They're terrorists, these buyers. They like to gut the place, break down walls, even move the staircase so they can put a powder room under it. Space, dear lady, that's the ticket. Space is what you have to sell.

Of course, Cynthia stayed on. The house, the space, was all she had to leave her daughter, the way things looked. She rented rooms to students, gave lessons, while lamenting that the lesson-takers were mostly girls and few strong enough for the instrument. In these rooms now she was contemplating life and death with Carlos. It was calculated that a thousand dollars was needed to rescue Zona. And there was the problem with cashing checks, and just two days before they would, down there at the city, before they would—

Please, please, Carlos. Don't speak of it. More than the heart can bear.

Cynthia's finances were more than a little murky. Her husband, when they moved to New York, had worked for a publishing group that put out *Family Days*. Perhaps he got a bit overloaded on that, and he squared the circle, so to speak, and shifted to *Liberty*, when that magazine was around. He also shifted to an ignorant girl in the mail room. Cynthia was left to provide for her daughter, who quit Barnard College in her freshman year, took up with a boy from Columbia, and went up to New Hampshire with him to pursue carpentry and to produce two daughters. Cynthia had bits of trust funds from the old Baltimore emporium, from a childless uncle, and from her father, who declined the clothing business and went into a small local bank, not very successfully. He raised his nice, musical daughter, who ended up on the flute.

At last, toward noon, with the temperamental city sun shining one minute and disappearing the next, as if turning a corner, Cynthia found a sweater and put her arm through the arm of Carlos, and the odd tandem made its way down Lexington Avenue to the Chemical Bank. Inside the bank, the odd tandem became an alarming couple; Carlos like a thief avoiding eye contact with the teller, a young Indian woman in a sari, and Cynthia, in an old gentlewoman's untidy fluster, withdrawing a thousand dollars in fifties and twenties.

They stood outside in humbling confusion until the money in two envelopes was passed into the hands of Carlos. Off in a gallop to the subway and to do the paperwork down there where they were impatiently holding the body of Zona. Alert the River Jordan Twenty-Four-Hour Funeral Service. And at last meet the train rolling down to Washington, D.C.; there a crunching change of cars, a wait, before wheeling through state after state, through West Virginia, passing the memory of the prehistoric Mound Builders and the rusting scaffolds of the anthracite-coal counties. On to the point of the Chattanooga Campaign, down to the grass and myrtle of the cemetery lying in the Alabama autumn. Journey's end.

Adios, Carlos. Au revoir, Zona. Rest in peace in Opelika.

Cynthia recounted the dire circumstances to Joseph, who said, I loved Zona. A great hole in my life, this is. It's like planting a field of seeds and none of them coming up. In a manner of speaking.

Cynthia said: Nothing for Planned Parenthood this year. But no matter, no matter.

Tony, informed, said: They love funerals. ♦

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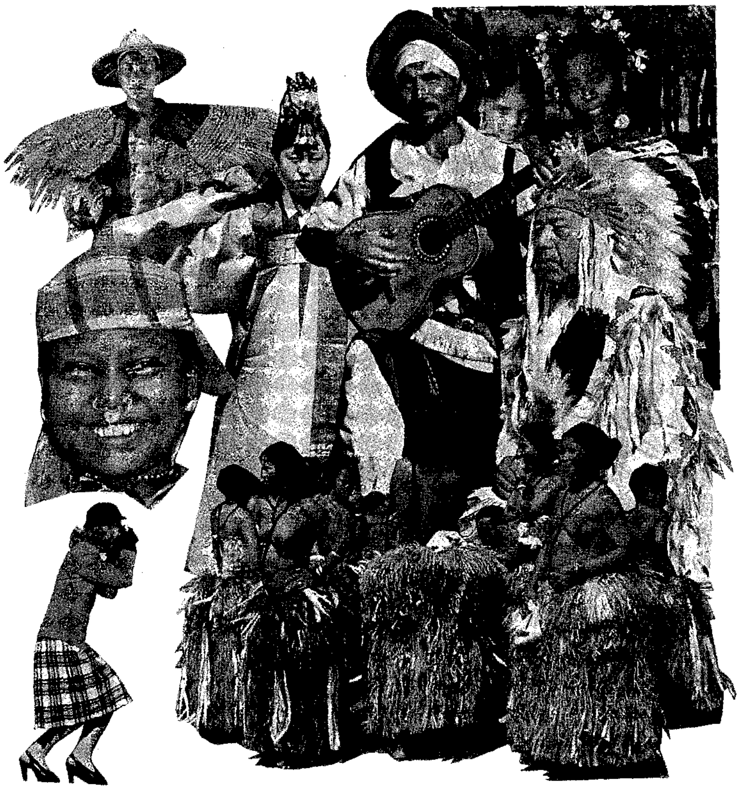
BY STEPHEN GREENBLATT

YEARS ago, driving in a rented rattletrap from Rissani to Marrakech, across a wild and desolate stretch of the Atlas Mountains, my wife and I sped past a shepherdess standing by the side of the road. The woman was unveiled, young, and exceptionally beautiful. She was wearing her wealth—dangling filigreed silver earrings, coin necklaces, elaborately worked bracelets—and as we passed she smiled and waved. Her modest wave was an invitation, or so we chose to interpret it. We jammed on the brakes, backed up, and rolled down the window. My wife smiled, pointed to our camera, and asked in signs if we might take her picture. Across the huge landscape, there was no one else in sight, no sound except the wind and the bleating of the lambs. The shepherdess hesitated, evidently uneasy and uncertain. I took some money from my pocket and held it out to her. With some reluctance still, she reached out for it, then hunched into herself and allowed her picture to be taken. When we got back to California and developed the film, we found the picture, all right, but it was rather different from what we remembered: we had a snapshot of a very thin, sombre, anxious woman entirely wrapped in mud-stained rags.

What did we want from her, anyway? What were we trying to bring home? A *National Geographic* photograph, of course. Though the road was paved, though we had credit cards in our wallets, film in our camera, and a reservation at a hotel in Marrakech, we felt like adventurers in an uncharted realm, and the smile on the face of the beautiful shepherdess assured us that the inhabitants of this realm were friendly. We were dazzled by the intensity of the light glinting off the snowy peaks on the far horizon and off the chunks of milky quartz scattered, like jewels in the "Arabian Nights," at our feet. We were captivated by the glimpse of a distant fortified village, its mud-and-wattle crenellations topped with storks' nests. But what made us slam on the brakes was that smile, a smile we wanted to capture and take away with us.

The friendliness of the exotic other has long been one of the staples of the *National Geographic's* vision of the world, encompassing "Smiling, Happy Philippines," "The Friendly Irish," "Happy-go-lucky Trinidad and Tobago," and extending all the way to "Farmers' Friends Among the Wasps and Hornets" and "Man's New Servant, the Friendly Atom." There were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in our philosophy, the magazine told us, but this strangeness and diversity should not be an occasion for a Hamlet-like melancholy, much less for fear and trembling. The world was an open place, responsive to Americans and their values; the smiles on the faces of others seemed a reflection and a confirmation of our own smiles. The *National Geographic's* interest in the foreign has always been matched by an equally lively interest in the domestic, so readers are given a steady diet of articles about the rugged maple-sappers of Vermont, the warmhearted coal miners of Appalachia, and "The F.B.I.: Public Friend Number One." More important, perhaps, the mag-



Living in paradise: A new book argues that the National Geographic makes Americans feel at home in a world that doesn't exist.

STEPHEN KRONINGER

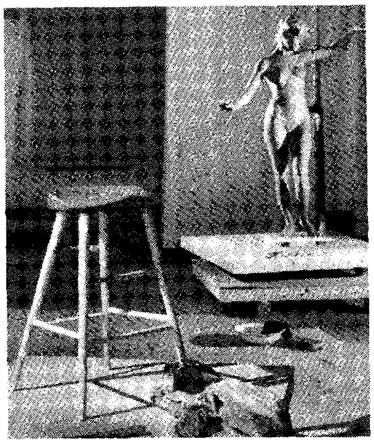
azine's depictions of alien cultures have tended to suggest that, despite their vivid differences, these cultures are—or, at least, are becoming—compatible with our own in all the ways that most matter.

Taken together, the magazine's photographs help to create what a new book, "Reading National Geographic" (Chicago; $59.95 cloth, $19.95 paper), calls "a national vision." The authors—Catherine A. Lutz, an anthropologist, and Jane L. Collins, a sociologist—analyzed almost six hundred randomly selected ethnographic photographs that appeared in the magazine between 1950 and 1986; photographic practice at the *National Geographic*, they concluded, "is geared to a classic form of humanism, drawing readers' attention through its portrayal of difference, and then showing that under the colorful dress and the skin, as it were, we are all more or less the same." Immensely rich and powerful compared with the people of most other countries, Americans do not want to feel like colonial oppressors. The cheerfulness of the *National Geographic*, Lutz and Collins argue, has "helped white, upwardly mobile Americans to locate themselves in a changing world, to come to terms with their whiteness and relative privilege, and to deal with anxieties about their class position, both national and international." This theory would presumably help to explain our urge in rural Morocco to replicate *National Geographic* photographs: in the face of the bleakest poverty we had ever witnessed, we groped for some magic to transform distress into admiration. It is an ideological magic that Lutz and Collins, in nine densely argued chapters, attempt to deconstruct, and urge their readers to resist. In their account, the smiles, the complacent registering of "progress," and the easy embrace of transcendent values mask the reality of racial and class violence and do the work of colonialism.

We can, of course, take the story back before 1950—back at least as far as the Early Modern period, which has long been the principal object of my own academic obsessions. Voyagers to strange lands (and their financial backers) have always welcomed reassurance that the natives are friendly. "I assure Your Highnesses," Columbus wrote in 1492 of the Taino of Hispaniola, "that I believe that in the world there are no better people or a better land. They love their neighbors as themselves, and they have the sweetest speech in the world; and [they are] gentle and are always laughing." And Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to Virginia in 1584, reported that the inhabitants were "people most gentle, loving, and faithfull, void of all guile, and treason, and such as lived after the manner of the golden age." The European adventurers who wrote such glowing testimonials did not generally feel under a reciprocal obligation to be faithful and guileless; on the contrary, they often suggested, implicitly or explicitly, that the natives' innocence would make them more tractable and hence easier to exploit. Yet there is a strong idealizing impulse in their rhetoric, an intimation (made explicit by Montaigne) that the so-called savages are living lives that fulfill the Europeans' own highest aspirations, whether Christian ("they love their neighbors as themselves") or pagan ("after the manner of the golden age").

Perhaps it is unfair to associate the *National Geographic* with the texts of rapacious colonizers, whose powerful, unstable mixture of cynical calculation and utopian longing seems far from the genial, self-assured, and kindly tone of the magazine. In the National Geographic Society's earliest years, its concerns, like those of its European counterparts, were explicitly shaped by colonialism: the title of a 1900 article on the Philippines was "Our New Possessions and the Interest They Are Exciting." But in 1915, in a crucial articulation of the magazine's editorial principles, Gilbert Grosvenor, who was to edit the *National Geographic* for over fifty years, insisted that the content be absolutely nonpartisan as well as scrupulously accurate, maintaining that "only what is of a kindly nature is printed about any country or people, everything unpleasant or unduly critical being avoided." *Any* country: the magazine's relentlessly affirmative tone was principally set not by the particular, local interests of American foreign policy but by a different vision, one that regarded "the world and all that is in it" with equal-opportunity optimism.

Such optimism, of course, could be taken to imply that the entire world was America's oyster, that there were no limits to American interests, that American imperial power would manifest itself not in territorial possession but in near-universal cultural and economic penetration. Lutz and Collins are acutely sensi-



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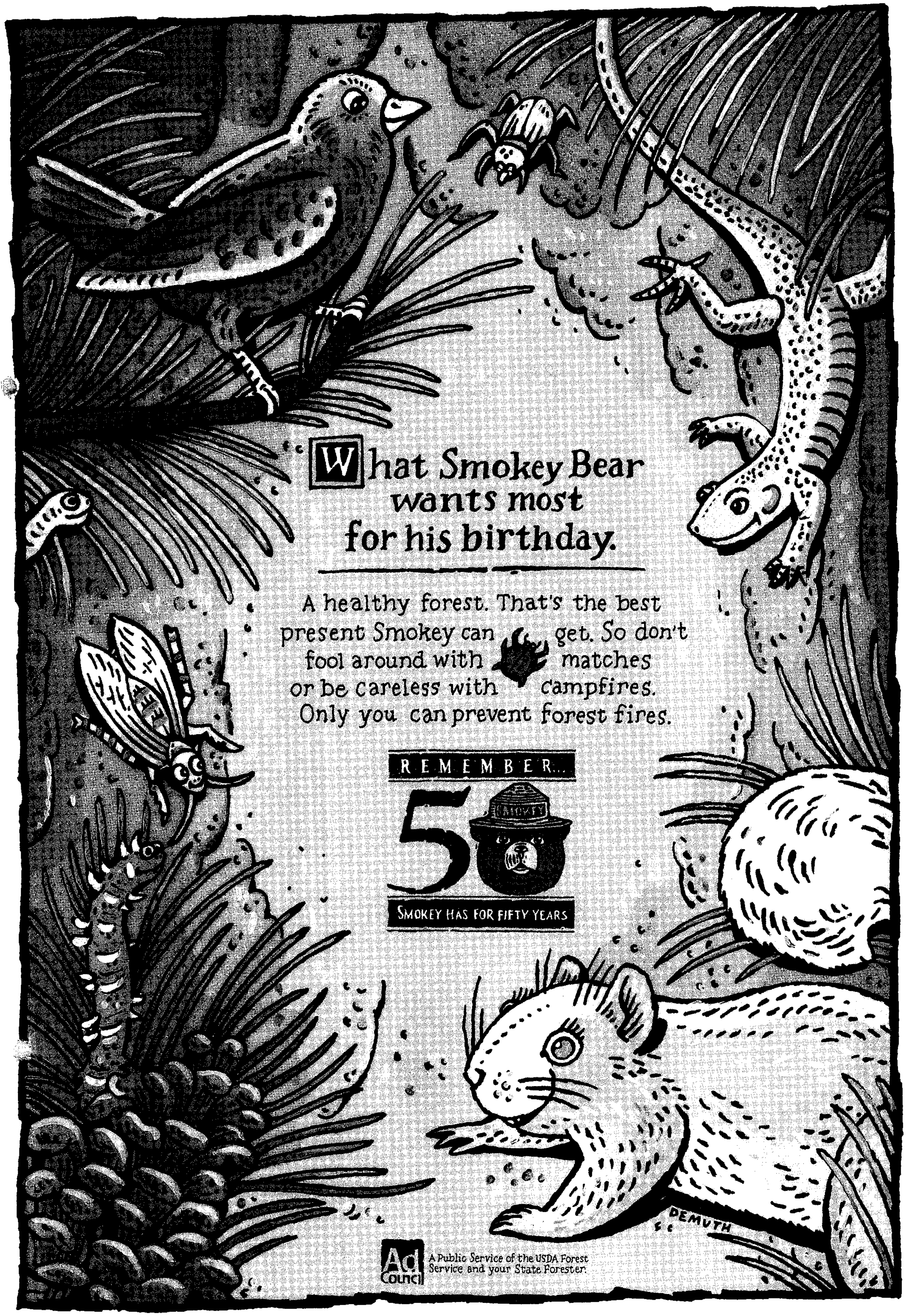
tive to the ruses of kindliness, and they repeatedly disclose the national interests lurking just beneath the placid surface of benign scientific curiosity. The influence of the *National Geographic*, Chester Nimitz once remarked, "promotes Americanism throughout the whole world." But the "Americanism" invoked by the admiral of the fleet need not refer to state policy; rather, it may be patriotic shorthand for kindliness, egalitarianism, tolerance, an engaged, unfrightened, secular curiosity about the lives of others. Certainly the magazine included few exhortations to empire, even at a time when the rhetoric of "the white man's burden" was fashionable; and Grosvenor's editorial principles were inherently inimical to the jingoism, overt racism, and dreams of dominance that we might expect to find in the unofficial house organ of an imperial power. If, particularly after the Second World War, huge numbers of Americans travelled abroad with images from the *National Geographic* in their heads, it was not as colonial administrators but as tourists.

For the principal effect of the magazine's upbeat articles and its richly colorful photographs of gorgeous scenery and happy, exotic natives was to make the world seem like a desirable place less to rule than to photograph. My teen-age son (who is our family's official member of the National Geographic Society) just received in the mail a flyer advertising a tour to Antarctica for members. "Imagine stepping from the pages of *National Geographic*," the pitch begins, "into an exciting world of travel." The Society has only recently gone into the package-tour business, but, in effect, it has been promoting tourism for decades. Its images reach an astonishingly large audience: the *National Geographic* has the third-largest subscription rate in the United States (after *TV Guide* and *Reader's Digest*), and it is estimated that, worldwide, thirty-seven million people see each issue. (Given the browsing of anxious patients in dentists' waiting rooms, this seems to me a conservative estimate.) And, with the postwar prosperity of middle-class Americans, the urge "to step from the pages of *National Geographic*"—or, rather, to step into them—has grown steadily. The scenes into which tourists step are usually a far cry from the magazine's photographs—mercifully far, since those photographs have frequently been taken at considerable risk to the photographer—but this gap is a familiar paradox of mass culture: representations of passion, glamour, and danger transmuted in real life into secure banalities.

Mass tourism, to be sure, is not innocent of empire: it is no accident that in Morocco my wife and I were driving on a road built by the French. Even the urge to photograph the natives has an air of colonial acquisitiveness—of the accumulation of cultural loot. A few days after Daguerre announced his photographic invention, a French newspaper declared, "Travelers, you will soon be able . . . to acquire the apparatus invented by M. Daguerre, and you will be able to bring back to France the most beautiful monuments, the most beautiful scenes of the whole world." But bringing back pictures, after all, is not the same as bringing back loot (the African loot, for example, that gathers dust in the attic of many a house in rural France or Germany or Italy). The urge to take *National Geographic*-style photographs of smiling shepherdesses may be suspect and the offering of payment despicable, but I can think of worse urges and more serious offenses against the human race.

During its long history, however, the *National Geographic* has, in keeping with its editorial credo, winked routinely at even the most serious offenses. So entire a commitment to the cult of the "pleasant" has its drawbacks, beyond the numbing puerility of much of the prose (a puerility relieved in recent years and always masked by the famous photographs). The most notorious example of a dark and vicious place into which the *National Geographic* heedlessly ambled is an article published in 1937 by Douglas Chandler on "Changing Berlin." Chandler presents a glowing account of Berlin under a new kind of leadership, an account lavishly illuminated by photographs like the one depicting "A Bright, Sunshiny Day, With Unter Den Linden in Gala Dress"—the dress in question consisting of dozens of bright-red swastika banners lining the avenue. "Across the bridge," the article closes, "returning from an outing, marches a group of small boys wearing the uniform of the Hitler Youth—short black trousers,



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brown shirt and black neckerchief slipped through a braided leather holder. They are singing in accurately pitched, youthful treble that moving modern national song, the 'Horst Wessel Lied.' " Did anyone on the *National Geographic* staff—famous for its commitment to "absolute accuracy"—wonder what was so moving about the official marching song of the Nazi Party and its Storm Troopers?

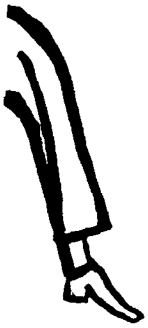
Chandler was a Nazi collaborator; indicted in absentia for treason in 1943, he was tried and convicted after the war. But by then Grosvenor had already fired him, and it is unlikely that the *National Geographic's* editorial policy was ever actively pro-Fascist. Grosvenor and his right-hand man, John Oliver La Gorce, simply did not concern themselves or see fit to trouble their readers with the plight of Hitler's victims, any more than they saw fit, in a 1949 article about the South entitled "Dixie Spins the Wheels of Industry," to run a single photograph featuring blacks. When La Gorce expressed concern, in a 1920 memo to his chief, over a "process of elimination and massacre," he was referring to an alleged Jewish takeover of Hollywood. La Gorce, who became editor of the magazine after Grosvenor retired, had comparable anxieties about what he called, in a 1926 memo, "the danger of negro nominations" to the National Geographic Society (a danger he had some clever ideas for combatting). Evidently, the genteel, kindly, white-male club loved cultural, religious, and ethnic differences, but only at a certain remove.

THE long Indian summer of the *National Geographic* was brought to an end, like so much else in American culture, by the Vietnam War. Change seems to have come about less through a shift in principle than through a transformation of what the art historian Michael Baxandall has called the "period eye"—the dominant expectations and conventions that govern the way people see and interpret images at a given time. The terrible, violent images to which the American public was exposed in the late sixties and seventies through television and newspaper coverage of the war made it increasingly risky—that is to say, potentially unprofitable—for the *National Geographic* to continue running photographs that had come to seem absurdly out of touch with reality. To the dismay of some of its loyal readers, the magazine began to include photographs of places like South Africa and Harlem and Indochina that did not merely reinforce the old, confident vision of a congenial world. Even though, in 1990, Wilbur Garrett, the editor most identified with these changes, was fired, the magazine has not simply returned to its earlier mode, though it occasionally seems to glance longingly back at it across a chasm. A recent article on South Africa opens with a Leni Riefenstahl-style photograph of clay-covered Xhosa youths, but the primitivist dream gives way on the next page to a picture of a river of garbage and sewage in a squatter camp.

In fact, the entire issue in which the South Africa story appears is strikingly ambiguous, torn between such images as a newborn panda named Hope and young men whose legs have been blown off by mines left by the hundreds of thousands in the fields of Indochina. The men, whose faces are not visible, are playing cards—throwing them down in the space between their bandaged stumps. Although we are told that these young men are living in a region where "development attests to the hopes of six nations," we do not feel reassured. Most of the photographs and captions in the issue—even the pictures of the preternaturally tiny panda cub—are markedly uneasy, haunted by nostalgia, anxiety, and bad dreams. The articles may be cheerily optimistic, but the *National Geographic* has always understood that its pictures are considerably more important than its texts—texts that often seem to have been written after the photographs have been taken and selected. It is estimated that fifty-three per cent of the current subscribers look only at the pictures and their captions.

The primacy of the image was one of the foundation stones on which the whole amazing edifice of the *National Geographic* was built. (Another was the brilliant marketing device of offering the public not a magazine subscription but membership in a scientific society.) In 1936, Grosvenor wrote "The National Geographic Society and Its Magazine," a retrospective account of the behemoth he had helped to create. Grosvenor had been quick to realize the mass appeal of the ethnographic and landscape photograph: the magazine's first shot of a bare-breasted tribeswoman appeared in 1896 and its first colored picture in 1910.

(The word "photograph," he recalled, was "as musical to my ear as the jingle of a cash register to a businessman.") In 1906, he reported to members of the National Geographic Society the extraordinary success of Edward Curtis's illustrated talks the previous year in Washington, all of which had drawn audiences of more than a thousand. "I have never seen a more enthusiastic reception given to any lecturer," Grosvenor wrote. "On each occasion he showed about a hundred and seventy pictures, each of them different, each of them applauded. His Indian portraits and pictures of Western and Southern scenery are unique and marvelous beyond description."



If we want to understand the origin of the *National Geographic's* photographic style and ethos, it is illuminating to consider Curtis, who began his career by photographing the Indians of Seattle. "My first picture was of Princess Angeline, the daughter of Chief Sealth after whom Seattle was named," he related to a correspondent late in his life. "She was getting old then. . . . Angeline lived in a little house on the Seattle waterfront. I photographed her digging clams and gave her a dollar. 'More easy work than dig clams,' she told me." There was, then, at the origin of Curtis's great project, a cash payment—like the money I paid the Moroccan shepherdess—but he carefully composed his photographs to suppress any sign of contact between whites and Indians: "above all, none of these pictures would admit anything which betokened civilization, whether in an article of dress or landscapes or objects on the ground." What "objects on the ground" might Curtis have had in mind? Probably the tin cans that by the late nineteenth century had come to litter the Western landscape. As Owen Wister wrote in his immensely popular novel "The Virginian," "the cow-boy is now gone to worlds invisible; the wind has blown away the white ashes of his campfires; but the empty sardine box lies rusting over the face of the Western earth." Curtis not only took pains to eliminate all such traces from his Wild West landscapes, but he also worked to insure the "nativeness" of the natives' dress, even if to do so he had to carry costumes for the Indians to wear.

The appeal of these artificially produced, mechanically reproduced images was that they seemed to provide an enduring record of something that had already vanished—something, indeed, that by definition could not be photographed, since the presence of the photographer would already mark the disappearance of the object he wished to capture. "These pictures," Curtis wrote, "were to be transcriptions for future generations that they might behold the Indian as nearly lifelike as possible as he moved about before he ever saw a paleface or knew there was anything human or in nature other than what he himself had seen." There are echoes of this project—the artful production of spuriously authentic transcriptions—throughout the decades of *National Geographic* photography. On at least one occasion, a photograph of a Polynesian woman whose complexion was too fair was doctored in the magazine's sophisticated laboratories. "We darkened her down," the president of the Society conceded, "to make her look more native—more valid, you might say." On another occasion, the Egyptian pyramids were moved closer together—such are the wonders of photographic technology—to produce a more striking and also more authentic-seeming cover. The cumulative effect has been to heighten the sense of the magazine's value as a scrupulously accurate record of what once existed. This sense, reinforced by the magazine's glossy stock and by the aura of the learned society, is probably what often keeps subscribers from throwing away back issues of the *National Geographic.* The magazines pile up in basements and attics—small, yellow-bordered memorial tablets, each professing to record a piece of the world as it once actually was—only to be lugged out into the air at garage sales and then, when they have found no buyers, lugged back once again.

But the pseudo-archival memorialization of vanishing cultures is not the whole story. The *National Geographic* has always leavened its sepulchral realism not only with the affability of its native subjects but with signs of their accommodation to modernity. If many of the photographs are in the manner of Edward Curtis, others conspicuously highlight the cultural incongruities that Curtis set out to efface: a sardine can in the wilder-

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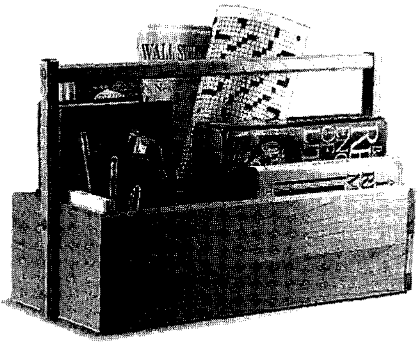
ness, a television sitting in a carved niche of a troglodyte's cave, a box of laundry detergent in the hand of a Masai warrior who is holding a spear in his other hand.

Such images have a long genealogy: the artist John White, sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to Virginia in the fifteen-eighties, painted a watercolor of an Algonquian mother and child in which the child is clutching an English doll dressed in a full Elizabethan gown. How should we interpret this picture? It testifies to the European public (for the watercolor was soon engraved and included in Theodor de Bry's famous "America") that the English have been there, and have made contact with the natives. It shows that the English have brought with them not only their goods and their values but also their representations of themselves, and that they are putting these representations into circulation where they have never been before. It implies that the principal native recipients of the newly arrived Christian culture will be children who, by the time they reach adulthood, will scarcely remember when they and their parents had never seen a European face. It suggests that this cultural encounter will be a beneficent one—that the English have arrived bearing not death and insatiable greed but charming gifts.

In the climate of the late sixteenth century, this suggestion probably had a polemical point: the kindly English Protestants distributing gifts to small children (like the G.I.s giving out candy bars in *Life* and *National Geographic* photographs centuries later) are implicitly set against the wicked Spanish Catholics, who have brought only rapine and murder. White's image, then, reinforces English ideology at a particular historical juncture. At the same time, it evokes certain universal values—the joys of motherhood and the pleasure of representations, exemplified both by the doll and by the picture itself. These values lessen the distance between the English reader and the Algonquian subject, even as that distance is carefully registered in the picture's ethnographic details: the savage mother, tattooed and scantily clad in deerskin, is watching her daughter attentively, just as a good English mother would do, and the little girl has the same love for dolls that our civilized children have.

The complex interplay of distance and identification is endlessly repeated in the pages of the *National Geographic*. The interpretative ambiguities provoked by such interplay have long been a subject of academic study, but almost exclusively in relation to objects of high culture: Shakespeare's Roman plays or Mozart's Oriental fantasies or Flaubert's sadistic Carthaginians. In university classes and scholarly monographs, middlebrow culture—the culture of the *National Geographic* and the Book-of-the-Month Club and afternoon television—has generally been more despised than understood. Lutz and Collins' "Reading National Geographic" attempts to rectify this neglect by using the tools of current cultural theory to analyze the magazine's photographs. This theory is deeply suspicious of any appeal to "The Family of Man"—to invoke Edward Steichen's famous 1955 photography exhibit, attacked with acerbic intelligence by Roland Barthes—and hostile to any Kantian invocation of the universal. The universal and its lackey, the aesthetic, are revealed with numbing regularity to be the agents of those in power. Hence Lutz and Collins find that the magazine has served to shore up the dominant values of the American élite: "the National Geographic Society may be assigned a position within the class structure and foreign policy interests of the United States." In Lutz and Collins' view, *National Geographic* photographs reassure the American middle class that its benevolent vision extends to the darkest corners of the globe, that everything can be mapped and pictured and securely understood, and that beneath all the dizzying variety of human practices lies a set of familiar values best exemplified in its own just, progressive, and ascendant American way of life.

Lutz and Collins take note of the changes in the magazine's photographs during the post-Vietnam era—the inclusion of a picture of mounds of trash on a Micronesian beach, for example—but they interpret this inclusion as the expression of a post-colonialist Schadenfreude: "should we lose Micronesia, it would not have been worth having." They acknowledge that the *National Geographic* is one of the "very few popular venues trafficking in large numbers of images of black women." But they are sharply critical of the sexualizing of the women, many of whom are depicted bare-breasted. Moreover, these images, they argue, are for the most part designed to reassure white readers that be-



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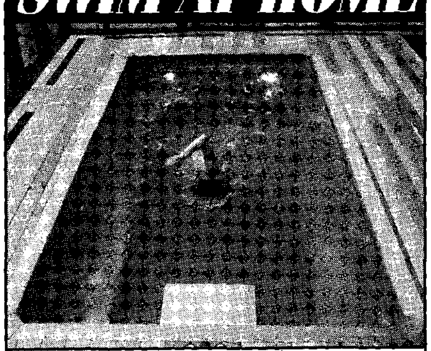

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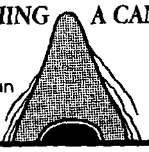

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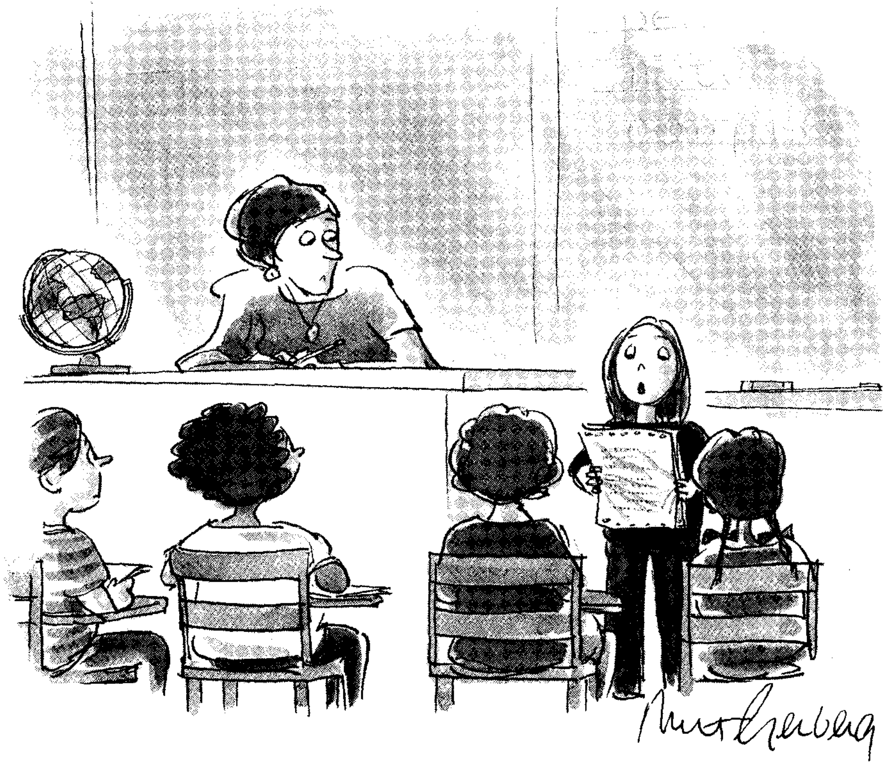
neath the surface we are all the same: "The woman's sameness in difference allows us to avoid the sense of threat that confrontation with difference presents and allows us to pursue the illusory goal of wholeness." The *National Geographic,* in this account, is an enterprise designed to make privileged Americans feel that they are not responsible for the world's woes, that they are fundamentally decent people who understand and appreciate other ways of life, that murderous conflicts can ultimately be transcended through the capacious and kindly vision of a conservative humanism.

National Geographic photographs "have rarely cried out for change, raised painful, unresolvable questions, embarrassed, or caused discomfort," Lutz and Collins go on to say. "In general, they have existed as a beautiful, somewhat compelling body of evidence that the third world is a safe place, that it is made up of people basically like us, that the people who are hungry and oppressed have meaningful lives, and that the conflicts and flare-ups we hear of in the news occur in a broader context of enduring values and everyday activities." What the journal suppresses, according to this critique, is history. Instead of searching for a universal human nature beneath the tormented surface of history, the progressive task, according to Lutz and Collins (here echoing Barthes and Foucault), is to search for the history that has been cunningly hidden by appeals to nature.

Lutz and Collins end their book with the academic left's current dream—my dream, too, for a very long time—that history will somehow save one from the complacencies of humanism, that it is better to confront the historical roots of conflict than to comfort oneself with the fraudulent fantasy of a shared humanity, that "difference" and "otherness" are more progressive, more hopeful, than "the illusory goal of wholeness." But why should we believe any of this? How can the dream of redemptive historical difference survive the end of the Cold War and linger on in the murderous age of ethnic hatreds? Why should we imagine that if we grasp more firmly the "historical" roots of conflict we will then choose the morally preferable alternative? And how can we have any viable notion of human rights if we do not believe precisely that "people who are hun-



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gry and oppressed have meaningful lives"? At the recent United Nations World Conference on Human Rights, it was the most brutally oppressive governments that invoked "history" and "difference," claiming that concepts of fairness and justice should be measured against regional particularities and various historical, cultural, and religious differences. These are the "progressive" arguments of torturers.

The alternative offered by *National Geographic* photographs is not a satisfactory one: to live with half-truths; to construct the image of a friendly and decent life on top of a mountain of inequality, injustice, compromise, and lying; to shore up a sense of dignity and moral decency by focussing one's gaze almost entirely on what in this harsh world can be salvaged and celebrated. No one should confuse this project of salvage with political salvation. Still, for more than a century now the *National Geographic* has at least offered its readers a safe and reassuring place to wonder—and, for all the magazine's banalities, its ideological limitations, and its avoidance of "history," the wonder provoked by its images is rich, complex, and potentially vital.

Lutz and Collins assembled a portfolio of *National Geographic* photographs which they presented to fifty-five people who had responded to advertisements placed in newspapers in Binghamton, New York, and on Oahu, Hawaii. (The small group, entirely white and adult, was shown photographs without captions—a sampling method that seems highly problematic.) They found that some readers associate the magazine not with treacly optimism but with disturbing images of poverty. "When I sit down in the dentist's office," Respondent #CL-1 confessed, "and I pick up my *National Geographic* magazine, I, I don't know, sometimes I, I just look through it real quick, because the pictures depress me. I don't like to see people in countries where, you know, there's no money." Others were prompted by the pictures to muse on their own encounters with cultural difference. "Some people prefer to remain primitive, don't prefer to improve," said #CL-17. "I can remember being in a desert in South Israel taking a picture of a shepherd and trying to offer him money and he wouldn't take it. He was insulted. He just preferred what he was doing." The responses suggest that readers recognize in the photographs the quality of nonpartisan balance that the *National Geographic* espouses, but this is an unstable balance, repeatedly articulated by what Lutz and Collins call "waffling." "They couldn't possibly, in my point of view, be happy living in poverty," #CL-14 said, and then added, "Maybe they are, I don't know." #CL-11 said, "A lot of times it makes me think about things outside of my own little life. I mean, even if things are going good or bad, you know, you get still caught up in your own world. And, just being exposed to that stuff, you know, makes me think of what other people have, you know, or what they don't have. So, it just makes me think more."

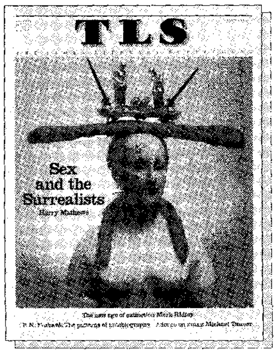
Such responses, the social scientists sententiously observe, should not be confused with the transformation of daily life. But if this sampling fairly reflects the thoughts and feelings evoked monthly in millions of readers, then the *National Geographic*, for all its flaws, seems to me to be doing something immensely valuable: establishing a frame that at least a few readers every month will be driven to push beyond; inviting the beginning of moral awareness; creating a representation that makes it possible to begin to situate oneself in a vastly larger world.

In a poem called "In the Waiting Room" Elizabeth Bishop recalls that as a young girl she accompanied her aunt to the dentist's office and, while waiting, looked at a copy of—what else?—the *National Geographic*. She studied the pictures: a volcano, pith-helmeted explorers, "a dead man slung on a pole," babies with strangely shaped heads, black women with wires around their necks and "horrifying" breasts. "I read it right straight through." And at the end she had acquired not knowledge of the world but an intuition of a deeper mystery, a mystery that lies beyond the photographs but could be perceived through them:

> But I felt: you are an *I*,
> you are an *Elizabeth*,
> you are one of *them*. . . .
> Why should I be my aunt,
> or me, or anyone?
> What similarities—
> boots, hands, the family voice
> I felt in my throat, or even
> the *National Geographic*
> and those awful hanging breasts—
> held us all together
> or made us all just one?
> How—I didn't know any
> word for it—how "unlikely." ♦

FROM LONDON

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



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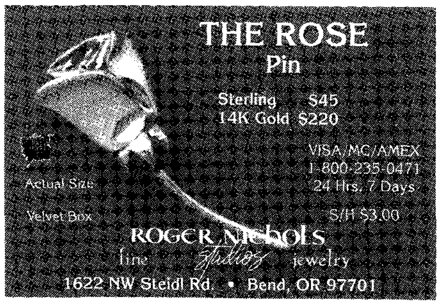
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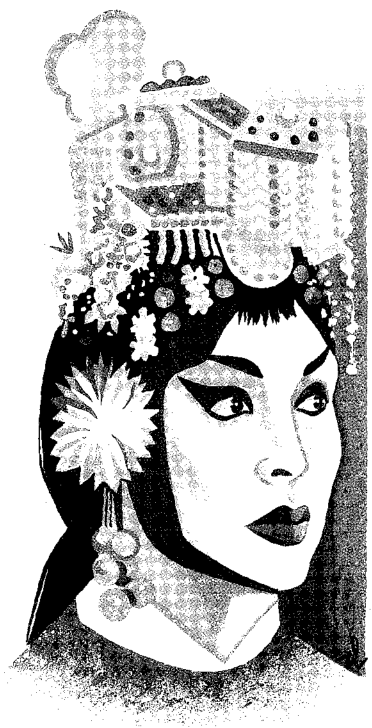
THE CURRENT CINEMA

BLIND FAITH

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

CHEN KAIGE'S "Farewell My Concubine" is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school—the sort of drama that uses the unsettled emotional lives of a handful of characters to portray the human cost of war and of constant political upheaval. Chen's film follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their final performance together, in 1977. From the beginning of their theatrical training, Cheng and Duan are locked into specific kinds of roles, which are determined entirely by their physical characteristics: Cheng, who is tiny and delicate-featured, is earmarked for important female roles; the burly, powerful-looking Duan is groomed to play kings and legendary warriors. In the thirties, they become stars by virtue of their performances in a traditional opera called "Farewell to My Concubine," which celebrates eternal fidelity: its tragic heroine, Concubine Yu, stands by her man, the King of Chu, even after he has lost his kingdom in battle. The central irony of Chen's film lies in the contrast between this opera's vision of a pure, idealized till-death-do-us-part union and the turbulent offstage relationship of its two leading interpreters. Cheng and Duan have been instructed by their teacher—an old man who enforces the discipline of theatrical art with a rigor that amounts to sadism—to stick together for life, and they do; but for long stretches of their careers they seem less like mythic lovers than like miserable, muddling-through partners in an arranged marriage.



Role of a lifetime: Leslie Cheung in "Farewell My Concubine."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

Although the divergence of art and life isn't an especially original idea, Chen, working from a screenplay by Lilian Lee and Lu Wei, develops the timeworn theme in fresh, unpredictable ways. In the fifty-odd years spanned by the film, the nature of everyday life changes so frequently, and so radically, that the characters remain perpetually off balance, unsure of how to react. At every stage of their history, Cheng and Duan are subject to some kind of tyranny: first, the feudalistic authority of the warlord era, represented by their despotic teacher; later, the occupying army of imperialist Japan; and, finally, the enforced conformity of Mao's Communist regime. Watching Cheng and Duan and Duan's wife—a pragmatic reformed prostitute named Juxian (Gong Li), who enters his life in the thirties, when he is at the height of his fame—readjust their relations to one another in response to each brutally disorienting turn of history, you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies of "Farewell My Concubine" add up to only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject of the picture is whether it's possible, under the pressure of terrible, soul-battering circumstances, to remain true to anything or anyone: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. By the time Cheng and Duan finish their opera training, their identities seem engraved in stone: they will play their limited repertoire forever, and always in exactly the same way. (The performance of the traditional operas is so ritualistic that Duan at one point is chided by a patron for taking five steps in a particular scene instead of the customary seven.) But history, in huge, relentless waves, keeps pounding them, and the immutable-looking design of their lives inevitably wears away.

Almost everything that happens in "Farewell My Concubine" is grim. The opera-school scenes consist largely of the teacher administering vigorous beatings to pupils who have displeased him. After the teen-age Cheng's first public performance as the concubine, he is delivered into the clutches of a long-haired old palace eunuch named Zhang, who is one of the most terrifying incarnations of human degeneracy in the history of movies. When the time jumps forward to the late thirties, Juxian appears, and Duan's interest in her makes Cheng horribly jealous. (The men aren't lovers, but Cheng is fiercely possessive: he obviously believes that their offstage lives should reflect the exclusivity of their onstage relationship as concubine and king.) From this point on, everyone behaves abominably. Cheng insults Juxian and walks out on Duan, saying he'll never perform with him again. Soon after, though, Duan is imprisoned by the Japanese, and Juxian asks Cheng to sing for the Japanese general in order to win Duan's freedom; in return, she says, she'll get out of their lives. Cheng sings for the general; Duan is released, and spits in his friend's face for having entertained the enemy; Juxian breaks her promise, casually. For the rest of the picture, Cheng and Juxian fight over Duan, in a duel of strong wills and inflexible ideals: Juxian's vision of domestic bliss with Duan does not include the opera; in Cheng's vision, nothing but opera matters. There are periods of truce, but they're short-lived. Dire political events keep forcing the three main characters to rethink their lives and redefine their loyalties, and their accommodations with each other are too fragile to withstand the strain.

It's a tribute to Chen's skill as a director that he sustains interest for more than two and a half hours in characters who, while being ground down by a succession of oppressive political regimes, are also taking turns betraying one another. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly; although he's a Beijing-trained filmmaker, this picture has more in common with the exuberant melodramas of Hong Kong cinema than with the inert wall hangings turned out by celebrated People's Republic filmmakers like Tian Zhuangzhuang ("Horse Thief") and Zhang Yimou ("Red Sorghum," "Ju Dou," "Raise the Red Lantern"). Chen has a lot of story to tell, so he doesn't linger on pretty pictures. "Farewell My Concubine" moves so fast, in fact, that the action is occasionally confusing. Still, the film's briskness keeps the story from bogging down in pathos, even in the harrowing last half hour, when the Cultural Revolution delivers the coup de grâce to everything Cheng, Duan, and Juxian believe in.

You couldn't say that any one of the characters in "Farewell My Concubine" fully represents the filmmaker's point of view, but the figure of Cheng dominates the movie. He seems to embody the starkest, most extreme formulation of the picture's overriding question: how to sustain faith, or even the most minimal sense of continuity with one's past self, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values. Cheng's obsessive dedication to his roles is both admirable and creepy. The price of his eternal, unwavering belief in the truth and beauty of Beijing Opera is a certain blindness: he won't betray the principles he has been taught, but he won't examine them, either. And there's a startling suggestion, in the film's final scene, that the ideal that has cost him so much grief to uphold has always been a profound violation of his essential self—something imposed on him by the first of the many tyrants in his life. When he was first learning his great role, Concubine Yu, he was beaten savagely for muffing a key line: instead of saying, "I am by nature a girl, not a boy," the young Cheng would recite, over and over, "I am by nature a boy, not a girl." In 1977, Cheng and Duan are rehearsing for a comeback performance of "Farewell to My Concubine" (the Cultural Revolution, which denounced traditional art forms as bourgeois, has been discredited), and Cheng, after a lifetime of performing his role impeccably, speaks the "wrong" line again. He quickly corrects himself, retreating to the safety of the sacred text; the audience doesn't recover from the vertiginous moment quite so readily. The possibility that Cheng's tenacious faith is based on self-betrayal is unbearably

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sad—not in the romantic-melancholy manner of the "Zhivago" genre but in a way that feels consistent with the movie's frighteningly objective take on the ravages of history. For all the spectacular violence and emotional melodrama that Chen has shown us in "Farewell My Concubine," nothing in the movie is as audacious or as disturbing as the bitter joke he whispers at the end.

"M. BUTTERFLY," David Cronenberg's film of the acclaimed play by David Henry Hwang, also has as one of its main characters a male actor who plays female roles in Beijing Opera. Hwang's character, Song Liling (John Lone), dresses as a woman offstage, too, and his imposture is persuasive enough to draw an apparently heterosexual French diplomat, René Gallimard (Jeremy Irons), into a passionate affair with him; the illusion is so powerful that Song is ultimately able to convince Gallimard that "she" has borne him a child. Improbable as this story sounds, it's based on the real-life experience of a man named Bernard Boursicot, who while he was posted to the French Embassy in China in the mid-sixties became involved with Shi Pei Pu, a man whom he believed to be a woman; Boursicot, who also passed Embassy documents to the Chinese, didn't learn the truth of his lover's sex until 1983, when he and Shi were arrested for espionage and the bizarre details of the Chinese man's deception were revealed in the unlikely setting of a French courtroom. For Hwang, *l'affaire Boursicot* is more than a hilarious illustration of the axiom that love is blind (or, in this case, utterly insensate). The playwright sees the Frenchman's grotesque stupidity and immense capacity for self-delusion as emblematic both of imperialistic Western attitudes toward the East and of men's desire for submissive women. In Hwang's version, Gallimard is in love not with Song but with his own fantasy projection of what he calls "the Perfect Woman": a devoted, self-effacing slave to love, like Madame Butterfly—a woman, that is, who will unquestioningly accept the domination of even the most unimpressive white male.

The problem with "M. Butterfly," both play and movie, is that the audience gets the point right away—it's too crude and too facile to miss—and has nothing to do for the rest of the evening except listen to tiresome restatements of it. Hwang (who also adapted the play for the screen) can't even flesh out the work with incidents from the Boursicot story, because the real story would make hash of his tidy thesis. According to "Liaison," Joyce Wadler's new book on Boursicot, this low-level diplomat has lived a life of farcical incoherence. He is actively bisexual, for one thing, and seems to have been fairly indiscriminate in his affections; his affair with Shi Pei Pu wasn't (except, perhaps, in its early stages) a grand passion, much less the result of a search for a feminine ideal. And Boursicot certainly wasn't consumed, as Gallimard is, by "a vision of the Orient." His fate was determined by a far sillier vision—of himself as a globe-trotting French sophisticate, a charming and irresistible man of the world. He would make a fine hero for a lively, messy comic picaresque.

Cronenberg seems to sense that the deluded hero of "M. Butterfly" can't bear the ideological weight that Hwang has put on him, and tries to shift the emphasis of the story. Unfortunately, he shifts it in the wrong direction—not toward comedy but toward high-romantic tragedy. He has stripped the play of the "Brechtian" theatrical devices that made it look serious and important, and of the heavily sarcastic one-liners that Hwang—like a politically correct Neil Simon—used to wring easy laughs out of Broadway audiences. What's left after Cronenberg's streamlining still doesn't add up to much: a skillful, elegant star turn by Lone and a skillful, almost self-parodic performance by Irons. (For most of the picture, he looks haggard and bug-eyed with longing, just as he did in his tragic-lover role in last year's "Damage.") In any event, Cronenberg's treatment of Hwang's material has the effect of exposing it for what it really is: not a pure, incandescent work of art but an extremely ordinary piece of agitprop drama. Near the end of "M. Butterfly," Gallimard sees his lover naked for the first time and is crushed at having to abandon his idealized vision and accept the banal reality of Song's male body. The generally dispirited tone of this movie suggests that the filmmaker knows how his hero feels. It's as if Cronenberg had looked beneath the play's fancy-dress disguise and lost heart, knowing—too late—that he had been tricked. ♦

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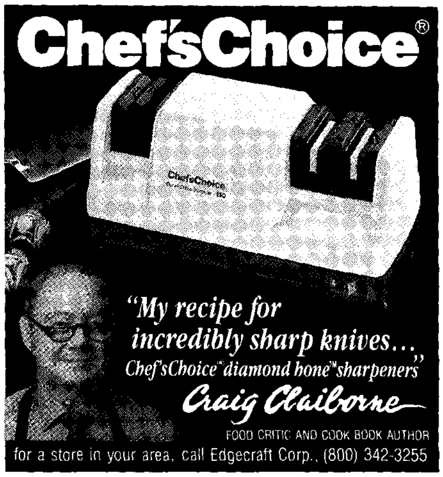
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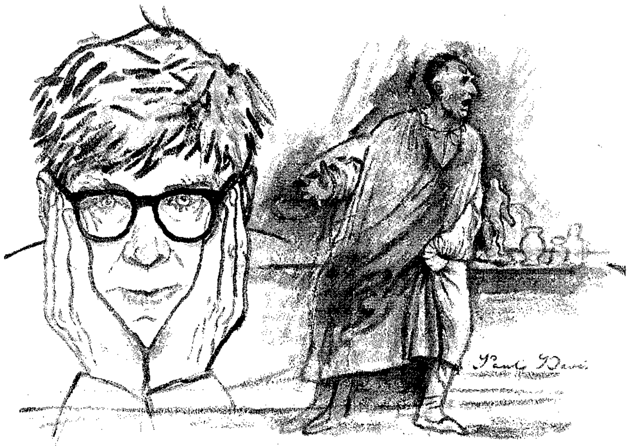
THE THEATRE

MADJESTY

BY JOHN LAHR

ALAN BENNETT'S "The Madness of George III" begins just after the monarch loses the colonies and just before he loses his mind. This landscape of loss and retreat is distinctively Bennett territory. Nobody else sings Britain's post-imperial blues with quite such sad-sack and intelligent hilarity. "I see England now in grammatical terms," a character in Bennett's "The Old Country" (1977) says. "Almost as a tense, a mood. The optative. Would that this were so. Would it were different." England's future is conditional; and Bennett, who keeps a fastidious distance from life's hurly-burly, is sensationally tentative. He makes a patchwork of his winded society from scraps of anecdote and overheard conversation; his nervousness with plot betrays an imagination that, like the society itself, has lost faith in the promise of coherence or of greatness. Since Bennett first announced the brilliance of his performing self to the British, at the age of twenty-seven, in "Beyond the Fringe" (1961), his owlish presence—the quiff of blond hair drooping above horn-rimmed glasses—has been the face of endearing disenchantment which has launched a thousand quips, winkling out drollery from disappointment and folly from hope. "I think sexual intercourse is in order," says the upwardly mobile wife, Joyce Chilvers, to her podiatrist husband at her moment of vindictive social triumph in Bennett's film "A Private Function." As a performer and a playwright, Bennett strikes a deep chord in English life not so much by the stories he tells as by the voice he tells them in. His characters emit either the squeak of pinched expectation or the high-camp bravado of threadbare privilege. He is a master of mood and social detail, the Turgenev of the English lower-middle classes. Shy and hermetic, Bennett is a man of abdications, whose comic tone sounds the true note of stalemate and resignation in English society. This sense of limitation takes the form of irony, and Bennett is expert at deploying it as a kind of hedged bet against loss. "Irony is inescapable," he writes in "The Old Country," meditating on England, and on a habit of mind that so deeply divides the dour English from their optimistic American cousins. "We're conceived in irony. We float in it from the womb. It's the amniotic fluid. It's the silver sea. It's the waters at their priest-like task washing away guilt and purpose and responsibility. Joking but not joking. Caring but not caring. Serious but not serious." But the ambivalent tone is conspicuously absent from the rich royal trappings and the vigor of court life in "The Madness of George III"; here, for once, the irony resides not in the body politic but in the king's body.


In Alan Bennett's "The Madness of George III," Nigel Hawthorne offers a tour-de-force delineation of the monarch's decline from potent ruler to incontinent wretch.

PAUL DAVIS

Nicholas Hytner's elegant production, originally staged by the Royal National Theatre in 1991 and now on an American tour (it is currently at the Brooklyn Academy of Music), begins with a flourish of royal power. The King and his court materialize at the top of a flight of stairs that extends the width of the stage. Behind them is a fathomless blue sky—a horizon as hopeful and abundant as England's imperial dream. The royals descend, and four pages in red livery begin to move backward in our direction. The effect is swift and startling. In an instant, the formality of George III's court life and the fiction of position are established. Then, as now, the citizen must never turn his back on the sovereign; and the rituals that reflect power also confer power on those who take part in them. "What royalty wants nowadays is deference without awe," Bennett says in the play's introduction. "Though what they get more often than not is a fatuous smile, any social awkwardness veiled in nervous laughter, so that the Queen moves among her people buoyed up on waves of obliging hilarity. How happy we must all seem! Such tittering would have been unthinkable at the court of George III." The stakes of court politics in 1788 were made higher by the fact that the sovereign, and not Parliament, held the power of ministerial appointment. And on that constitutional difference Bennett hangs the drama of his tale. "We live in the health and well-being of the Sovereign as much as any vizier does the Sultan," William Pitt says of the dilemma posed by the King's mysterious debility. Can the King be brought to his senses and his patronage legitimatized in time for Pitt and his Government to be saved? It's a race against the clock. By the end of the first act, the King has descended from majesty into madness, his decline a threat to Pitt and the Tories and a renewal of hope for Charles James Fox and the Whigs, who conspire to gain power through their allegiance to that "oversized turbot" the Prince of Wales, who they argue should replace the demented monarch. Bennett skillfully turns court life upside down. Act I, which begins with a show of deference, ends with a show of elimination as a page scrutinizes the King's chamber pot. It is not blue skies but the King's blue urine that dominates center stage.

When life offers Bennett a plot, he clings to it like Ishmael to a spar. Much of his best work is based on anecdotes provided from his own experience, as in his memoir "The Lady in the Van," or by others, like the actress Coral Browne, who inspired his TV film "An Englishman Abroad." "The Madness of George III" is essentially a historical anecdote, which gives Bennett the fascinating narrative arc of his story, and which he transforms by the power of his wit and his marvellous writing into a kind of lunatic capriccio that bears out Joe Orton's famous adage "With madness, as with vomit, it's the passer-by who receives the inconvenience." The King spits in the face of his beloved Queen Charlotte; he tries to strangle the Prince of Wales; he strikes his faithful servant and sends him sprawling. He abandons the throne for a restraining chair. His juddering speech slips from sense to scatology that has its own haunting, deracinated logic:

PITT: Would Your Majesty not prefer to sit?

KING: Stand-stand-stand. Can't sit-sit-sit shit-shit-shit.

As the King, Nigel Hawthorne, who in his periwig has the stolid, swank outline of a Romney portrait, misses no melodramatic moment in his tour-de-force delineation of the monarch's decline from potent ruler to incontinent wretch. "Doc doc doc doctors doctortures doctormentors doctalk doctalk talk talk talk talk," he says, words spewing out of him at a pace that skews his body as well as his soul. Hawthorne, who demonstrates a charming sense of command and cunning, adroitly plays both the curious and the cruel sides of the King. It's a tremendous performance, and, like madness itself, has the strangely unsettling effect of seeming to take place in a vacuum. As the King says, "I was the verb, the noun and the verb. Verb rules; subject: the King. I am not the subject now. Now I am the object, the King governed, the ruler ruled. I am the subordinate clause, the insubordinate George." The King, whether sane or demented, doesn't listen in an ordinary way, and inevitably this difference affects the stage life of the other characters, who are merely satellites in his wayward orbit. Nonetheless, Selina Cadell, as a Teutonically twittering Queen Charlotte; Clive Merrison, as Dr. Willis, the no-nonsense Northerner who attempts a kind of behavior modification with the King; and Nick Sampson, as the foppish Prince of Wales, make particularly strong impressions. Sampson gets to deliver some of Bennett's most delicious high-camp lines. "I want to

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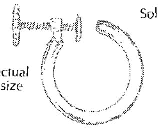

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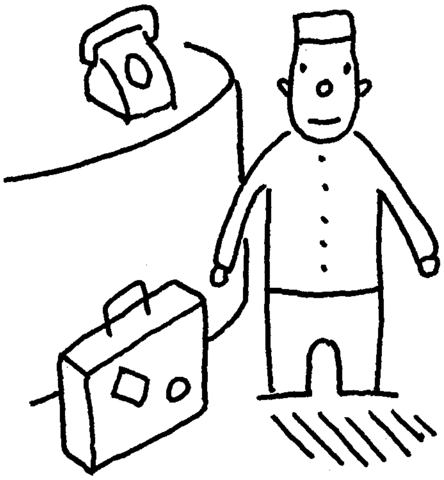
be doing not dangling," he says about waiting for kingship. "To be heir to the throne is not a position; it is a predicament."

A little stage madness goes a long way, and Bennett wisely reverses the King's fallen fortunes in Act II. The King regains his senses and his figures of speech and all the "hey hey"s and the "what what"s that invite auditors but not answers. The monarch's recovery allows both the King and Bennett to give the world the satisfying back of their hand. The King, promising to be the soul of reconciliation, prepares to embrace his sons. "Love," he says. "That is the keynote." But when the Prince of Wales unctuously inquires "How is Your Majesty?" the King shoots back "Fat lot you care!" It's a great joke, and announces the return of volatile family normality. The King's body has cured itself. The doctors, who have diagnosed his ailment, variously, as "flying gout," "rheumatism in the head," and "simple dementia," are pissed on from a royal height. "You fashionable fraud," the King says to one doctor, showing him and the others the door. "Go and blister some other blameless bugger, what what." Bennett, whose play refuses to push the metaphorical connections between the state of the King's health and the state of the nation, can't resist a joke about modern medicine. As the King moves briskly through the matters of state, he is handed a piece of paper by Pitt and suddenly stumbles toward the restraining chair. "Fasten me in," he says. The court and the audience hold their breath. It's a bill from the doctors. "Is it any wonder a man goes mad? Doctors. Thirty guineas a visit? And travelling expenses. For six months of torture. They would make a man pay for his own execution. What? What?"

Notoriously wary, Bennett never trusts life to serve up a through line or a happy ending. In the penultimate scene, the King and the Queen are in their bedchamber, and the Queen wonders out loud if perhaps the King's sexual fidelity and the repression of his appetites didn't lead to his madness. "No life is without its regrets," the King tells her, sounding a characteristic Bennett note. "Yet none is without consolations. You are a good little woman, Mrs. King. And we have been happy, have we not?" At that moment, for an instant, the King's body seizes up and he starts to stutter, a foreshadowing that there are bad times just around the corner. The King suffered from a metabolic disorder called porphyria, which caused chemical changes in the nervous system, and in the American production Bennett has cut a short and jarring scene that jumped forward in time to explain the modern medical research. Instead, he allows George III the full, devastating irony of a robust and happy ending. The King arrogantly dismisses his "healer," Dr. Willis, before ascending the staircase and walking, to the regal pomp of Handel's music, into the blue horizon. "Presume not I am the thing I was. I am not the patient," he says in the play's last lines. "Be off, sir. Back to your sheep and your pigs. The King is himself again." But, of course, he wasn't. He had another seizure in 1801, went insane in 1810, and died, deaf and blind, in 1820.

In the play, once the King has temporarily regained his sanity his loyal servants are dismissed: "Forget what you have seen. Majesty in its small clothes." Unfortunately, the modern British audience cannot so easily forget what it has seen. Too much light has been let in on mystery. Bennett's history lesson may stay on the surface of eighteenth-century life, but its popularity is a barometer of just how deep the play taps into modern Britain's disenchantment with the prowess of its leaders and its dishabille monarchy. On the street where I live, in North London, is a poster whose message somehow always avoids being plastered over: "What do you call somebody who doesn't own the property they live in, avoids poll tax, pays no rent, and expects the taxpayer to foot the bill? Your Majesty." ♦



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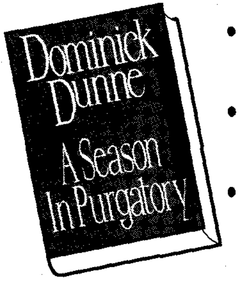

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

POETS' LIVES AND POETRY

A Different Person

by James Merrill
(Knopf; $25)

MERRILL'S memoir of the years he spent abroad in his twenties is not exactly about becoming a poet but about becoming a self-revealed and productive adult—a key prerequisite, in fact, to the attainment of his particular poetic vision. Merrill, now sixty-seven, and the author of seventeen previous books, is the son of one of the founders of Merrill Lynch, and, like many young men of his class, he sailed for Europe in 1950 to get a cultural education. It was also his chance to escape the narrow New York–Southampton corridor in which he'd been reared, to set up house (in Rome) with his male lover beyond the beacon of his mother's disapproving gaze, and to plunge into psychoanalysis with the masterly Dr. Detre, who, aside from Merrill himself, is the sharpest character here. (When Merrill worries that his sessions have contained no Hitchcockian revelations, the Doctor remarks, "I often think that the relatively uneventful cure is the most lasting. Like a good dark suit.") As in his poetry, Merrill's writing is rigorous, with a high aesthetic polish, yet also deeply intimate and funny, and he applies the same metaphorical bravado to the unattractive traits he wanted to root out of his fledgling personality as he does to the frescoes of Piero della Francesca. Sections in the "present"—during which Merrill falls in and out of love, meets Alice B. Toklas, struggles with translations of Montale's work, and frets, on the couch, about his relationship with his father—alternate with italicized sections, in which the Merrill of today (a kind of elder statesman of the emotions) revises the giddy impressions held by that earlier self. The young Merrill hoped very much to become a "different"—freer—person in his time abroad, and the book gradually becomes a fugue in which the theme of difference is taken up by both left hand and right. Indeed, the two-voice structure of the memoir expresses the notion that we are all several selves. The book is also an eloquent record of an almost shockingly different time, more repressed and more innocent than our own.

Late Fire, Late Snow

by Robert Francis
(Massachusetts; $20)

MOST readers remember Robert Francis, if they remember him at all, as a younger friend of Robert Frost's; as a poet whose volumes, which began appearing in the thirties, came highly recommended by the likes of Marianne Moore and Richard Wilbur; and, in some cases, as an eccentric of the New England variety who inhabits a wonderful, Thoreau-haunted autobiography, "The Trouble with Francis." In fact, Francis was one of our best pastoral poets—a writer with perfect pitch and a transparent voice, whose poems so consistently disappear into the simple objects of their concentration (a bulldozer, a jogger, the gold of a Berkshire autumn) that only in the long aftermath of the pleasures they provide does one recognize the miraculous intelligence and craftsmanship of their maker. This compilation was completed after Francis's death (in 1987, at the age of eighty-five), and though readers will be grateful to have it, like most such posthumous collections it does only intermittent justice to its author's genius.

Devolution of the Nude

by Lynne McMahon
(Godine; $12.95, paper)

TRANSFORMING the least promising dross—a gritty rock song, a Pepsi bottle—into subjects for intricate contemplation, these poems counter the notion that kitsch and flashy iconography threaten the mandarin pleasures of poetry. Updating Emerson's conviction that the rugged American spirit finds correspondence in nature, McMahon finds a similar correspondence in popular culture: her portrait of modern America uses such details as the "astronaut hairdos" of the sixties, an Elvis billboard, and Barbie's toy Ferrari to express our irrepressible and conflicting desires for freedom and intimacy. The tension between McMahon's lapidary verse forms and their engaging, conversational address owes something to Marianne Moore, who is explicitly celebrated in a poem called "Utopian Turtletop" for tapping the vibrancy latent in "the conjunction of art and commerce." McMahon, like the Midwestern boy whose exotic passions are stirred by the very word "California," "reinvents Paradise / out of the available / props"—but under her Midas touch what is available becomes indispensable.

Life Work

by Donald Hall
(Beacon; $15)

DONALD HALL begins this prose meditation on the meaning of work by asserting, "I've never worked a day in my life." He means that he has never had to labor at a kind of drudgery he hated, the way his father, a bookkeeper, did. In a series of vignettes and portraits he reaches back to his grandparents' work—farming, dairying, haying, sugaring, canning, cooking—to describe the enraptured, unconscious "absorbedness" that he has found in his own line of work: writing poems, letters, essays, reviews, and children's books. The urgency induced by Hall's confrontation with cancer—on this book's last page he writes desperately "What shall I *do*? Lethargy is hardly something to *do*"—only sharpens his appreciation of labor as devotion. Whether he is pondering Ball jars full of blueberries or the flowers in his wife's garden, he sees these products invested with the same value as a Henry Moore sculpture or a Roger Clemens pitch. Hall has no such respect for the hollow "work ethic" rhetoric of the corporate world. His eighty-nine-year-old mother, sitting in the home she has furnished with her handmade quilts and curtains, tells him that his book will be "inspirational," and it is. Like all that he values, it's a real piece of work. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

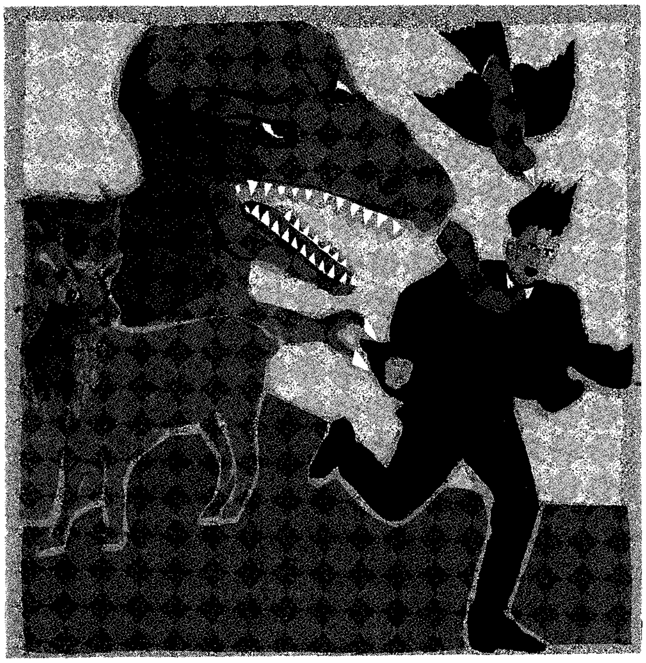
ANIMAL WRONGS

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

I'M relieved that the talk about bringing back dinosaurs faded away over the summer. It came at a time when I was failing to cope successfully with squirrels. I don't think of myself as having any greater than normal fear or loathing of animals. When I was a boy, I had a dog. When I kick at a cat, it's nearly always for good reason. Still, when I look back on what I've written about my daily life over the years I'm struck by how many different animals I'm already trying to deal with, almost always unsuccessfully.

I have recounted the advice I received from an old-timer about how to keep raccoons out of garbage cans—advice that eventually included the purchase of a combination lock. ("A raccoon's cunning, but he's got no head for figures.") I have discussed my doubts about whether Ivory soap will really keep deer out of a garden and whether deer whistles will really keep them away from a speeding car; this was at a time when you might say that I was being threatened by deer on two fronts.

Any number of times, I have dealt with the issue of chiggers, the microscopic itch machines whose prevalence on the plains is the real reason so many Midwesterners over the years have chosen to move to New York, a chigger-free jurisdiction. To gauge the itching intensity of a chigger bite, I even invented a unit of measurement, called the milamos—the itching strength of a thousand mosquito bites. (The average chigger bite has an eight-milamos itch.) I have revealed to those who don't come from the chigger region that a tourist from, say, Joplin, Missouri, who is standing on the top of the Eiffel Tower and gazing down at Paris is not contemplating the beauty of the City of Lights; he is thinking, Even if they're over here, they *couldn't get up this high.*



I have had run-ins with animals which I have failed to share with the reading public. Many years ago, for instance, I was attacked by a red-winged blackbird. This was not long after the release of Alfred Hitchcock's "The Birds," and I think the problem was that the movie had got around to the drive-ins: birds were seeing it, and getting ideas. Bearing no grudges, I have tried to maintain a bird feeder, only to see it turned into a squirrel feeder. I was once chased by a goose, although—to distinguish that episode from Jimmy Carter's encounter with a killer rabbit—there was never any indication that I had been singled out for attack.

So I was understandably unenthusiastic about concerning myself with dinosaurs. There was no question of staving off a Tyrannosaurus rex with a bar of Ivory. Forty years ago in this magazine, E. B. White wrote about descending from his office, on the nineteenth floor, to an assembling point on the tenth floor for an atomic-bomb drill—a drop of not nine but eight floors, he noted, since a floor numbered 13 did not exist. "It occurred to us, gliding by the thirteenth floor and seeing the numeral '14' painted on it, that our atom-splitting scientists had committed the error of impatience and had run on ahead of the rest of the human race," he wrote. "They had dared to look into the core of the sun, and had fiddled with it; but it might have been a good idea if they had waited to do that until the rest of us could look the number 13 square in the face."

I offer a smaller version of White's point—offering smaller versions of White's points being what most of us scribblers have to settle for. I'm not suggesting that scientists should abandon their DNA research and concentrate on an effective chigger repellent, although any effort they could put toward that end in their spare time would be greatly appreciated where I come from. I do find myself thinking, though, that it might be nice if the largest herbivores in the history of the world did not return until we had at least figured out how to keep the deer away from the begonias. ◆

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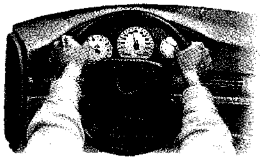

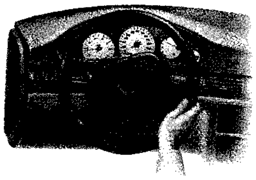

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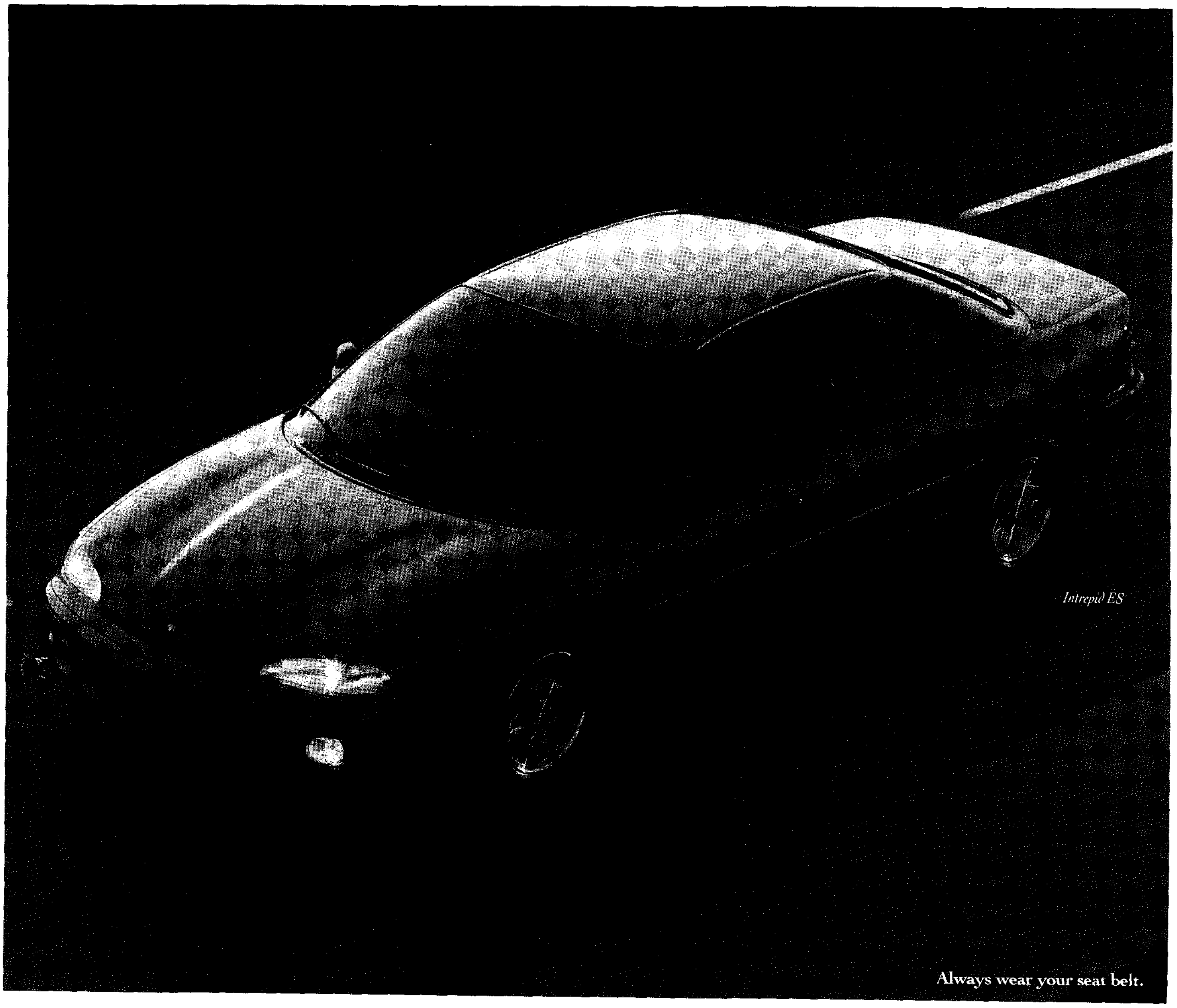

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